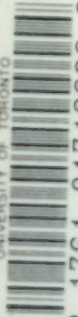


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(93) I

THE JOHN KEATS  
MEMORIAL VOLUME

## THE KEATS LETTERS, PAPERS AND OTHER RELICS

Reproduced in facsimile from the late Sir Charles Dilke's Bequest to the Corporation of Hampstead. With full Transcriptions and Notes, edited by GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D., Forewords by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, an Introduction by H. BUXTON FORMAN, C.B., and an Essay upon the Keats Portraiture by the EDITOR. With 8 Portraits of Keats and 57 Plates in Collotype upon a special hand-made paper designed to match old letter paper. Limited to 320 copies. Imperial 4to (15 in. × 11 in.). £3 3s. *od.* net.

THE BODLEY HEAD

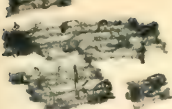






THE KEATS HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD.  
FROM THE GARDEN.

From a recent photograph specially  
taken for the Committee by  
Mr. G. W. Howard.



# THE JOHN KEATS MEMORIAL VOLUME

ISSUED BY  
THE KEATS HOUSE COMMITTEE, HAMPSTEAD

ILLUSTRATED WITH 5 FACSIMILES  
VARIOUS PORTRAITS, 2 SKETCHES, ETC.

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.  
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY.

FEBRUARY 23, 1921

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## PREFACE

**F**EW words seem necessary to introduce the varied contributions of homage to Keats contained in this volume, yet it may be well to trace the origin of the undertaking of which this book is one of the culminations.

In the latter part of last year (1919) rumours reached various persons resident in Hampstead that there was a possibility of the house and garden in Keats Grove passing into the hands of a speculative builder, as its owner, who was living in the Colonies, desired to dispose of the property, and had opened up negotiations for sale. It was felt by many that it would be a desecration if the house in which Keats had lived for some considerable time, and the garden in which he rejoiced, and beneath whose trees he composed some of his most exquisite poems, should be utterly destroyed, and its site, a little oasis of charm, be covered by a huge pile of modern mansions. Two or three persons had it in mind to start a movement against such a desecration, and made various enquiries concerning such a possibility.

In January, 1920, Mr. E. F. Seymour, the Honorary Librarian of the Poetry Society, started an agitation in the local Press, and on February 1st he laid some facts before a meeting called at Rosslyn Hill Chapel, and over which Mr. Robert H. H. Cust, a member of the Hampstead Borough Council, presided. The Mayor of Hampstead, who had been already considering the desirability of taking proceedings, then took the matter up, and, feeling assured that such untoward and irreparable destruction of an historic building and site would be repugnant to all admirers of Keats's works, promptly secured a short option on the property, and, on March 2nd, called together a meeting of persons likely to be interested in a scheme for the preservation of the house and the garden. By his praiseworthy action he saved the situation. No one had thought of definitely securing an option on the property, and of paying down a sum of money for it; and to the work of Mr. Ald. John I. Fraser, Mayor of Hampstead, all lovers of Keats's poetry owe a deep debt of

gratitude, because, but for his promptitude, the whole idea of purchase might have fallen through.

As soon as the option had been secured, a small but influential Committee was formed, and an effort at once launched to obtain the necessary sum of money. The newly-formed Committee considerably increased its numbers, approached those who were likely to assist in such work, and prepared a circular asking for subscriptions. It was bravely supported in its initial effort by the sub-editor of the *Morning Post*, who gave to the movement his enthusiastic support, and backed it up with an important article. This the Committee reprinted and distributed far and wide. It also approached various other newspapers, and received a considerable measure of success. A large number of influential persons acceded to the request that their names might be added to the Committee: the Mayor was elected Chairman; Sir Sidney Colvin, the author of the standard *Life* of the poet, accepted the position of Honorary Treasurer; Mr. W. E. Doubleday was appointed Honorary Secretary. Accounts were opened at the various banks, and from the larger Committee two smaller ones—one executive, and one dealing with publicity—were selected; and so the movement went steadily forward. A Committee was quickly formed in America, under the Presidentship of Miss Amy Lowell, D.Litt., and certain funds were promised from admirers of Keats's poetry in that great continent. Miss Marie Corelli arranged to form a Committee in Stratford-on-Avon, and to do her best to raise some funds there.

The sum of money eventually realized was not equal to the anticipations of the Committee, but there were many reasons to account for this difficulty, and the letters which reached the Committee from various persons were of so definite a nature that it was felt that, even though the necessary funds had not been received, it was desirable that the purchase should be made.

Eventually, after getting the option extended on more than one occasion, and receiving the promise of a handsome donation from the life-tenant of the property, five members of the Committee came forward and agreed to guarantee any overdraft from the bank in order that the purchase might be completed. Out of the first funds a considerable deposit had already been paid down in order to clench the bargain. The remainder of the money was then advanced, and the property passed into the hands of the Guarantors, who agreed to hold it till the balance of the purchase money had been secured. It will then be transferred to the Corporation of Hampstead to hold in perpetuity on behalf of the nation.

The British Academy meantime had taken up the scheme with acclamation.

They had already under consideration the question of devoting the Warton Lecture in 1921 to John Keats and his works, as in the February of that year the centenary of his death came about. The Lecture had been placed in the hands of Professor Ernest de Sélincourt, and it was decided that the Academy should arrange for its delivery on a date as nearly as possible coincident with the centenary already referred to. The Publicity Committee of the Keats Fund, having already in view the issue of a Book of Homage to the poet, applied to the Academy for permission to print, in the proposed volume, this Warton Lecture. Very generously the consent of the Academy was given to the reprint, and accordingly Professor de Sélincourt's Lecture appears in this volume, coincident with its delivery. The British Academy of course, retains copyright, and will print it, as usual, in its Proceedings, to be issued at a later date.

After some consideration the Publicity Committee had decided on the issue of a Keats Memorial Book, and had approached one or two well-known writers and poets with a view to obtaining contributions in prose or poetry from them. The Chairman was then requested to undertake all the arrangements for the book, to edit it and to approach such writers as in his discretion he thought important for the purpose, in order that the volume might be made attractive, international in its aim and purpose, and of serious consequence.

He was much cheered at the outset of the movement by the assistance he received from Thomas Hardy, O.M., who promptly sent him an Ode composed for the occasion, and from Sir Sidney Colvin, who permitted the reprint of an important article he had written for a magazine that has long since passed away, which had never received proper attention, and was especially interesting in the corrected form in which Sir Sidney has presented it. Since then the scheme has been received with great cordiality. A bibliography of the few books issued by Keats was at once promised by Mr. Wise, than whom there is no more important bibliographer of English literature in existence; and poets and prose writers, even from remote parts of Europe, as will be seen by the Table of Contents, gladly offered their services in order to make the volume a success. Even those few who felt themselves unable to write have expressed their satisfaction in the work, and their cordial good wishes for its success; and on all sides, both in England and on the Continent, the letters that have reached the Editor have been expressive of the greatest goodwill. Not only writers, but translators have come forward, and the Editor and the Committee are exceedingly grateful to those kindly disposed persons whose names are attached to the various translations, and who have laboured so arduously in their part of the undertaking.



The interest taken in the volume in India is evidenced by the amazing contributions received in Arabic, Persian, Bengali, Gujarati, Sanskrit, Hindi, Maithili, etc.

A certain disproportion will be noticed in the volume where original poetry is concerned, inasmuch as several poems by Johnson, Lowell, Scollard, Thomas, and Whicher are given.

This is done with intention in order that the United States of America may be fittingly represented. It was not realized by American writers that the book had to go to press in 1920, or more varied contributions would have been sent in; and that being so, in order to give adequate space to the writers of that great continent, several poems by the same authors were accepted.

It is believed that some of these have appeared in print before, in volumes more or less privately issued, but it has been impossible in the brief time available to complete the needful enquiries. If any American copyrights are unwittingly infringed the Editor hopes that the urgency of publication and the wholly philanthropic object of the book will absolve him from blame, and ensure forgiveness for any lapse on his part.

Miss Amy Lowell's contribution concerning a letter from Keats that has hitherto been lost is one of the greatest importance, and special attention is directed to it.

It is not deemed necessary to recapitulate in this Preface the names of all those who have contributed to the volume, or who have helped in its production, because to a special section such names are attached, but the Committee desires to tender to every one who has assisted in the production and compilation of this book its hearty and most grateful thanks. To the names must be added that of the publisher of the volume, who, with striking generosity, has produced it practically at cost price, and is handing over all the proceeds of the book to the Committee. It is hoped that the generosity alike of contributors, helpers, and publisher, will reap a rich reward, and that the book will be received by the general public in terms of satisfaction, and may achieve its financial object.

Many other writers than those whose contributions appear in this book were asked to take part in its adventure, and amongst those from whom delightful letters were received may be mentioned Lord Rosebery, the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P., the Bishop of Durham, the Dean of St. Paul's, Sir J. M. Barrie, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. D. C. Lathbury, Prof. Gilbert Murray, and Mr. H. G. Wells. All of these were interested in the scheme but unable for various reasons to contribute to it.

The poets who also expressed deep concern in the book, but were



prevented by different causes from contributing to it, were Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Mr. W. H. Davies, Lord Alfred Douglas, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Ralph Hodgson, Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Thomas Masfield, Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, Sir Ronald Ross, Sir Owen Seaman, Mr. Herbert Trench, and Sir Wm. Watson.

Almost all of these have, however, rendered financial aid to the movement for saving the Keats House.

The Editor and the Committee are deeply grateful to Mr. Stephen Wheeler and Mr. Storey, and to the authorities of the India Office for their generous assistance in looking over and correcting all the Eastern proofs, and for many valuable suggestions concerning them.

A sum of money, amounting to at least £2000, is still required to complete the purchase of the house, to repair it and to equip it, that it may be a centre of literary activity as well as a precious shrine to the memory of the poet.

#### NOTE CONCERNING MR. SHANE LESLIE

Mr. Shane Leslie undertook to write a brief essay upon the poetry of Keats, but on December 30th was compelled to address the Editor thus—

“I owe you an apology. I have been too ill with 'flu to write about Keats, and am off for a fortnight to the sea.”

#### NOTE CONCERNING OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

Several writers were good enough to promise contributions to this volume, but have been prevented by illness, by pressure of other duties, or by inability to write at the moment, from carrying out their undertakings. The Editor is grateful to them all for their original promises, and would like to mention amongst them Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. W. Canton, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Walter De La Mare, Sir Israel Gollancz, Mr. Ford M. Hueffer, Mr. Roger Ingpen, Sir Sidney Lee, Mr. H. Monroe, Sir W. R. Nicoll, Mr. S. Sassoon, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, Mr. J. C. Squire, Sir Herbert Warren, Mr. Herbert Trench, and Mrs. Woods.

## NOTE

THE Editor would crave the indulgence of his readers concerning errors and misprints. The last contribution that could be accepted did not reach his hands until December 31, 1920, and the whole book has had to be set up, corrected, and printed, and all references verified (as far as was possible) between that date and February 1, 1921, in order that the volume might be ready, bound and complete, by the Centenary day.

G. C. W.

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N.B.—Some important Singhalese and Parsee contributions arrived unfortunately too late for insertion in the volume.

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THE JOHN KEATS  
MEMORIAL VOLUME



# THE JOHN KEATS MEMORIAL VOLUME

## THE WARTON LECTURE ON KEATS

By Professor ERNEST DE SÉLINCOURT

FOR the study of no English poet have we ampler material than for the life and art of John Keats. Of all his chief and many of his minor poems we have manuscripts recording not merely their final form, but earlier drafts or readings which enable us to see the poet at his work and watch the ripening of his inspiration. Keats wrote rapidly, but whilst many of his happiest phrases came to him in the first flush of imaginative vision, others came more gradually as he reviewed his work and realized that the words before him were inadequate to express the conception he had desired to shape. Lamb might regret that he had seen the manuscript of Milton's early poems, and like to think of *Lyonesse* as a full-grown beauty "springing up with all its parts absolute, wishing never to go into the workshop of any great artist again." But few students of the poetic art will share these scruples. This visit to the workshop may explain nothing of the mystery of artistic genius, but it throws floods of light upon its methods, and we learn from it as the student of painting might learn as he stood by the easel of Leonardo or Turner. Keats's sureness of touch in the correction of his verse reveals a rare sense of the consummate artist.

In this we owe a profound debt to Richard Woodhouse, who treated the work of his friend with all the reverence that is accorded to an established classic. The manner in which Woodhouse noted, as far as he could, every variant reading in the poems, the date of their composition, their sources of inspiration, gives him the right to be regarded, though he printed nothing himself, as Keats's first editor, and to his labours all later editors have owed their greatest debt.

The material for the study of Keats's biography is no less complete. The



society in which he passed his brief but crowded days is among the most vivid in our literary history. It was a company of alert and striking personalities, keenly interested in the world about them—men who loved to talk and write of themselves and of one another. Keats, with his genius for friendship, seldom failed to make a deep and lasting impression upon those with whom he came into close contact, and some of them for years after his death spent their best hours with his memory. Lastly, we have his correspondence. In his letters to all who had won his confidence he gave himself without reserve or pose. If in casual society and among acquaintance it is a man's duty to present only the more presentable side of himself, love demands a less guarded surrender; and in what Keats wrote to his brothers, to his little sister, to Fanny Brawne, and to his friends, his character and opinions are revealed to us with a touching intimacy. In the portrait that he draws thus unconsciously of himself, a strongly emotional nature, at once generous and tender-hearted, but disturbed by a strain of morbidity and some of the faults attendant on it, is hardly more evident than manliness and courage, keen self-knowledge, and piercing commonsense in the judgment of men and things. The letters of Keats would be precious to us solely for their charm of style and for the beauty of the character they reveal. But they have a further value; for in them we can study the growth of a poet's mind even more minutely than in Wordsworth's *Prelude*; and their evidence is more authentic, in that they are less conscious, and are a spontaneous record of the present rather than a careful recollection of the past.

We like to think that great poetry needs no external commentary, and that its appeal is immediate to all who have ears to hear. The story of the tardy growth of Keats's fame is a sufficient answer to this delusion. Keats was never, indeed, without warm admirers even beyond the circle of his friends; and, as we should expect, they were those whose homage has the highest worth. From Shelley he won the noblest tribute ever laid by one genius at the feet of another. Even Byron recognized in *Hyperion* "a monument that will keep his name." Landor and Lamb were alike eloquent in his praise. He inspired the youthful genius of two poets so widely divergent in ideal and method as Browning and Tennyson, and later still became the god of Pre-Raphaelite idolatry. Yet to the general reader Keats remained no more than a name. Not one of his three slender volumes was reprinted. The first English collected edition of his poetry, reproduced from a volume published at Paris in 1829 for the continental public, did not appear till nearly twenty years after his death, and its sale was so slight that some time later it came into the market as a remainder. It was only with the appearance in 1848 of the *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*, by Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, that he assumed

his place among the accepted masters of English song. Lord Houghton's fine literary instinct and his grace of style have made his book one of our classics of biography. Since its publication the study of Keats has steadily progressed ; new poems and letters have come to light and many additions have been made to our knowledge of the sources of the poet's inspiration, and of his methods as an artist ; and now we have a full and definitive biography by Sir Sidney Colvin. In his pages the poetry of Keats is examined with the fine taste and the acute judgment of a ripe scholar, and his life and character stand out in all their subtle and tragic beauty. It is a book worthy of its noble subject.

In a sense there is no more to be said. Yet the lover of poetry will not cease to pay his willing tribute, and though he add nothing that is new, his time may not be ill-spent. Re-reading what I wrote of Keats some sixteen years ago, I have thought that I might bring out more clearly what I conceive to have been the reaction of his life and character upon his art. If I fail in this, I shall at least record once more a personal homage that the passage of years has only served to deepen.

Every age has the poetry it deserves, and Keats was born into a great age. The French Revolution had shaken the foundations of society ; it had liberated thought and widened speculation ; and poetry had turned from the ephemeral interests of man to voice his nobler aspirations. To Wordsworth, as to Milton before him, poetry was not merely an accomplishment, it was a divine vocation, and the poetic imagination was man's highest faculty, by means of which he communed with the infinite. With Coleridge he had destroyed the barrier set up by a blind convention between the wonderful and the familiar, the supernatural and the natural ; and with Coleridge, too, he had directed attention to the spiritual adventures recorded by the poets of bygone days. The *Prefaces* of Wordsworth are often spoken of as though they were merely a perverse discussion of the technique of poetic style : far more significant is their conception of the character of the true poet, and their review of earlier poetry to prove its validity, with the constant appeal to Milton and Shakespeare, the beauty of whose sonnets Wordsworth was the first to proclaim. But here the inspired eloquence of Coleridge diffused the wider influence. As Coleridge expounded the eternal principles of art and shed light upon the masterpieces of Greece and of the Elizabethans from his own radiant spirit, his words worked like leaven upon the rising generation. Lamb was his disciple from boyhood : Hazlitt's eager youth submitted to his spell. Leigh Hunt followed in their steps. Hunt published in his *Reflector* and *Examiner* their first critical essays, and with a ready pen gave cheaper currency to the same tastes and enthusiasms, whilst their friend Haydon applied the same principles to painting and



sculpture, and pointed to the Elgin marbles and the cartoons of Raphael as they to the greater Elizabethans.

In this atmosphere Keats grew to be a poet. Small wonder that he cried in the fervour of awakening genius : " Great spirits now on earth are sojourning." Young as he was, he felt his kinship with them.

Of them all he was the most richly endowed with the nature and temperament of the artist. Never was poet more alert to detect beauty nor more quickly responsive to its apparition. " Nothing, we are told, escaped him. The humming of a bee, the sight of a flower, the glitter of the sun seemed to make his nature tremble : then his eye flashed, his cheek glowed, his mouth quivered." His response to the beauty of literature and art was as immediate. He " looked upon fine phrases like a lover." At the first perusal of a masterpiece he felt

. . . like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ;

all that he saw or read became at once part of his imaginative experience, a " sensation," as he somewhat misleadingly termed it, and he identified himself with its spirit. " If a sparrow come before my window," he writes, " I take part in its existence, and peck about the gravel." " According to my state, I am with Achilles in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily. Or I throw my whole being into Troilus, and repeating those lines ' I wander like a lost soul upon the Stygian bank staying for waftage,' I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone." And when, after his first incoherences, his passion for the beautiful, like all true passion, became creative, his instinct took him to the great tradition, and he found voice in a magical felicity of phrase that none but Shakespeare or Milton has equalled.

But these gifts alone would not have made Keats the poet that he became. We are all familiar with the vulgar conception of him as a man entirely absorbed in the sensuous side of experience. But a man is known by his works. The sensuous weakling of the Keats legend might, indeed, have written much of *Endymion* and part even of the *Eve of St. Agnes*, but would have been no more capable of attaining to the majesty of *Hyperion* or the serenity of the *Ode to Autumn*, than the stiff-necked and strait-laced clergyman who still masquerades in the popular mind as Wordsworth could have written *Ruth*, or *Beggars*, or *The Ode : Intimations of Immortality*. In truth, Keats is the most striking example of a poet self-educated and disciplined by his own severe and strenuous mental effort. His artistic evolution can be traced step by step, for he continually reviewed his art in the light of his ideas which grew in acuteness, and of his experience which grew in depth and

bitterness. As an artist he tends naturally to think in images rather than in abstract terms ; hence the careless reader may often miss his meaning in the beauty of the picture ; but his mind is continually reacting upon his art, diagnosing its weaknesses, probing its unhealthy parts, and strengthening its natural growth. Keats is a great poet, first of all because he had the supreme sensitiveness of a poet's imagination, and caught up the beauty about him as a lake takes colour and shadow from the sky, partly because he was a born artist and studied with constant devotion the technique of his art, but also because he had a mind and spirit bent on applying to his art the searching test of hard thought and vital experience. We only read Keats aright when we learn from his own lips that he wrote, not for art's sake only, but for the sake of truth and for the sake of life. He did not throw up the study of medicine in order to become a minor poet. When he took the fateful resolve to devote his life to poetry he determined to be satisfied with nothing short of supremacy. "I would sooner fail," he said, "than not be among the greatest," and he knew instinctively what that resolve entailed. If he was ambitious he had the humility of all worthy ambition. To him there was "no greater sin than to flatter oneself into the idea of being a great poet." His devotion to the principle of beauty was associated with the memory of great men—Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth—who in his eyes illustrated that principle, and in the light of their achievement he was intolerant of any false pretensions either in himself or in others. The three short years of his poetic life show an astonishing growth, but they were only a fraction of the time which from the first he regarded as indispensable for his apprenticeship :

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm  
Myself in poesy ; so I may do the deed  
That my own soul has to itself decreed.

This is his prayer in *Sleep and Poetry*, and it is no mere phrase. At the end of two of these years he still finds himself "very young-minded" even in that quality in which to us he stands pre-eminent, "the perceptive power of beauty," and when the third was drawing to its close he was still looking forward to six more years of labour before he could hope to satisfy his own idea. "I have left no immortal work behind me," he said, "but if I had had time I should have made myself remembered." In his own eyes the achievement that we celebrate to-day was merely the fruit of an early state in his education, the uncertain prelude to a loftier strain.

His development as an artist, dimly foreshadowed in *Sleep and Poetry*, went hand in hand with a growing realization of his goal. He found the clue in Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, but the difference between the two



poems is at least as instructive as their likeness. For whereas Wordsworth records the stages of an intense spiritual experience through which he has already passed to a maturer vision, Keats as yet can only voice an aspiration. Despite the call of his ambition, his joy in the Beauty that he knows makes him for the time almost content to lie up-curl'd,

in the recesses of a leafy world,

and though he is aware that he must bid these joys farewell, and pass them for a nobler life

where I may find the agonies, the strife,  
of human hearts,

he is not ready to take the arduous journey.

But as soon as his first volume was published he girded his loins for the high enterprise. *Endymion* was to be his *Excursion* into the innermost recesses of that Beauty which is co-extensive with the reach of man's thought and passion ; yet he lost his way in the pleasant wilderness that was about their outskirts, and his vision of what is at their centre was fitful and blurred. The poem is lit up throughout by gleams of exquisite poetry, revealing that "joy for ever" which is in the beauty of nature and of art, for this joy was his poet's birthright ; but it becomes inarticulate and breaks down both in style and sentiment whenever it attempts to go further. In "the realm of Flora and old Pan" Keats was still delightfully at home ; of all else he had no vital experience.

But when he had finished this "great trial of his invention," and looking back upon his six months' labour saw that it had failed, his intellectual life awakened. While he was writing it the fever of composition had absorbed his energies, and though, as always, he was reading with avidity, in particular Shakespeare and Wordsworth, he was not conscious of his growth. But now he could take stock of himself. "I think a little change has taken place in my intellect lately," he writes. "I cannot bear to be uninterested or unemployed, I who for so long have been addicted to passiveness." The remark is strange from one who has been busily engaged upon a poem of over 4000 lines. Yet its meaning is obvious. In *Endymion*, despite his intention of working out a problem, the oneness of Beauty in all the relations of life, his intellect was passive, and his senses followed the lure of those delights with which his memory was crowded. He had not grappled with his theme, and the beauty he delineated was no more than a fine luxury. But now in picking up *King Lear* it dawns upon him that "the excellence of a very art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relation with Beauty and Truth." And such is



the power of Beauty "to obliterate all other considerations," that "the man of achievement" pursues it in those paths of life where the ground seems most stubborn and unyielding. Keats had believed this before, he was now to act upon it. With the sonnet written *On sitting down to read "King Lear" once again*, his poetry and his thought alike enter upon a new stage.

O golden-tongued Romance with serene lute !  
 Fair plumed Syren ! Queen of far away !  
 Leave melodizing on this wintry day,  
 Shut up thine olden pages, and be mute :  
 Adieu ! for once again the fierce dispute,  
 Betwixt damnation and impassion'd clay  
 Must I burn through ; once more humbly assay  
 The bitter-sweet of this Shakespearian fruit.  
 Chief Poet ! and ye clouds of Albion,  
 Begetters of our deep eternal theme,  
 When through the old oak forest I am gone,  
 Let me not wander in a barren dream,  
 But when I am consumed in the fire,  
 Give me new Phœnix wings to fly at my desire.

The significance of this appeal to Shakespeare is clear enough. As he faces, in *King Lear*, a pitiless reality, he sees that he has unwittingly belittled even that golden-tongued romance which had first awakened his poetic life, but which now he lays aside. For "in the old oak forest" our dreams need not be barren : Spenser's world may be far away, but he took there a mind and a heart stored with memories of his own experience. Keats realizes that if he, too, is to be a "man of achievement," he must learn to think and feel.

"And so you see," adds Keats, after copying out this sonnet for his brothers, "I am getting at it with a sort of determination and strength." Yes, he was "getting at it."

He showed it in the first place by his severity on his own past achievement. As he revised *Endymion* its crudities offended him far more acutely than they have hurt his most fastidious critic. He saw in it every error, denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished and in one cruel word, "mawkishness," he laid bare its worst defect. But he had the wisdom not to regret its composition. He felt that in writing it he had worked through a morbid state of mind. It was as good as he could make it at the time and it gave him material on which he could judge himself. "The genius of Poetry," he says, "must work out its own salvation in a man. In *Endymion* I leaped headlong into the sea and thereby became better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands and the rocks than if I had stayed on the

green shore and took tea and comfortable advice." Had he rewritten it now, he could have made it a far better thing ; he preferred to be " plotting and fitting himself for verses fit to live." As he saw it through the press, he was already at work upon *Isabella*, in which he made his first sustained effort to wring beauty out of pain and ugliness. On the 24th April, 1818, he sent his last corrections to the publishers and *Endymion* was cast behind him. Within a week he wrote the *Ode to Maia*.

Mother of Hermes, and still youthful Maia !  
 May I sing to thee  
 As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baïæ ?  
 Or may I woo thee  
 In earlier Sicilian ? or thy smiles  
 Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles,  
 By bards who died content on pleasant sward,  
 Leaving great verse unto a little clan ?  
 O, give me their old vigour, and unheard  
 Save of the quiet primrose, and the span  
 Of heaven and few ears,  
 Rounded by thee, my song should die away  
 Content as theirs,  
 Rich in the simple worship of a day.

Here, as in *Endymion*, Greek legend and the English countryside are the blended sources of his inspiration, but it is the " old vigour " the " content " of the one, the " quiet " of the other to which he now surrenders his spirit. In this classic simplicity and restraint we are far from the restless exuberance of *Endymion*.

Keats included the *Ode to Maia* in that famous letter to his friend Reynolds which sums up the state of mind through which for the last six months he had been passing. Though poetry is his first passion, he now classes himself definitely with " thinking people," and feels his need for a wider knowledge " to take away the heat and fever, and by widening speculation to ease the burden of the mystery." For this burden has begun to weigh upon him. And then, reviewing his own mental growth, he compares human life to a mansion of many apartments. " The first we step into we call the infant, or thoughtless chamber, in which we remain as long as we do not think " . . . from which " we are at length imperceptibly impelled . . . into the chamber of Maiden thought." Here at first we " become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere, we see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there ever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is father of is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of man—of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of



misery and heartbreak, pain, sickness, and oppression—whereby this chamber of maiden thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages. We see not the balance of good and evil; we are in a mist, we are now in that state, we feel the “burden of the mystery.” To this point was Wordsworth come when he wrote *Tintern Abbey*, and it seems to me that his genius is explorative of those dark passages. Now if we live and go on thinking we too shall explore them.”

Life was soon enough to play a remorseless part in his poetic equipment; meanwhile he saw clearly that the road he must pursue lay “through study, application, and thought.” He was steeped already in our earlier poetry and claimed “to know, perhaps, Shakespeare, to his very depths.” Now he became absorbed in *Paradise Lost*, and a little later studied Dante in Cary’s translation. But poetry was not enough. “Every department of knowledge,” he says, “we see excellent and calculated towards a great whole.” So he keeps his medical books by him, renews his study of history and French, turns to his friends for instruction in the social and political problems of the hour, and proposes to “take up Greek and Italian and in other ways prepare myself to ask Hazlitt in about a year’s time the best metaphysical road I can take.”

Yet he has the wisdom not to force the pace of his education. The eager impetuosity of youth, impatient of delays, is often anxious to anticipate its own future achievement. The failure of *Endymion* had warned Keats from this danger. “Nothing is finer,” he wrote, “for the purpose of great production than the very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers.” “If poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to a tree it had better not come at all,” and these leaves must not be the premature sickly growth of a forcing house, but should spring from branches that have stood the winter storms and the blight of the East wind. He perceived that an ill-digested learning has no intellectual value. “Memory,” he remarked profoundly, “is not knowledge.”

This belief had its roots in his conviction of the need for unfettered independence of judgment. Born into an age of theorists, surrounded by men who were doctrinaires in art, in politics, in religion, he resolved to accept nothing at second hand, but rather to lie open to all impressions, till the truth dawned upon him of itself. He was particularly intolerant of those who lived in a world of their own fancy, either ignoring inconvenient facts or bending them to fit the Procrustean bed of theory. Here his instinct as an artist steadied and guided his intellectual growth. If he spoke of the “principle of abstract beauty” it was a principle which he sought in beautiful things. Even in his earliest poetry looseness of description was a fault of

borrowed style rather than of blurred vision. His eye was always on the object. Thus the vague emotionalism of his

. . . posy  
of luxuries soft, milky white and rosy,

is followed at once by that vividly accurate picture of the

. . . sweet pea on tiptoe for a flight  
with wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white  
and taper fingers catching at all things  
to bind them all about with tiny rings.

And just as his conception of beauty had grown from what his own eyes had recognized as beautiful, so his mind could only accept as truth ideas which had stood the test of his own experience. "Axioms of philosophy," he said, "are not axioms until they are proved on our pulses." "I have made up my mind to take nothing for granted." Despite his genuine affection for Leigh Hunt, and his gratitude for generous encouragement given when needed most, it galled him to learn that he was taken for "Hunt's *élève*," and it is significant that the alterations he made in his revision of *Endymion* were all in the opposite direction to the advice that Hunt had tendered him. He was conscious of the debt he owed to Hazlitt's "depth of taste"; but when Hazlitt seems to belittle Chatterton he is ready with an eager protest. The impassioned reflections of Wordsworth were the starting point of many of his deepest cogitations, and nothing could show more conclusively the receptivity of his mind than his readiness to learn from a genius so widely different from his own. But what was true for Wordsworth was not necessarily true for him, and he resented the manner in which Wordsworth seemed to force his theories of life upon a reluctant world. "For the sake of a few fine passages," he exclaims, "are we to be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the brain of an egoist? Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself. Many a man can travel to the very bourn of heaven, and yet want confidence to put down his half-seeing." Keats will be no man's disciple, but rather keep his mind fluid, receptive, not like the bee that seeks honey from the flower, but like the flower that is fertilized by the bee. Often this lack of a fixed philosophy of life troubled him. He knew how much more comfortable are those who reside within the four walls of a strictly defined creed. "What a happy thing it would be," he writes, "if we could settle our thoughts and make up our minds on any matter in five minutes, and remain content, that is, build a sort of mental cottage of feelings, quiet and pleasant, to have a sort of philosophical back-garden, and cheerful holiday-keeping front one—but alas, this can never be." He charged himself with



an unsteady and vagarish disposition. Horrid moods would break in upon his calm joy in nature, obstinate questionings that he could not lay by. But amid all his "half-seeings," as he calls them, he never lost hold on the two cardinal points of his faith—"the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of the imagination," and from such a starting point he could safely explore all avenues of mental experience, confidently awaiting the hour of clearer vision.

Thus he prepared himself for his next great flight of song. Throughout twelve months of strenuous intellectual effort *Hyperion* was seldom from his mind, and his education was all directed to fit him for its execution. The choice of subject was itself an inspiration. Its remote heroic theme gave little scope to the weaker side of his genius which had luxuriated in the mazes of *Endymion*, and took him to the more arduous heights of song. The sublimity of *Paradise Lost*, before distasteful to him, now appealed to his sterner mood, and he caught from its full harmonies and majestic language something of that diction fit for "the large utterance of those early gods." At home in the rural beauties of the country around London, and the richer scenery of Devon, he had as yet no acquaintance with a landscape suited to be the stage of his Titanic action, and he undertook a journey through the English Lakes and Scotland "to give me more experience, rub off more prejudice, use to more hardship, identify finer scenes, load me with a grander mountains, and strengthen more my reach in Poetry." He gained what he sought. For himself he heard

. . . the solid roar  
of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse.

In the mist of dawn he saw

. . . rocks that seemed  
Ever as if just rising from a sleep.

A stroll upon a grey evening revealed to him the Titans of his imagination

Like a dismal cirque  
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,  
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,  
In dull November, and their chancel vault,  
The heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.

Thus from his own experience he drew the atmosphere for a poem that since Milton has had no rival in sublimity. And this enormous advance in sheer artistic power went hand in hand with a profounder conception of the principle of beauty, no longer to him a luxury, but a power ;

. . . 'tis the eternal law  
That first in beauty should be first in might.



This power can only spring from knowledge, from the widening of the mind till it comprehends all intellectual and spiritual experience, and such knowledge is won through struggle and through pain. "Until we are sick we understand not." Apollo attains to godhead through an anguish keener than any felt by the Titans in their overthrow. Moreover this eternal law is a law of progress :

So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,  
A power more strong in beauty, born of us,  
And fated to excel us.

Beauty is a greater thing than any of her worshippers. They are outstripped in the race, and the supreme test of their faith lies in their acceptance of defeat. The religion of beauty is no comfortable doctrine. To their suffering the only balm, and it is a stern medicine, is to see things as they are, and to acquiesce in the divine order :

. . . to bear all naked truth,  
And to envisage circumstances all calm,  
This is the top of Sovereignty.

Few have the heroic temper to endure. Some, like Saturn, are too stunned by their own desolation; others, like Enceladus, reject the truth in wrath; some like Clymene flee from it, too weak to endure the thought of a joy that she cannot share. Oceanus alone can confront his destiny with "severe content"; and the power comes to him simply through his finer perception of beauty :

Have ye beheld the young god of the seas,  
My disposessor, have ye seen his face?  
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along  
By noble winged creatures he hath made?  
I saw him on a calmed waters scud  
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,  
That it enforc'd me to bid farewell sad  
To all my empire; sad farewell I took.

This maturer conception of Beauty had not come to Keats from intellectual travail alone, it was the fruit also of the relentless discipline of outward circumstance. The year through which he had passed was one of growing trial. His sharpened intellect penetrated into the failings of friends whom the eager enthusiasm of youth had accepted at their own valuation; his belief in "the holiness of the heart's affection" held through a growing disillusionment, and he did not love them less; but their self-assertion, vanity, and petty quarrels opened his eyes to that human frailty which contributes no less than crime to the misery of the world. Meanwhile his own

troubles thickened. The financial anxieties which had been a bed of nettles to him during the composition of *Endymion* pressed closer upon him, and were increased by a generosity which could never deny another's importunity. And his heart was stricken in its tenderest place. His deepest love was given to his two brothers George and Tom. "My love for my brothers," he wrote, "from the early loss of our parents, and even from earlier misfortunes, has grown into an affection passing the love of women." But from both he was to be separated. The one was "driven by the burden of society to America" and the other "with an exquisite love of life (was) in a lingering state." In the December of 1818 he began to write *Hyperion* as he watched by the bedside of the dying Tom; and when he told of the anguish of Apollo which

. . . made flush  
All the immortal fairness of his limbs;  
Most like the struggle at the gate of death;  
Or liker still to one who should take leave  
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang  
As hot as death's is chill with fierce convulse  
Die into life,

he recorded a vivid reminiscence of what his eyes had witnessed. Then, when all the agony was over, and with a heart made more susceptible from what it had just endured he fell deeply in love with Fanny Brawne, the love that might have healed him was poisoned by the growing consciousness that his own days were numbered:

In his heart is a blind desire  
In his eyes foreknowledge of death.

Love and death; from the clash of these two supreme experiences the genius of Keats reached its brief but splendid consummation.

Keats's relations with Fanny Brawne have been the subject of much comment, some of it from persons of impeccable breeding and of a sound physical constitution which precludes them from understanding the humiliating influence which a weakened body may exercise over the strongest mind. But no one could be severer upon Keats than he was upon himself. He had never understood women, nor felt at ease in their society, and the chivalric ideal of his youth was continually belied by the triviality of his daily experience. The egoistical absorption of the lover in his own emotions had often been the butt of his good-natured scorn, and now that he was in like case, he turned his keenly critical mind upon himself and let his intellect prey upon his heart. "Love," he said, "was a cloying treacle to the wings of independence"; he felt it to be wasting a nervous energy that he could ill spare,

and he wore himself out "in vain reasonings against the reasons of love." There is as much of pathos as of wisdom in the words that he wrote to his little sister, "Do not suffer your mind to dwell upon unpleasant reflections—that sort of thing has been the destruction of my health." He lacked the physical constitution to react healthily against the strain of his experience. How far under happier circumstances this love would have satisfied him is another matter. But the greatest poetry is not necessarily that of satisfied desire; the despair of Leopardi is as poetical as the triumph of an *Epithalamion*. Yet to suppose that with a body unsapped by disease he would not have been able to turn his emotion to noble account is to be blind to his true character. His pathetic remark to Charles Brown, "I should have had her when I was in health and I should have remained well" sums up the whole truth. As it was, the measure of his suffering was, in fact, the measure of his greatness of soul. When his passion was at its height he could still write "Poetry is all I care for, all I live for." True to his constant conception that poetry should "soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man" he longed to write a poem "to be a consolation for people in such a situation as mine." His greatest torture was that his emotion was too fevered to be transmuted into art, and it is no idle fancy to imagine that he was drawn to his renewed study of the *Divine Comedy* in the summer of 1819 by Dante's spiritualization of earthly passion. For his own bitter experience had awakened in him the longing to conceive a love

All breathing human passion far above  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

This tragic passion, though it wrought havoc with his body, deepened his emotional power, and made him realize more profoundly that beauty which is born of pain. It opened up fresh vistas to his imagination and raised his art to heights that he had not yet scaled.

Yet "at tender eye-dawn of aureorean love" the gathering clouds lifted for a moment, and he could give flawless utterance to the ecstasy of a triumphant heart. The *Eve of St. Agnes* is the eager tribute lavished at the shrine of Venus Victrix by the artist lover, who attests his utter sincerity by his readiness to "load every rift with ore." To view the poem merely as a finely decorated but slender narrative is surely to misread its intention. Its impulse is purely lyrical. All its lovely imagery, all its magic atmosphere, every superb touch of colour, every haunting cadence of its music, are the clear expression of a poet's heart. For Keats, as indeed for all men, such emotion is transient, but the knowledge of its transience only serves for the time to intensify its beauty and its joy, just as the storm that rages about the castle, and the



withered, tottering forms of Angela and the bedesman, intensify our sense of the calm within the bedchamber, and of the warm desire of young Porphyro,

And Madeline asleep in the lap of legends old.

The *Eve of St. Agnes* is as true and as vital an experience as its companion picture, that masterpiece of tragic concentration wrung from a spirit already disillusioned with itself, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*.

But more characteristic of Keats's prevailing state of mind at this period is *Lamia*, wherein those two aspects of love which had inspired the *Eve of St. Agnes* and *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* are presented in bitter conflict. Modest as Keats was about his art, *Lamia* is the one poem of which he speaks with praise. "I am certain," he says, "that there is a fire in it, which must take hold of people in some way." True, and the fire that burns through it leapt from his own distracted heart. As a work of art *Lamia* has not the completely satisfying beauty of the two earlier poems; for the cheap cynicism that here and there disfigures it and the divided sympathy which mars its unity of feeling betray a mind at war with itself. There is, in fact, as much of Keats in the stern sage Apollonius as in Lycius the credulous lover, and he could not rise above his own experience so as to harmonize the dissonance. In this his chief enemy was Time, for already he was preoccupied with thoughts of death. A full year earlier, even at the moment when his mind had awakened to the significance of beauty, he had a premonition that he would die

Before high-piled books in charact'ry  
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain,

and now his sense of fate's tightening grip gave an added depth and poignancy to his meditations. At times he would exult in the dream of a love indestructible by death, immortal even in its sorrow, as in company with Dante he fled away

to the second circle of sad Hell  
Where in the gust, the whirlwind and the flaw  
Of rain and hailstones, lovers need not tell  
Their sorrows;

at times he is bewildered by the mystery of death, its irony overwhelms him. And he writes a sonnet in what he calls "the agony of ignorance." What is this Death, that mocks with its relentless power the vain desires of the human heart?

Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,  
But Death intenser—Death is Life's high meed.

At other times he would avert his eyes from its attendant decay and ugliness, wooing it in some joyous moment, such as that in which all sensibility to human suffering is lost in the joy with which his spirit enters into the song of the nightingale :

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy !  
Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain,  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

If Death be the end of all, at least it will bring peace. Yet out of his very pain comes the triumph of that faith which he had set forth in *Hyperion*. Man passes but beauty is immortal. When he is most conscious of decay and sorrow as man's lot on earth, he is most conscious too of the victory of beauty over death and time :

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird,  
No hungry generations tread thee down ;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown :  
Perhaps the selfsame song which found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn :  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

And what Nature does in the eternal resurrection of her loveliness man can achieve by the creative energy of art. Such is the thought which inspires the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. "The form remains, the function never dies." Art distils the beauty from a fleeting moment and gives it immortality :

When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty :"

"Poetry," as Bacon said, "submits the shows of things to the desires of the soul."

The *Odes* of Keats, like all great poetry, reveal to us no striking novelty of thought. The emotions that pulse through them are as old as man's aspirations and man's aching heart. But nowhere in our literature, save in some of Shakespeare's Sonnets, do those emotions affect us with the same haunting pathos, for nowhere else do they find such intensely imaginative



expression. And this faith in the principle of beauty, held through all pain and disillusionment, brought to Keats its own reward. Blessed moods came to him, when his heart was so filled with the beauty of the moment that it had no place for sorrow, no place for other desires. Thus in the *Eve of St. Agnes* he had entered into the spirit of young love : thus he could enter into the spirit of Autumn ; and as in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, so now, the completeness of his possession by the theme is attested by the rich perfection of his art :

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind :  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
 Or by a cider press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozings by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—  
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft,  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies :  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;  
 Hedge crickets sing, and now with treble soft  
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft ;  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

The serenity of the *Ode to Autumn* was Keats's prevailing temper in the last few weeks of his sojourn at Winchester in September, 1819. In that critical mood which never slept in him for long he reviewed his mental state, and once more was conscious of a change. His friends think that he has "lost his old poetic ardour" : he hopes "to substitute for it a more quiet and thoughtful power." For he is now content to read and think. The growth of this "quiet and thoughtful power" can, indeed, be traced all through the letters he had written in the previous months of storm and stress. His trials, instead of making him an egoist, had deepened his sympathetic understanding of men and things. He showed a wider interest than before in the spectacle of life, and saw further into its spiritual meaning. The "burden of the mystery" was already less unintelligible to one who, like him, could view

"a world of pains and troubles as the vale of soul-making, necessary to school an intelligence and make it a soul, a place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways." And now, alone with his books and his meditations, as he drank in the spirit of town quietude and the tranquillity of the season, it seemed as though he was gathering strength for a further flight towards his goal. But with his return to London in October this peace of mind forsook him, and he became the prey of torments too powerful for his weakening health to withstand. In the despair of genius thwarted by circumstance he turned once more upon himself, to subject his life's work to the "fierce hell of self-criticism."

There is a strange similarity in the spirit and purpose of those two poems which Keats and Shelley left as fragments—the *Triumph of Life* and the *Fall of Hyperion*. Each is a vision inspired by Dante and owes much both in idea and temper to the great master. Each, like the *Divine Comedy*, is a poem of self-purgation, recording a bitter confession of its author's failure to shape his life according to the light that was in him, in each case the poet is helped to see the truth about himself by an admonitory guide. And different as they were in character and genius the faults with which each poet charges himself are much the same. Shelley's guiding star had been love, and yet, "love more than hate had been the source of all sorts of mischief" to him, he was "a love in desolation masked, a power girt round with weakness." In the *Triumph of Life* he probed into the reason of his failure. Among the victims chained to the car of Life, or driven before it, are not merely those who have fallen a prey to vulgar passions, but those, too, whose thirst for the ideal, however noble, has warped them from a full understanding of the common relations of life. Complete mastery Shelley assigns to those only, who knew both themselves and the world, and despising the common allurements of the wayside, were true to their immortal destiny—

They were the sacred few who could not tame  
Their spirit to the conqueror's.

Shelley sees how far he fell short of their attainment, and his poem is a passionate exposure of his own weakness. In the *Fall of Hyperion* Keats passes a like judgment upon himself. His ideal had been the principle of Beauty. At first he had identified it with pure sensation, and later, when he saw its all-embracing power, and realized that extreme sensitiveness to suffering was the price paid for all poetic vision, the knowledge had come to him as a fever: he had felt the pain without the power to allay it, he had never boldly confronted the realities of life, but sought to escape from them into a world of his own creation. He had been a dreamer of dreams, which only vexed himself and the world into whose ears he poured them. Better



than this was the unimaginative life of simple men and women, who without vain questionings accept the common lot:

They seek no wonder but the human face,  
No music but the happy noted voice.

He is less even than they ; above, on the heights of poetry, are only the sacred few who have pierced the darkest reality with their imaginative vision and subduing their own emotions to a sublimer purpose, have " envisaged circumstance all calm." Thus Keats weighs himself in the balance and is found wanting.

How far do we endorse this bitter self-condemnation ? Assuredly Keats had neither the range of thought nor the breadth of insight of the world-poets, nor had he learnt, as they, to rise above his own experience. But the serene heights of song are not scaleable by a youth of twenty-four. Already in *Endymion* he had set his foot upon the lowest stair, and in the two years that followed he had mounted with a swiftness and energy that has no parallel. His passion for beauty, as Arnold said, was no mere sensuous passion, it was an intellectual and spiritual passion. But when death cut short his labours he was still " straining at particles of light in a great darkness." His keen self-criticism, at least as much as the strength of his emotions, was a disturbing factor in his life. His mind criticized the slightness of his themes, the want of profound thought in his poetry, as surely as his instincts as an artist checked his thought from premature crystallization. The process was entirely salutary, it was a necessary stage in his growth to full poetic stature. But that stature he did not live to gain ; and lovely as is much that he has left us, we know that his greatest poetry was still unwritten at his death.

Whether he would have achieved his last ambition, " the writing of a few fine plays," is less certain. The strongest evidence in its favour is that he believed himself to be capable of it. For he was always his own best critic. It is true that no poet ever had a more magical power of projecting himself into remote and varied worlds. But this power over atmosphere is only faintly allied to the dramatic gift. For wherever his imagination took him, Keats never lost himself and his own personal emotions ; the exultation or the sorrow is always his own. Even in *Hyperion*, the most objective of his poems, the effect is epic rather than dramatic, plastic rather than psychological, and when he remoulded it into an intensely personal vision, though he marred a phrase or two in the carriage, he was really following his natural bent.

But whatever form of art he might have practised, it is clear that his poetry, whilst losing nothing of its unique loveliness of phrase and imagery,

would have gained an even firmer hold upon the realities of human experience. For already, in two short years, he had shown a development in this direction at least as striking as his advance in sheer artistry. Listen to the lines from *Endymion* which present to us the mother of the gods :

Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,  
Came mother Cybele ! alone—alone—  
In sombre chariot ; dark foldings thrown  
About her majesty, and front death-pale,  
With turrets crown'd.

It is a superb picture ; but sublimer is the art which could portray the fallen majesty of Saturn :

. . . upon the sodden ground  
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,  
Unscathed, and his realmless eyes were clos'd ;  
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the Earth,  
His antient mother, for some comfort yet.

The growth is not so much in power over the pictorial or the statuesque, as in depth of human feeling. So in *Endymion* there is a tender pathos in the picture of

Dryope's lone lulling of her child,

but how much further are we taken into

. . . the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn !

Even more notable is Keats's growth in penetrative insight into the mysterious response of Nature to man's aspiring heart. The moon as she appears to her impassioned lover in *Endymion* is a vision of pure delight :

She dies at the thinnest cloud ; her loveliness  
Is wan on Neptune's blue ; yet there's a stress  
Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees  
Dancing upon the waves, as if to please  
The curly foam with amorous influence :

and yet more moving is the benignant light from the eyes of Moneta,

. . . in blank splendour beam'd, like the mild moon,  
Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not  
What eyes are upward cast.

The same difference in feeling separates the " sweet-pea on tiptoe for a flight " from the " hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed " of the *Ode to Psyche*.

Lastly, recall those lines upon the sea in *Endymion* :

Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore  
Down whose green back the short-liv'd foam, all hoar,  
Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence. . . .

It is perfect as a picture, perfect in cadence, perfect in the delineation of a careless human mood, the mood in which, despite its ambitious design, *Endymion* had been written. And yet, before Keats could watch

The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,

he had to travel far through a soiled and stricken world. Even then his range might be limited compared with Milton's, or Shakespeare's, but he had at least learnt to "think into the human heart."

What he has revealed in lines such as these, is, in fact, just that power which in the bitterness of his spirit he had denied himself, the power "to ease the cares and lift the thoughts of man," that gift of healing which is the supreme quality of perfect beauty. Like Keats himself, we turn to poetry, as we turn to nature, that our infinite desires may be satisfied ;

For every man whose soul is not a clod  
Hath visions and would speak, if he had loved,  
And been well nurtured in his mother tongue.

But alas ! to speak is not so easy. For though we all have our visions, only genius can utter them. We are for the most part silent poets. Yet with Keats we can pay homage to the "principle of beauty in all things." In the eager perception and the careless rapture of his early verse there is a joy and freshness in which the oldest heart regains its youth : in his later poems there is that noble melancholy which has her sovran shrine "even in the Temple of Delight." The emotion that they evoke is a spiritual triumph won from that very pain and passion which their beauty lays to rest. Are we wholly mistaken if, with Keats, we call that beauty, truth ?





*ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS*



## THE SECOND VERSION OF *HYPERION*

By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

WHEN we think of what the world lost through Keats's death, the poem we should chiefly have in mind is the Second Version of *Hyperion*. The poem as it stands is not only unfinished, but a failure ; it could not have been anything else, considering the conditions—physiological, psychological, and financial—under which it was written. Even so, the poem shows remarkable advances in technique, which have been exquisitely discriminated by Mr. Bridges in his celebrated essay. Every one quotes, as proof that Keats's magic was certainly not yet in eclipse, the delicate precision of

When in midday the sickening east wind  
Shifts sudden to the south, the small warm rain  
Melts out the frozen incense from all flowers.

This is the old Keats with a difference. But throughout the technique of the *Second Hyperion* there is the suggestion of a new Keats, devoted (to quote from his own splendid sentence on Milton) "rather to the ardours than the pleasures of song." But it is not Milton who influences him now. His dissatisfaction with the *First Hyperion* was, in fact, as he himself says, dissatisfaction with Milton as a model. Mr. Bridges points out, in a passage beautifully compounding intuitive and scientific criticisms, how Dante had taken Milton's place as an influence ; and Keats's own remark about "Miltonic inversions" compels us to notice the easier syntax and more fluent metre of the *Second* compared with the *First Hyperion*. But the important difference between the two versions is not in their technique but in their spirit. A new Keats had been growing up inside the old. The *First Hyperion* was the last word of the old Keats, the Keats of *Lamia* and the *Eve of St. Agnes* and the *Odes*. Nothing more perfect has ever been known of its kind than this poetry ; but it would not do for the new Keats.

I do not see that the subject of the *First Hyperion* was, as has been said, in itself an unsatisfactory one ; nor is there, I think, any suggestion in the Letters that the Revision was materially to modify the subject. The fact was simply that, in the splendours of the *First Hyperion*, the subject was not



getting expressed. The splendours had become *decoration*; that is surely what Keats means when he speaks of the poem as "artificial." And the instant he realized that he was not getting complete and precise expression for his inspiration, he discarded the poem, and started again. There is no clearer or more poignant instance of the artistic conscience than this. It was the grandest piece of blank verse since *Samson Agonistes* that Keats thus sternly discarded.

But any one who argues that Keats was wrong to discard this First Version is putting himself above Keats as an artist; a somewhat hazardous thing to do. It was precisely as an artist that Keats determined on his drastic revision, whatever sacrifice that might mean. The *Second Hyperion* may be a failure; but it comes near enough to success to show us that, but for the malignity of fate, the sacrifice would have been gloriously compensated.

Put summarily, then, the case was this. The art of the early Keats, which had reached unexampled mastery in expressing the sort of inspiration hitherto given to it, had in the *First Hyperion* tried to express the inspiration of a new and a greater Keats; and, in the opinion of the only person who could know, had failed. But in truth this new Keats had been there all the time, even during the composition of *Endymion*: but not as an artist; not demanding expression; rather, deliberately shut out from expression. We all know the early Keats, the creature of the impassioned senses and the enchanted fantasy; the Keats of the poems. But this is not the Keats of the Letters, or only a piece of him. A personality of remarkable intellectual force, of shrewd humorous sense, of unerring criticism, of deep sympathies: that is the Keats the letters give us—that is *the man*. But the artist, at first, was not co-extensive with the man. This, indeed, must usually happen when the artist is at all precocious; we think of Mozart, and compare the G minor symphony with his early things. The *Second Hyperion* was to have been Keats's G minor symphony.

It is true that, in phrases in the Letters and in anecdotes outside them, we have plenty of confirmation of the "sensuous" Keats of the poems. Naturally; and in the *Second Hyperion* he is still as sensuous as ever, but also he is much more—the artist is beginning to be the whole man, but none the less an artist. In his famous exchange of letters with Shelley, which took place after the *First Hyperion* had been abandoned, Keats insists that "purpose" can never take the place of art. To the oracular tone of Shelley's reproof of *Endymion*—"treasures poured forth with indistinct profusion" ("the cause," he somewhat unnecessarily goes on, "of the comparatively few copies which have been sold")—Keats replies, "I am in expectation of 'Prometheus' every day. Could I have my own wish effected, you would have it still in manuscript, or be but now putting an end to the second act." Shelley scarcely

deserved, perhaps, the mordant injustice of that ; but it was evidently sincerely meant. Keats thought that Shelley was trusting too much to the fallacious energies of "purpose" ; that he was putting "magnanimity" in the place of art. Certainly that was Shelley's temptation ; but certainly Keats's advice "to be more of an artist and load every rift of your subject with ore" was unnecessary to Shelley, though necessary to us as revelation of Keats's own artistic psychology. Is it too much to see, in this advice to Shelley, some reflex of the difficulties he was having with the new and turbulent matter emerging into his own artistic consciousness ?

He was not, at any rate, in any danger of admitting "purpose" or "magnanimity" into art except under the ineluctable conditions of art. That famous exclamation of his, with a little interpretation, still holds good for him : "O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts." The antithesis is rhetorically exaggerated. It has often been literally accepted as a sort of motto for the Keats of the poems ; but for the Keats of the Letters—for the whole man—it is grotesquely inappropriate. It is, indeed, not only an impossible wish, but unintelligible ; it has no meaning. The phrase had no danger for Keats, since he had philosophy enough to see that it is self-contradictory ; but it has been terribly dangerous to Keats's critics, and has sometimes left their brains as paralysed as though they had touched an electric eel. Keats, however, as I say, was only forming his antithesis for a momentary effect. Take the phrase in the context of the Letters as a whole, and it is easy to see its intention. We can get this pretty exactly if we translate it into Crocean language : "O for a life of intuitions rather than of concepts !" Now that is precisely the life of an artist ; and that is what the *whole* nature of Keats eventually aspired to become. At first, however, this aspiration was only allowed to that part of him which most easily and naturally entered into the condition of art—his sensational and passionate nature : and we know how supremely he expressed this. But by the time he had begun the *First Hyperion*, his intellectual nature was also demanding admission into his art ; and a very noble intellectual nature it was. This meant, however, a temporary dislocation of his art ; and how acutely he was aware of this, his Letters show. But there was nothing for it but to re-construct his whole technique, in the widest sense of that word : even if it meant scrapping the incomparable beauties of the *First Hyperion*.

For sooner or later, his intuitive faculty was bound to accept his intellectual experiences. No one can doubt that who has read the very remarkable passage in the journal-letters (XCII. in Colvin), where he actually constructs a vast Scheme of Things all hinged on "Soul-making," on the purpose of forming "Intelligence destined to possess the sense of Identity" ; and this essay in objective idealism (entirely to be expected from the Keats of



the Letters) is offered expressly as an escape from the blind-alley of the sensuous world. Now this, or this sort of thing, is what was stirring in him when he accepted the story of *Hyperion* as symbolic material. It was to be the symbol not only of the world of sense and passion but of that world penetrated by supersensible destiny; the symbol, in fact, of an intellectual experience—much as Milton intuited intellectual matter and expressed it in the figure of Satan, or as Dante worked in the *Paradiso*. This is already evident in the *First Hyperion*, in the speech of Oceanus and in the agony of Apollo. But the very perfection of the art of this version—an art perfected for a more confined scope of intuition—made it too narrow for the artist Keats had now become; he now called it “artificial.” But to understand why he rejected it in favour of the tentative (tho’ sometimes extraordinarily stimulating) art of the *Second Hyperion*, we must read it with the passage I have mentioned from the journal-letters as its commentary; the supposed mystery of Keats’s intention is completely illuminated thereby. He was expanding his art so as to include those speculative convictions of his—what he called his “Theology.” His art in fact was on the verge of becoming adequate to the man; the confession of the necessity for this, as well as superb promise of its achievement, is given in the vision of Moneta which forms the first canto of the *Second Hyperion*. We must note the extraordinary significance of the opening paragraph, ending with the lines—

Whether the dream now purposed to rehearse  
Be poet’s or fanatic’s will be known  
When this warm scribe, my hand, is in the grave.

The doubt is unresolved. Criticism is even apt to forget that it is Keats himself who doubts whether he has not become a “fanatic.” Fanatic for what? For a vision of the world as the place for “soul-making”? Something of that kind, undoubtedly. At any rate, a poet inspired by *all* the riches of a nature richer than any other then known among men. The poet that was fiercely striving into being was not to be the Keats of *Lamia* and *St. Agnes’ Eve*, and the *Odes* over again; but a poet after the order of Alighieri, a poet possessed by the vision of destiny. However, Fanny Brawne and the tubercle bacillus between them arranged the affair otherwise.

## TO KEATS

By DOUGLAS AINSLIE

"KEATS, what are Keats?" the dear old lady queried.  
And "Keats," say also I, "what are you, Keats?"

"The poet of the Urn," perchance unwearied,

The pat professor snaps and that first line repeats.

But I again unhearing ask the fountain

Of so rare blisses how they came to flow

From lips like shepherd's of the cloud-kissed mountain,

Who wanders in our valley here below.

Nay, ask the Psyche of the Ode supreme,

That "latest born and loveliest vision far,"

With her we may behold the godlike shoulder gleam

And from her learn what Keats's really are.

But see, she lays pale finger to pale lip,

Becomes a statue and the woodland overgrown

With briony and daisy, oak and fern,

Lo, now with marble columns is o'erstrown,

For at his magic touch nature to art will turn

And stars once bright in heaven now stud the temple's dome

Which in our heart and mind our Keats hath built for home.

"Adieu, adieu," you said it once to us

Closing immortal music—you will say it ever,

For our love lets you say, secure that like the river

You will flow away and yet will leave us never,

Prince of our poets, Prince most gracious.

Behold I echo now "Adieu, adieu,"

As on eternal shrine I lay this garland new.



## THE POET OF STILLNESS

By JOHN BAILEY

THERE is nothing very new to say about Keats, but I suppose that the primary object of such a volume as this is not the discovery of novelties, but the paying of a tribute of honour and affection. We read Keats again, realize him again, and renew our sense of the glory of what he achieved and of our immeasurable loss in what he did not live to achieve. As we do that we become freshly conscious of the nature of his genius. For it is of the essence of genius to be inexhaustible. There can be no reversal, no substantial modification, of the general judgment about Keats. But each new generation will find some particular aspect of him forced upon its attention with a new intensity.

We live at a moment when poetry, like everything else, has become peculiarly restless. What then is the note which strikes us now, more than ever, in the poetry of Keats? Is it not its stillness, the poet's love of quietness, passiveness, of silent places and gentle doings, of the attitude of a watcher or a listener rather than an actor? The classic phrase for this attitude is indeed not Keats's: it is Wordsworth's. It was not Keats who said that we could "feed this mind of ours. In a wise passiveness." And the surrender to Nature's influence is in a way the very central doctrine of Wordsworth: the doctrine of what is from some points of view his central poem, "Three years she grew in sun and shower." But to recall that poem is to perceive at once the difference between the "passiveness" of Wordsworth and of Keats. The "passiveness" of Wordsworth is what he calls "wise": it is the submission to moral, spiritual, and philosophical influences which he believes to come from Nature. The "passiveness" of Keats is simply the passiveness of delight. He will even go so far as to say that

They shall be accounted poet kings  
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things;

and his characteristic attitude is that of the delighted watcher or listener. This, I think, differentiates his attitude to Nature also from that of Shelley. Of course no poet's relation with Nature can be limited by a phrase or tied

down within a definition. Whatever definition we make in the case either of Wordsworth, or Keats, or Shelley, it will always be possible to quote poems that go outside its bounds. But I think it would be fair to say that while Wordsworth finds in Nature healing and strength, and Keats finds just beauty and delight, Shelley finds most of all a way of escape for the spirit. He does not take Nature, it seems to me, into his life, as the others do, so much as use Nature as a way of escape out of his life. What he loves best are Nature's escapes into the infinite : everything that is free, restless, and roving—*The Cloud, The Skylark, The West Wind*. None of those three poems could conceivably have been written by Keats.

It would be tedious, and would take far more space than is at my disposal, to illustrate in detail Keats's preference for the stiller aspects of Nature and for a corresponding passiveness of receptivity in himself. I am writing away from books, and cannot tell how far this point has ever been worked out : but a very cursory examination of the only volume of Keats I have with me—the Golden Treasury selection—surprised me by the rapidity and abundance with which it produced illustrations of what I mean. It has been said, I believe, that Shakespeare's favourite epithet is "sweet" and Milton's "bright." I do not know whether any one has discovered such a favourite in Keats, but in the course of a hurried examination of part of the volume I was struck by the very frequent—once as often as seven times in the course of eight pages—occurrence of the words "silent" and "silence" : and I think this is no accident. There is, I should say, no poet in whom Nature is so commonly quiet as Keats. Such words as "quiet," "calm," "soft," "gentle," are almost as common in his poems as "silence" itself ; they may even be commoner for all I know. What are the most famous passages of his poetry ? Do they not all, or almost all, strike this note ? What is the finest line of his finest sonnet ?

Silent, upon a peak in Darien. .

What is the note of the famous opening of *Endymion* ?

It is that of the joy of beauty, which keeps

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

And what form does this beauty take when it is to "move away the pall from our dark spirits" ? That of a picture of passive loveliness :

. . . Such the sun, the moon,  
Trees, old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in.

What is the greatest thing in *Endymion*? I suppose the great hymn to Pan in the first book. And how does Keats see Pan? Not as the restless energy which he has been for so many poets, ancient and modern: but as the very spirit of quietness, whose palace is the scene of

. . . the birth, life, death  
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;

who is himself one

. . . for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles  
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles;

one to whom, as he waits or wanders in this quiet

Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom  
Their ripen'd fruitage.

What is this but the very spirit of the most perfect of his odes, that drowsily beautiful *Ode to Autumn*, which is wholly silent, watchful, listening, passive: the extreme point of Keats's contrast to Shelley and his

Wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being.

The odes are Keats's most famous and most popular work. May they not almost all be regarded as hymns to silence? One of them, not one of the finest, is actually an ode *On Indolence* in which it is declared that poetry has no joy "so sweet as drowsy noons And evenings steep'd in honied indolence," and something of this temper is seen in them all. The poet's characteristic attitude of passive, nay even of swooning submission to outside influence, is never more conspicuous than in the *Ode to a Nightingale*. It is a song of "drowsy numbness," of "embalmed darkness," of an ecstasy of dreaming death. The voice of the nightingale only serves to make the midnight stillness almost audible, so conscious of itself it is. Then what is the *Grecian Urn*? Its very first two lines will tell us:

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time.

What are its most famous lines?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

And what is the very essence of the beautiful fourth stanza? It is the



thought and picture of the eternal stillness, without sound or motion, of the little town ;

And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

And what of the only poem of Keats which won much recognition in his lifetime, what of the great fragment *Hyperion* ? It begins at once with the note of utter stillness.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,  
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,  
Still as the silence round about his lair ;  
Forest on forest hung about his head  
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,  
Not so much life as on a summer's day  
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,  
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.

And it is noteworthy that the part of the poem achieved deals almost entirely with the passive defeat, dismay, and inaction of the fallen gods, while it breaks off exactly at the point where the life and action of the new gods was to have begun, if I read it aright, with the deification felt by Apollo, as he seems to drink some " bright elixir peerless," and " die into life."

A single other illustration and I will add no more. Perhaps the best known of the pictures of utter stillness in which Keats delighted is the one just quoted from the opening of *Hyperion*. But it is followed only a few lines later by another almost equally well known, the most famous of his similes.

As when, upon a tranced summer night,  
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,  
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,  
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,  
Save from one gradual solitary gust  
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,  
As if the ebbing air had but one wave.

Is there any picture of stillness in all the whole field of poetry more intense than this ? There is no stillness, I suppose, like that of a dark and windless night, when there is nothing to be felt and only the stars to be seen ; and if it be summer night, so that we can surrender ourselves passively to all the delicious sense of it, then most of all it becomes absolute and absorbing, producing on us the impression, which is so wonderfully rendered in this



simile, of all Nature lying in a trance and of ourselves as the dreaming spectators of a dreaming world. No poet, I think, in all the long line gives this particular impression so finely, or anything like so often, as Keats. He is, before all things, the poet of stillness; and not only of this lunar and starry stillness, but of the silence of noon, of the mirrored quietness of lakes and streams, of the softness of clouds and the secrecy of woods, of all forms of that seeming sleep of nature which has so often awakened the poetry of man.

I will not carry these illustrations further. Any reader of Keats can multiply them at his pleasure. The more he examines the poems the more, I think, he will agree that Keats's attitude to Nature is predominantly that of a happy gazer at a delightful spectacle. No poetry is fuller of pictures than his. And though other phases in the life of Nature are not forgotten, it is those of quietness, stillness, and repose that he most affects.

There is one other thing to be said. I think Keats was conscious of the attitude he appeared to have taken up and of the criticism to which it exposed him. The beautiful modesty of the Preface to *Endymion* with its confession of "mawkishness" (has any other poet ever been so severe upon himself?) would show this even if it stood alone. There is no need to dwell on it. He was too apt to treat the pleasures of the eye and other senses as things of independent value, sufficient in themselves, and his constant repetition of the word "luxury" in his early poems betrays a certain overbalance of the sensuous as compared with the moral and intellectual faculties. This was an almost inevitable result of his breeding, of the sensitive nature of his genius, of his youth, and of the disease of which he died. His letters show that it was always less conspicuous in the man than in the poet and many passages in the poems, even in some of the early ones, show that he was aware of the weakness and far from content to rest in it. But I think that there are some passages in his poetry which suggest a consciousness of something more interesting than a mere defect of this sort. I would suggest that there is evidence that he sometimes thought of his poetic life as a thing of two stages of which he had only reached the first. That passive, listening, watching, receiving, enjoying attitude towards Nature of which I have spoken was not, in his view, to be his final one. The stillness of Nature could not content him for ever.<sup>1</sup> He seems to have been aware that he was at present in the stage of receptivity in which his mind could not make upon its material the full reaction of mature genius. He thought of himself as not yet old enough, not yet ripe enough, for the highest subjects, and as for the moment best occupied in surrendering himself to the visible and audible beauties of the world around

<sup>1</sup> There is an interesting parallel to what I am suggesting, with an interesting difference, in the account Wordsworth gives of *his* two stages in the poem about Peele Castle, "I was thy neighbour once."

him. There may be some hint of this in the very Platonic reply of *Endymion* to his sister's reproaches in the first book of that poem. The "clear religion of heaven" begins with the folding of roseleaves, the soothing of lips and the like : from which it is to rise to the "richer entanglements" which are "self-destroying" and come of friendship and love. In any case we find the same thing put more directly and spoken of himself in *Sleep and Poetry*. That poem is one of the most autobiographical he has left us, and the passage in it in which he desires to pass from Nature into the presence of the agonies and strifes of human hearts has often and justly been quoted in reply to those who have charged Keats with a selfish epicureanism. But I think there is more in it than this. The passage begins :

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm  
Myself in poesy ; so I may do the deed  
That my own soul has to itself decreed.

He was not to have the ten years ; he was to have only two or three. He never had time to "do the deed." What was it that he himself said he would do ?

First, the realm I'll pass  
Of Flora, and old Pan : sleep in the grass,  
Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,  
And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees.

And then, after this, he was to pass away from these joys into a nobler life, where he was to find "the strife of human hearts" and "seize, like a strong giant," as he had said a little earlier in the poem, the "events of this wide world."

It was only the first part of this programme that he was able completely to accomplish : more completely, perhaps, than it has ever been accomplished. He made of it very much more than he here promises : his poetry is far from being a mere sleeping in the grass or feeding upon apples and strawberries. But disease and death forbade even such miraculously rapid growth as his from attaining to full possession of the further stage to which he aspired. His own words, always far too hard upon himself, give us the measure of what his premature end cost us. He wrote to Shelley that the mind of "the writer of *Endymion*" had been "like a pack of scattered cards," and added that he would never have published his poems "but for hope of gain." The gain was not to be his. It is ours : and one shudders to think what, but for his hope of it, his extreme modesty might have cost us. I do not claim that such remarks as these explicitly confirm the suggestion that he was conscious of having as yet attained only to the stage of poetic receptivity. All that he speaks of is immaturity. Probably such consciousness,

if it existed, was very fitful, vague and indefinite. But the passages from the poems and letters taken together, and the habit and temperament displayed in the poems at least suggest its possibility. He was always inclined to exaggerate the receptive side of the poet's nature. He says in one of his letters that "the poetical character has no self : it is everything and nothing : it lives in gusto be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated." It is "chameleon" and "has no identity." He himself, he adds, is habitually "annihilated" by things and people around him. He exaggerates of course : his moral and intellectual nature often revolted against antagonistic surrounding influences. But it is no great exaggeration to say that he did allow himself to be "annihilated" by the world revealed to him in such abundance by his senses. At the age at which he died the senses are almost always more powerful than the mind : and whose eye and ear and taste had such intensity of power as his ? The mind could not attain to complete mastery of them by twenty-five. And so he wrote to Haydon, "I am afraid I shall pop off just when my mind is able to run alone." Nobody can wish that it should ever have run alone. Without those rare senses of his Keats would not be the Keats we love. But if he had lived a little longer he might still have been that, with the added greatness of a mind, not running alone, indeed, but possessing, controlling, and directing every faculty of his being.



## AUREATE EARTH

By CLIFFORD BAX

WHAT are dead bones to me that so my spirit  
Should tremble, not with sorrow but exultation,  
Because I behold in a sun-fair cypress-garden  
The tombs of Shelley and Keats?

Did they not leave to men, when life was over,  
A fountain and a flame of immortal beauty?  
What more lies here that, seeing their names, I quicken  
As though they had called me friend?

From Rome, the tireless heart of the world, I journeyed,  
And all my thoughts were bees heavy with splendour.  
I came, half-willing, to pay but a formal tribute;  
I go like a runner crowned.

For suddenly now I behold these two no longer  
Remote in a glory gathered from half a lifetime,  
But here upon earth as men that I might have greeted,  
Have known and honoured and loved,

These that once in youth were a draught of nectar  
And now, not less, are the bread and staff of manhood,  
Keats and Shelley by whom, as a tree by sunlight,  
The trend of my being was turned—

Pillars of Hercules through which in boyhood  
I came to the deeps of life, thenceforth forever  
To grieve or rejoice with the ageless mind of a poet  
Whose eyes are the eyes of man.

(This poem appeared in the September number of *To-day* and is reprinted by the courtesy of the Editor.)



## A SONNET

By LAURENCE BINYON

"The only means of strengthening one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing."—Keats's Letters

**T**O strong opinion flies the timid mind  
For firmness, where in shelter it may sit  
Till it indures upon itself a rind  
Impenetrable to all other wit.

O to grow rather like the trees that bend  
To every air, yet are themselves ! to flow  
Like streams that ever change and never end !  
Because, deep-natured Poet, you were so,

Nor would force self-persuasion in the greed  
Of certainty, true to the doubt that clings,  
(Most like the lenient Shakespeare), nor had need  
Of others' armour against Fate's old stings,

Your spirit's unfolding leaves accept all skies,  
And the mystery of the world has made it wise.

## "ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S *HOMER*"

By FREDERICK S. BOAS

THE secret of poetic inspiration defies analysis. Whatever we may know of the circumstances in which a sonnet or ode was written, we can never explain how it came to birth. Yet it is fascinating, when we have the opportunity, to trace the influences which made ready the way for the visitation of the Muse. Sir Sidney Colvin has shown how *The Ode on a Grecian Urn* combines into magical unity scenes and figures from the Parthenon frieze, Bacchic vases, and pictures by Claude and Poussin.

It may be worth while from a similar point of view to examine somewhat closely Charles Cowden Clarke's record of that "memorable night" in October, 1816 (which Sir Sidney has shown to be the true date), when he first introduced Keats to Chapman's *Homer*.

It was not the young poet's earliest acquaintance with Homer in English dress. He and his friend had already "scrappily" known some of the "famousest" passages in Pope's version, but it had left them cold. Could there be a stronger proof of the instinctive antipathy of Keats to the poetic diction and closed couplets of the eighteenth century? Pope's *Homer* has again and again been the poetic Bible of childhood. Scott's earliest hours of leisure were usually spent in reading it to his mother, and reciting chosen passages aloud; to Tennyson it became a favourite when he was ten or eleven, and he wrote "hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre"; Kinglake as a boy learned "to love old Homer" in "the English of Pope . . . but it is not such a mesh as that, that can screen an earnest child from the fire of Homer's battles."

Keats was the exception; he could not pierce through the "mesh" to the fire beneath. The almost physical hunger for the vivid epithet, the concrete image, which made him hoist himself up and look "burly and dominant" when he lighted on "sea-shouldering whales" in Book II. of *The Faerie Queene*, could not feed on the glossy elegancies of Pope's version.

Then suddenly Chapman's translation fell across his path, and, as should be noted, in peculiarly attractive shape. Mr. Alsager, a member of the *Times* staff, had lent Cowden Clarke "a beautiful copy of the folio edition." As it contained both epics, it must have been Nathaniel Butter's splendid edition of 1616, *The Whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poets, in his Iliads and*

*Odysseys*. It has an engraved title-page by William Hole, with a laurelled head of Homer, the figures of Achilles and Hector, lance in hand, and other devices. On the *verso* of the title is a portrait of Chapman, "Homeri Metaphrastes," with an inscription beneath; and on the next page two Corinthian columns surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plume and motto, and the dedication "To the Imortall Memorie of the Incomparable Heroe, Henry Prince of Wales." The opening sentence of "the Preface to the Reader," "Of all books extant in all kinds, *Homer* is the first and best," was a challenging invocation to explore the riches of the volume, in all its beauty of bold type and ample margin, thickly strewn with notes and comments. The delight of the two friends in the stately beauty of the folio was the prologue to what Cowden Clarke calls "the teeming wonderment" of their experience. But it was the rare and original quality of the translation itself that completed the enchantment. Its poetic excellences and its unscholarly shifting of values combined in singular fashion to this end.

Keats, an Elizabethan born out of due time, and a Greek who had never known his spiritual home, found in Homer, as interpreted by Chapman, everything that appealed to his complex nature. Majestic portraiture, natural beauty, high adventure in battle and by sea were in the original epics. But these would not have gone home so unerringly to the heart and imagination of the youthful, undisciplined poet, but for the heightening of colour, the accentuation of pitch which were distinctive of Chapman's version. Chapman spoke out "loud and bold." The epithets fit exactly the reverberating sweep of the "fourteeners" in the Elizabethan "*Iliads*," and the resilient energy of the translation as a whole. But Homer's hexameters have the perfect modulation that is neither loud nor soft, and there is nothing of boldness in his serene, spontaneous art. It was the Renaissance "fiery particle" in Chapman's version that helped to set the genius of Keats aflame.

We realize this more fully if we glance at some of the passages over which, as Cowden Clarke relates, the two friends hung enraptured on that eventful night. There was first "that perfect scene of the conversation on Troy wall of the old Senators with Helen, who is pointing out to them the several Greek Captains; with the Senator Antenor's vivid portrait of an orator in Ulysses" in Book III. of the *Iliad*. Keats may already have known Pope's characteristically elegant rendering of Antenor's tribute—

But when he speaks, what elocution flows!  
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,  
The copious accents fall, with easy art;  
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!  
Wondering we hear, and, fix'd in deep surprise,  
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.



If so, how he must have greeted Chapman's version, which is here akin to the noble simplicity of the original—

But when out of his ample breast, he gaue his great voice passe,  
And words that flew about our eares, like drifts of winters snow ;  
None thenceforth, might contend with him, though nought admir'd for show.

The lines at the opening of Book V. (which Cowden Clarke by a slip calls Book III.) describing Diomed's armour contained the grand simile in which the "most unwearied fire" from the hero's helmet and shield is likened to—

Rich *Autumnus* golden lampe, whose brightnesse men admire,  
Past all the other host of starres, when with his chearefull face,  
Fresh washt in loftie Ocean waves, he doth the skies enchase.

There was a still richer measure of enchantment in the episode at the beginning of Book XIII., "the prodigious description of Neptune's passage to the Achive ships," to succour the Greeks when hard pressed by Hector aided by Jove. The god of the sea, who to Pope had been "the monarch of the watery main," is to Chapman "the great Sea-Rector,"

Who sate aloft, on th' vtmost top, of shadie *Samothrace*.

Cowden Clarke quotes the lines that tell how as the god stepped down,

The woods, and all the great hils neare, trembled beneath the weight  
Of his immortall mouing feet ; three steps he onely tooke,  
Before he far-off *Ægas* reacht ; but with the fourth, it shooke  
With his dr'ad entrie.

But it is the verses that follow, with their dazzling lustre, their elemental rapture that must have intoxicated the young poet who had been thrilled to the pitch of physical exaltation by Spenser's image of "sea-shouldering whales"—

In the depth of those seas, he did hold  
His bright and glorious pallace built, of neuer-rusting gold ;  
And there arriu'd he put in Coach, his brazen-footed steeds,  
All golden-man'd, and pac't with wings ; and all in golden weeds  
He cloth'd himself. The golden scourge (most elegantly done)  
He tooke, and mounted to his seate : and then the God begun  
To driue his chariot through the waves. From whirlepits every way  
The whales exulted under him, and knew their king : the Sea  
For ioy did open ; and his horse, so swift, and lightly flew :  
The under-axeltree of Brasse, no drop of water drew.  
And thus these deathlesse coursers brought their king to th' *Achive* ships.



This is one of Chapman's greatest passages. Pope's version includes a splendidly sonorous couplet—

Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,  
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.

But how it misses the dynamic thrill of the Elizabethan rendering, in such lines as—

His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep ;  
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,  
Gambol around him on the watery way ;  
And heavy whales in awkward measures play.

Keats would have turned as impatiently from the generalized images of "enormous monsters" and "awkward measures" as he did later from the abstractions in Pope's version of the only passage from the *Odyssey*, which Cowden Clarke mentions. It is another sea-episode, not the triumphant flight of the god over his welcoming waves, but a mortal's struggle in the waters lashed to fury by the same deity. It is the shipwreck of Ulysses in Book V., on his voyage from Calypso's isle to Phæacia. Doubtless Clarke, in his own phrase, "could not fail to introduce" to Keats the whole "scene," but it was the closing lines, as rendered by Chapman, where the hero is cast up on the shores of Phæacia, that gained from Keats "the reward of one of his delighted stares"—

Then forth he came, his both knees faltring ; both  
His strong hands hanging downe ; and all with froth  
His cheeks and nostrils flowing. Voice and breath  
Spent to all vse ; and downe he sunke to Death.  
*The sea had soakt his heart through : all his vaines*  
His toiles had rackt, t' a labouring woman's paines.  
Dead weary was he.

The italics are Clarke's, who similarly distinguishes, with derisive marks of exclamation, part of Pope's rendering of this passage, which they read at a later time—

From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran,  
And *lost in lassitude lay all the man* (! ! !)

We can imagine the recoil of the two friends from this "poetic diction," but we would sooner have heard from Clarke whether Keats considered Chapman's decasyllabics in his *Odyssey* equal to the fourteeners in his *Iliad*. The critical taste of to-day prefers the latter, but the "run-on" couplet

had always a fascination for Keats, and there is nothing to show that he set one of Chapman's versions above the other.

When the reading ended "at day-spring," and Keats made his way home with heart aflame, and the roll of the Elizabethan verse in his ears, he may well have seemed to himself a Ulysses, who having wandered "round many western islands," among them the *Aeneid* and *The Faerie Queene*, had been at last flung upon that "wide expanse" that deep-browed Homer ruled, as Alcinous ruled his Phæacian domain. And with the image of the old Greek voyager mingled those of later explorers, whether of the heavens or the earth, Galileo or Cortez, children of the same mighty epoch as Chapman himself. Hence the birth of the sonnet *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*, with its vistas of a wandering star unknown to the watchers of "Autumnus golden lampe" from the walls of Troy, and of an ocean over which Neptune's immortal-moving feet had never passed. And is not Cortez staring, eagle-eyed and silent from a peak in Darien reminiscent of the great "Sea-rector" gazing from the utmost top of Samothrace?

Such surmises, one may hope, are not quite wide of the mark. But the marvel remains for ever how the youthful poet, hitherto of uncertain promise, could in a few morning hours shape his thronging impressions into a chiselled masterpiece of fourteen lines. Here we have the plastic power, the sense of perspective, the fine instinct for the economic use of material that are the Greek qualities in the genius of Keats. They are independent of his subject-matter. They are for the most part to seek in *Endymion*, based though it is on one of the loveliest of the myths of Hellas. But it is to them we owe the figures of Cortez and his men, grouped motionless between equatorial sea and sky; and of Ruth, when sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn :

no less than of Lycius in *Lamia*,

Charioting foremost in the envious race  
Like a young Jove with calm, vneager face ;

or the "brede of marble men and maidens" in the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. Even the sublime pose of the "early gods" in *Hyperion* and their large utterance, are implicit in that heroical sestet in which the wonderful sonnet (after the precept approved by Keats himself) "proudly" dies.

But if the sonnet is Greek in execution, its generating impulse is that romantic ardour of admiration, not stopping on this side idolatry, in which Keats proves himself a true heir of the Renaissance, and kin to Chapman

himself. It has been believed by some that when Shakespeare in his eighty-sixth sonnet wrote to his friend of—

. . . the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all-too precious you,

he was referring to the "fourteeners" of Chapman's *Iliad*. In any case the lines may be taken as a *sors Shakespeariana*, foretelling that two centuries after its publication, the folio of 1616, *The Whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poets*, would make triumphant capture of the man predestined above all others to be its reader—John Keats.



## KEATS AND "PHILOSOPHY"

By A. C. BRADLEY

**I**N his poems occasionally, and in his letters more often, Keats mentions something which he calls "philosophy." What did he mean by the word, and what was his attitude to the thing? This question, it is almost needless to say, is answered in Sir Sidney Colvin's *Life of John Keats*; but, as was inevitable, it is answered very concisely, and perhaps some readers of the present volume may care to consider it more at length.

The central article of the faith of Keats is given in the words "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." These two are reached, apprehended, and expressed in different ways; beauty in or through sense and imagination, truth in or by "thought," "knowledge," or "philosophy." But the two are none the less one and the same; so that whatever is felt, perceived, imagined as beautiful, would, if adequately expressed in an intellectual form, be found a reality truly conceived; and truth, adequately transformed into the shape of "sensation" or imagination, would have turned into beauty. So, without aiming at precision in terminology, we may enlarge Keats's dictum "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

In this faith he never wavered, but there is a difference in his attitude towards its two aspects. On the one hand, being a born poet, he desired truth, and the knowledge or philosophy that might lead to it, mainly, if not solely, for the enlargement or deepening that they might give to his perception and imagination of beauty; and, besides, he was *certain* that "what the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth,"<sup>1</sup> while he had not the same personal assurance (if we may so call it) that truth must be beautiful. On the other hand, while almost from the first he felt strongly his need of knowledge or philosophy, the feeling became more and more insistent as he advanced. In the earlier days, though he was keenly conscious of this need, he could break out, "O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!";<sup>2</sup> or declare that reflection "spoils the singing of the nightingale" (*Epistle to Reynolds*), or hear the thrush calling to him, "O fret not after knowledge" (*O thou whose*

<sup>1</sup> Letter XXII., p. 41, in Colvin's *Letters of John Keats*.

<sup>2</sup> XXII., p. 42.



face). But even then he was giving voice to a momentary mood, and was longing for a time, "many years" distant, when he would "grow high-rife with old Philosophy" (*On a Lock of Milton's Hair*). Only two months later, he was writing, with an equally exaggerated emphasis, "I find earlier days are gone by—I find I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge . . . I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious, and a love for philosophy—were I calculated for the former, I should be glad. But as I am not, I shall turn all my soul to the latter."<sup>1</sup> And, as time went on (months, alas, rather than years), this feeling became a constant longing, mounting now and again to an "agony," and expressed in terms that might befit the lips of one born for "philosophy" in the strictest sense of that term.

The word "knowledge" in the passage just quoted, and usually with Keats, has the same meaning as "philosophy." What then did "philosophy" mean to him? Certainly not merely what it means when philosophy is contrasted with hasty passion, or when a man is advised to take his troubles philosophically. Not, on the other hand, philosophy in the strict or technical sense. With that he was, apparently, totally unacquainted; yet he always writes as though he had some philosophy of his own, though he hoped for much more. He speaks of the philosophy of Milton and Wordsworth, not of Locke or Berkeley. He uses the name of Plato for a rhyme in a jocular poem, but there is no sign that he had read a word of Plato or knew that he had written of beauty as well as truth. He speaks with enthusiasm of Hazlitt as a critic, but never mentions Hazlitt's *Principles of Human Action*. The Godwinian ideas which fascinated Shelley and his own friend Dilke he rejects with distaste, but, so far as we can see, was not acquainted with them at first hand. The philosophy already known in his own experience and legible in his writings was evidently such reflection on human nature and life and the world as any thoughtful man may practise; a reflection intent, no doubt, but neither technical nor systematic. He longed for advance in it because, he hoped, it would lighten "the burden of the mystery." Where it might possibly have led him at last we may conjecture when we find him telling Reynolds that he proposes to "ask Hazlitt in about a year's time the best metaphysical road" he can take.<sup>2</sup> But it is clear that he never set foot on that road, though his letters amply prove that in a year's time his own philosophy had notably deepened and was also extending its bounds.

Can we tell what aspect of things most especially and constantly reminded Keats of "the burden of the mystery" and of his need of philosophy? Two or three quotations may answer this question. In the verse-letter to Reynolds,

<sup>1</sup> L., p. 100.

<sup>2</sup> LI., p. 101

written almost at the same time as the prose-letter from which I have just quoted, he interrupts himself thus :

. . . but my flag is not unfurled  
On the Admiral-staff,—and so philosophise  
I dare not yet ! Oh, never will the prize,  
High reason, and the lore <sup>1</sup> of good and ill,  
Be my award !

Presently he goes on to relate how he was sitting upon a

. . . rock of green sea-weed  
Among the breakers ; 'twas a quiet eve,  
The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave  
An untumultuous fringe of silver foam  
Along the flat brown sand ; I was at home  
And should have been most happy,—but I saw  
Too far into the sea, where every maw  
The greater on the less feeds evermore.—  
But I saw too distinct into the core  
Of an eternal fierce destruction,  
And so from happiness I far was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still do I that most fierce destruction see,  
The Shark at savage prey,—the Hawk at pounce,—  
The gentle Robin, like a Pard or Ounce,  
Ravening a Worm.

A month or so later he is writing to Reynolds <sup>2</sup> his description (almost too famous to quote) of the first two chambers in the mansion of life, the only two yet opened to him,—the thoughtless chamber, and the second, to which "we are at length imperceptibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us. We no sooner get into the second chamber, which I shall call the Chamber of Maiden-Thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere ; we see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is father of is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of Man—of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of Misery and Heart-break, Pain, Sickness, and oppression—whereby

<sup>1</sup> This word is printed "love" in all editions known to me ; but I cannot believe that Keats wrote "love." A printer's substitution of *e* for *r* is quite probable (Keats never saw the poem in print) ; and, though he hoped for acquiescence, through philosophy, in some kinds of "ill," I remember no place where he speaks of loving them. With the quotation above compare the words about good and evil in the next prose quotation.

<sup>2</sup> LII., p. 107.



this Chamber of Maiden-Thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages—we see not the balance of good and evil—we are in a mist—we are now in that state—we feel the ‘burden of the Mystery’” (he is quoting from Wordsworth’s *Tintern Abbey* poem). A few weeks later he writes to Bailey, “Were it in my choice, I would reject a Petrarchal coronation—on account of my dying day, and because women have cancers.”<sup>1</sup>

The result of this strain of thought, which appears again and again, is a settled conviction that wisdom is sorrow, happiness possible only to the thoughtless, life something to be “undergone.” Its further result is a longing to help, a determination to “do some good for the world.” Not that this means a determination to abandon poetry; *his* way of doing good must be through poetry. Only, now, poetry cannot rest on an abandonment of the thought that has opened his eyes to misery; nor can it consist in simply saying “the most heart-easing things” (*Sleep and Poetry*). On the contrary, the one way forward for him is through more and more thought, knowledge, philosophy—something to give enlightenment and depth to his unshaken faith that “Beauty is truth, truth beauty,” and that therefore all this evil in Nature and human life cannot be the wholly hideous thing that it appears.

*Isabella, or the Pot of Basil*, a poem in which the extreme of suffering puts on a face of sad, but perfect, beauty, shows his advance on this road. *Hyperion*, refashioned as he intended, would doubtless have shown it more explicitly. And it is no less evident in the later letters, down to the time when his life began to ebb. He does “dare” to philosophize. He still does so on his own account, without help from any metaphysician whom Hazlitt might have recommended. And he reaches results, or throws out suggestions, which must be new to many thoughtful readers, and would not be disdained by students of philosophy. Far the best example is to be found in a portion of one of his long journal-letters to George and Georgiana Keats, who were settled in America.<sup>2</sup> Here he sets aside both the “vale of tears” doctrine of popular orthodoxy and the “perfectibility” doctrine of Dilke and Shelley, and, very apologetically, develops the idea that the obstacles and hardships which may seem mere lamentable evils, and to him had once seemed incompatible with the Beauty which yet must be truth, are necessary to the formation and development of individual souls. This passage is given at length in my *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* and I will not quote it, and will merely point out what a startling reversal of the once-popular notions of Keats is implied in

<sup>1</sup> LIV., p. 112. It is, perhaps, worth noting that in these passages there is only one reference to moral evil (“oppression”).

<sup>2</sup> XCII., pp. 254-7.

the fact that it is quoted in full "as a suitable introduction" to five lectures by one of the subtlest and deepest of living philosophers.<sup>1</sup> But the same strain of thought appears in an earlier part of the letter,<sup>2</sup> and I will quote and comment on the passage because, imperfect as it is, it illustrates much that has been said in this paper.

Friday, 19th March (1819).

This morning I am in a sort of temper, indolent and supremely careless—I long after a Stanza or two of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*—my passions are all asleep, from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me, to a delightful sensation, about three degrees on this side of faintness. If I had teeth of pearl and the breath of lilies I should call it languor, but as I am<sup>3</sup> I must call it laziness. In this state of effeminacy the fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree that pleasure has no show of enticement and pain no unbearable power. Neither Poetry, nor Ambition, nor Love<sup>4</sup> have any alertness of countenance as they pass by me; they seem rather like figures on a Greek vase—a Man and two women whom no one but myself could distinguish in their disguise.<sup>5</sup> This is the only happiness, and is a rare instance of the advantage of the body overpowering the Mind. I have this moment received a note from Haslam, in which he expects the death of his Father, who has been for some time in a state of insensibility; his mother bears up he says very well—I shall go to town to-morrow to see him. This is the world—thus we cannot expect to give way many hours to pleasure. Circumstances are like Clouds continually gathering and bursting—While we are laughing, the seed of some trouble is put into the wide arable land of events, while we are laughing it sprouts it grows and suddenly bears a poison fruit which we must pluck. Even so we have leisure to reason on the misfortunes of our friends; our own touch us too nearly for words. Very few men have ever arrived at a complete disinterestedness of Mind: very few have been influenced by a pure desire of the benefit of others,—in the greater part of the Benefactors to Humanity some meretricious motive has sullied their greatness—some melodramatic scenery has fascinated them.<sup>6</sup> From the manner in which I feel Haslam's misfortune I perceive how far I am from any humble standard of disinterestedness. Yet this feeling ought to be carried to its highest pitch,<sup>7</sup> as there is no fear of its ever injuring society—which it would do, I fear, pushed to an extremity. For in wild nature the

<sup>1</sup> Bosanquet, *The Value and Destiny of the Individual*, p. 63.

<sup>2</sup> XCII., pp. 234-8.

<sup>3</sup> Especially as I have a black eye. (Keats's note.)

<sup>4</sup> See line 13 of the sonnet which closes the extract.

<sup>5</sup> To about this date must belong the posthumously printed *Ode on Indolence*, which describes the same mood with nearly the same imagery. Possibly the "black eye" . . . together with the reflections on street-fighting later on, may help us to fix the date of his famous fight with the butcher boy. (Colvin's note. See also his *Life*, p. 253.)

<sup>6</sup> "There are two distinct tempers of mind in which we judge of things—the worldly, theatrical and pantomimical; and the unearthly, spiritual and ethereal—in the former Buonaparte, Lord Byron and this Charmian hold the first place in our Minds; in the latter, John Howard, Bishop Hooker rocking his child's cradle and you my dear Sister are the conquering feelings." LXVIII., p. 173. "This Charmian" is a lady he had met; the "Sister" is his sister-in-law.

<sup>7</sup> I.e. the highest there is any chance of its attaining.



Hawk would lose his Breakfast of Robins and the Robin his of Worms—The Lion must starve as well as the Swallow. The greater part of Men make their way with the same instinctiveness, the same unwandering eye from their purposes, the same animal eagerness as the Hawk. The Hawk wants a Mate, so does the Man—look at them both, they set about it and procure one in the same manner. They want both a nest and they both set about one in the same manner—they get their food in the same manner. The noble animal Man for his amusement smokes his pipe—the Hawk balances about the clouds—that is the only difference of their leisures. This it is that makes the Amusement of Life—to a speculative Mind—I go among the Fields and catch a glimpse of a Stoat or a field-mouse peeping out of the withered grass—the creature hath a purpose, and its eyes are bright with it. I go amongst the buildings of a city and I see a Man hurrying along—to what? the Creature has a purpose and his eyes are bright with it. But then, as Wordsworth says, “We have all one human heart——”<sup>1</sup> There is an electric fire in human nature tending to purify—so that among these human creatures there is continually some birth of new heroism. The pity is that we must wonder at it, as we should at finding a pearl in rubbish. I have no doubt that thousands of people never heard of have had hearts completely disinterested. I can remember but two<sup>2</sup>—Socrates and Jesus—Their histories evince it. What I heard a little time ago, Taylor observe with respect to Socrates, may be said of Jesus—That he was so great a man that though he transmitted no writing of his own to posterity, we have his Mind and his sayings and his greatness handed to us by others. It is to be lamented that the history of the latter was written and revised by Men interested in the pious frauds of Religion. Yet through all this I see his splendour. Even here,<sup>3</sup> though I myself am pursuing the same instinctive course as the veriest human animal you can think of, I am, however young, writing at random, straining at particles of light in the midst of a great darkness, without knowing the bearing of any one assertion, of any one opinion. Yet may I not in this be free from sin? May there not be superior beings amused with any graceful, though instinctive, attitude my mind may fall into as I am entertained with the alertness of a Stoat or the anxiety of a Deer.<sup>4</sup> Though a quarrel in the Streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest Man shows a grace in his quarrel. By a superior Being our reasonings may take the same tone—though erroneous they may be fine. This is the very thing in which consists Poetry, and if so it is not so fine a thing as a philosophy—For the same reason that an eagle is not so fine a thing as a truth. Give me this credit—Do you not think I strive—to know myself? Give me this credit, and you will not think that on my own account I repeat Milton’s lines—

“How charming is divine Philosophy,  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo’s lute.”

No—not for myself—feeling grateful as I do to have got into a state of mind to relish them

<sup>1</sup> *The Cumberland Beggar.*

<sup>2</sup> Two famous men, or “Benefactors to Humanity.”

<sup>3</sup> Keats’s punctuation in this passage obscures his meaning, which would be clear if “though” were repeated before “I am”, and if a comma were substituted for the full-stop after “opinion.”

<sup>4</sup> LXXX., p. 201: “Mrs. Tighe and Beattie once delighted me—now I see through them and can find nothing in them but weakness, and yet how many they still delight! Perhaps a superior being may look upon Shakspeare in the same light—is it possible? No——”

properly. Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced—Even a Proverb is no proverb to you till your Life has illustrated it.<sup>1</sup> I am ever afraid that your anxiety for me will lead you to fear for the violence of my temperament continually smothered down: for that reason I did not intend to have sent you the following sonnet—but look over the two last pages and ask yourselves whether I have not that in me which will bear the buffets of the world. It will be the best comment on my sonnet; it will show you that it was written with no Agony but that of ignorance; with no thirst of anything but Knowledge when pushed to the point though the first steps to it were through my human passions—they went away and I wrote with my Mind—and perhaps I must confess a little bit of my heart—

Why did I laugh to-night? No voice will tell:  
 No God, no Deamon of severe response  
 Deigns to reply from heaven or from Hell.—  
 Then to my human heart I turn at once—  
 Heart! thou and I are here sad and alone  
 Say, wherefore did I laugh? O mortal pain!  
 O Darkness! Darkness! ever must I moan,  
 To question Heaven and Hell and Heart in vain!  
 Why did I laugh? I know this being's lease,  
 My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads:  
 Yet could I on this very midnight cease,<sup>2</sup>  
 And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;  
 Verse, fame and Beauty are intense indeed  
 But Death intenser—Death is Life's high mead.

I went to bed and enjoyed an uninterrupted sleep. Sane I went to bed and sane I arose.<sup>3</sup>

This is not altogether a favourable specimen of Keats's correspondence. Something of that fault, deplored in an earlier letter, of "continually running away from the subject," makes it difficult to follow; and his languid mood probably adds to the difficulty. But the words "This is the only happiness"; the reference to that thirst for knowledge which sometimes became an "agony"; the feeling, expressed in the sonnet, that knowledge, though it may throw gleams on the mist, cannot disperse it; the implied ascription of "philosophy" to Milton; the absence of any idea that the possibility of disinterestedness has been denied (a question discussed in Hazlitt's *Principles*)—all this illustrates the habitual attitude which I have attempted to describe, while the fuller and clearer reasonings on the "Vale of Soul-making" are prepared for by the reflections on disinterestedness.

<sup>1</sup> LII., p. 105: "Axioms in philosophy are not axioms until they are proved upon our pulses."

<sup>2</sup> Compare the repetition of the same thought and phrase in the *Ode to a Nightingale*, written two months later. [Colvin's Note.]

<sup>3</sup> The sonnet was composed, apparently, on the evening of the day preceding that on which he is now writing. Compare the *Ben Nevis* sonnet.



These are due to an accident. Keats has just heard of a friend's misfortune, and the fact that he feels it much less than he would a misfortune of his own shows him how far he is from "any humble standard of disinterestedness." He proceeds to comment on that virtue.

The comment is double-edged ; and so from other passages in the Letters we should expect it to be. On the one hand, they show how much he admired disinterestedness. He disclaims the notion that "works of genius are the first things in this world. No ! for that sort of probity and disinterestedness which such men as Bailey possess, does hold and grasp the tiptop of any spiritual honours that can be paid to anything in this world."<sup>1</sup> In telling Bailey that he is very fond of his sister-in-law, and "likes her better and better," he adds, "She is the most disinterested woman I ever knew."<sup>2</sup> On the other hand, he proceeds, "She goes beyond degree in it" ; and we may contrast his present uneasiness concerning his sympathy with Haslam with this passage : "The first thing that strikes me on hearing a Misfortune having befallen another is this—' Well, it cannot be helped : he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his Spirit.'"<sup>3</sup> In the same way he repeatedly expresses in later letters his impatience at Dilke's excessive anxiety to shield his boy from little troubles, and writes to Dilke himself : "I am sorry to hear that Charles is so much oppress'd at Westminster, though I am sure it will be the finest touchstone for his Metal in the world. . . . The very first Battle he wins will lift him from the Tribe of Manasseh."<sup>4</sup>

This double-sided view reappears in the discussion before us. Disinterestedness is an electric fire tending to purify human creatures and thrill them into heroism. He admires it alike in the thousands of obscure persons who have had hearts completely disinterested, and in the only two famous men he can remember of whom that can be said. Nor has he any fear that the demand for it can, *in practice*, be too emphatic. But on the other hand he perceives that this demand cannot be made absolute, so as to exclude that direct "instinctive" pursuit of objects into which consideration of others does not enter. The life of Nature, he observes, depends on such pursuit, carried indeed so far that it involves the destruction of one creature by another ; and here, it will be noticed, he mentions those very proceedings of the hawk and the robin which had once horrified him and appeared incompatible with Beauty, but which now his philosophy has taught him to accept (see the end of the verse-quotation on p. 47). And then he goes further. That direct pursuit of objects in which disinterestedness plays no part must be admitted, also, in human life. It has its place, and we ourselves can perceive a beauty in it ; we can even perceive this in actions (such as a

<sup>1</sup> XXVIII., p. 54.

<sup>3</sup> XXII., p. 43.

<sup>2</sup> LIV., p. 113.

<sup>4</sup> CIX., p. 279.

street-quarrel) which, taken as wholes, are hateful. These very reflections of his own are an instance of such instinctive action ; and, even if they are erroneous, a superior Being might still see something "fine" in them, as we do in the alertness of a stoat or the grace of a quarrelling man.<sup>1</sup>

A few words may be added with reference to the closing lines of the sonnet :

Verse, fame and Beauty are intense indeed,  
But Death intenser—Death is Life's high meed.

We may compare with them not only the stanza of the *Ode to a Nightingale* (see above), but the last lines of the early sonnet *When I have fears that I may cease to be* :

. . . then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,  
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink :

and again the close of the *Hyperion* fragment, where the "aching ignorance" of the young Apollo passes into the Knowledge that "deifies" him through a struggle that is "like the struggle at the gate of death."

In *Why did I laugh?* there is a very sharp contrast between the "aching ignorance" of the opening lines and the accent of complete certainty in the close. We may find, I think, in the references to death a similar, though less salient, difference between the letters and the poems of Keats. In the former he usually writes of death as an obvious evil, though the passage, already quoted, where he says he would reject a Petrarchal coronation on account of his dying day and because women have cancers, is quite exceptional in its vehement emphasis. This vehemence does not imply a belief that death really is merely what it appears, or merely an evil. He had no such belief, any more than he had a constant belief to the contrary. But he does not attempt to "philosophize" on this particular evil, feeling, presumably, that here we are wholly deprived of that experience which enables us to observe and reflect on the good accompanying, and perhaps neutralizing, the obstacles and evils within our life.

In his poetry, on the other hand—though here too he speculates little<sup>2</sup>—his attitude is totally different. In his poetry, it is hardly too much to say, death has become pure good, a friend, almost a Saviour. It delivers from "the weariness, the fever, and the fret." And so his favourite epithet for

<sup>1</sup> I am not sure of the meaning of the sentence which begins, "This is the very thing." It appears to suggest that, for a superior Being, Truth is a higher form of expression than Beauty,—a suggestion which we certainly should not expect from Keats.

<sup>2</sup> The place taken by death in the symbolism or allegory of *Endymion* is too large a subject for this mere note. It is treated, of course, by Bridges, de Selincourt, and Colvin.



it is "quiet." In the early sonnet *After dark vapours* death—and that "a Poet's death"—appears, as if it were the acme of a climax, among images of quiet :

. . . autumn suns  
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves,—  
Sweet Sappho's cheek—a sleeping infant's breath,—  
The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs,—  
A woodland rivulet,—a Poet's death.

We read in *Endymion* (II., 153) :

But this is human life : the war, the deeds,  
The disappointment, the anxiety,  
Imagination's struggles, far and nigh,  
All human ; bearing in themselves this good,  
That they are still the air, the subtle food,  
To make us feel existence, and to show  
How quiet death is.

If we turn to the later, and the supreme, poems, we find the same feeling. The death for which he longs as he listens to the deathless Nightingale, is "easeful." The Grecian Urn, where the mortal beauty of life is no longer mortal, is the "bride of quietness." And yet here life, in putting on immortality, has lost nothing of its intensity ; it has become "intenser." The "immortal bird" pours forth its soul abroad in ecstasy, and the love which no longer "leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd" is yet "for ever panting and for ever young." Would it be too bold to say that whenever the poet's soul in Keats touches and unites with the absolute and eternal beauty it is "in love with" death ?

ΗΟΙΚΙΑΟ'ΘΡΟΝ'

By THE POET LAUREATE

ALL-ador'd all-glorious APHRODITA,  
Heav'ns goddess mysterious, I beseech thee  
With thy anguish and terror overwhelm not  
My spirit, O Queen :

But hither come thou, as, if e'er, aforetime  
Thou to my crying from afar attentive  
Harkenedst, an' out o' the golden archways  
Unto me camest.

Harnessing thy fair flutterers, that earthward  
Swiftly drew thee down to the dusky mountains,  
Multitudinously winging from unseen  
Heights o' the wide air ;

And arrivéd, thrice-blesséd, I beheld thee  
Smiling on me beautiful and triumphant ;  
Heard thee asking of me what had befall'n me,  
Why had I call'd thee,

And what I desired above all to comfort  
My madden'd heart. Who is it hath deny'd thee ?  
Shall not I subdue the rebel to thy love,  
Sappho, an' avenge thee ?—

\* \* \* \* \*

Come then, O queen, come to me and release me  
From bitter woe. Stand my ally. The thing that  
My spirit most longs for accomplish, and win  
Victory with me.

*See over.]*

ROBERT BRIDGES, 1910.

Chilswell, Oxford.  
November 21st, 1920.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that I am not in the mood to write any occasional verse for your book. I shall be honoured if you should judge this translation from the Greek not out of place in a tribute to Keats.

I am,  
Yours truly,  
ROBERT BRIDGES.



## KEATS

By OSCAR BROWNING

IT is one of the privileges of age to watch the growth of great reputations, from their origin to their culmination, and this is especially interesting in the case of Keats, who, when I first learnt to admire his poetry some seventy years ago, was scarcely known, but who now has a place in the first rank of English poets. I went to Eton as a boy in January, 1851, when just fourteen, and was placed in the division of William Johnson, who was also my tutor, the ablest man I have ever met who devoted his life to school work. It was the rule in those days to write a copy of original Latin verse every week, on a subject set by the master. One week Johnson chose for our subject the speech of Clymene in the *Hyperion* of Keats, not to be translated, but to be written about in our own language. In this way I learned the speech by heart, and I have never forgotten it. Johnson inspired me with an admiration for Keats as one of the first of English poets, he offered a prize to any boy who would learn *Hyperion* by heart, and he made me a present of a Moxon's Keats beautifully bound by Riviere, which I read through again and again, and is still one of my treasures. Owing to this, when I went to Cambridge in 1856, I was full of Keats, and used to preach him to my contemporaries, who had scarcely heard of him. They were devoted to Tennyson, Browning was little known, and Shelley was only coming into fashion. I returned to Eton as a Master in 1860, and continued my propaganda of Keats without much effect. I was more successful with Browning, and invented a Browning Primer, beginning with the *Pied Piper* and ending with *Childe Roland*, by which I made many converts, Tennyson being still the favourite. In frequent visits to Rome I always looked with reverence on the house at the bottom of the Spanish steps in which Keats died, but did not enter it. Severn was at this time English Consul. I never met him, but I went so far as to climb up his stairs in the Palazzo Poli, and stood at the door, but did not dare to go in. The cemetery in which Keats and Shelley are buried was of course frequently visited, and by this time Keats had earned his proper place in English and American appreciation,

and it appeared to me that Tennyson was unduly depreciated. Shelley was certainly thought more highly of than Keats.

I more than once visited Lord Houghton at Fryston, where on his study table lay a portly volume full of papers connected with Keats and material for the edition of Keats which Lord Houghton published. Lord Crewe tells me that the book is still in his possession, and did not perish in the fire which did so much damage at Fryston. The reputation of Keats spread slowly even at the Universities. One day in the Hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, some one said at dinner that I was going to lecture on Keats. A Science Fellow asked, "Keats! What's a Keat?" There was a general roar, and a young Professor said, "It's all very well for you to laugh, but there is not one of you who could repeat a single line of Keats." Unfortunately for the Professor the first line of *Endymion* has become a proverb even to those who do not know who wrote it. Keats is now duly honoured at Rome. In the house in which he died the first floor has been furnished and endowed with a magnificent library of English and American literature, referring to Keats, Shelley, and their circle, due to the labour and the love of Sir Rennell Rodd and of Commendatore Nelson Gay. A Keats-Shelley Association has been formed, where lectures on appropriate subjects are delivered during the season, many of them in Italian. Illustrious strangers passing through are invited to give to the Members a taste of their quality, so that the Keats-Shelley House is one of the best-known treasures in the Eternal City.

The poetry of Keats appeals to many tastes. Besides the speech of Clymene the early recollections of which are to me ineffaceable, I have always placed in the first rank the *Ode to Melancholy*, the last stanza of which is among the most beautiful and truest utterances in English literature, and *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, which not only struck a new note in poetry, but contains the germ of Rossetti and his school. It is a marvel that Keats, without a classical education, should have realized the power of Greek imagination and should have divined, what he could not have learnt, the magic of the earlier Italian renaissance. Undoubtedly the most powerful lines he ever wrote are to be found in the later fragments of *Hyperion*, and it is a misfortune to the world that he had not the courage to finish what would have been the noblest epic in our language. For this there are many reasons. His friend Brown was always urging him to be popular, and it is to his influence that we owe the failures of *Otho the Great* and the *Cap and Bells*. He had a number of devoted friends, but none who could understand his real greatness. If he could have met Byron and Shelley, which he was very nearly doing, his course would have been different, and perhaps he would not have died. His passion for Fanny Brawne is also responsible, but no

blame attaches to her, because she valued him according to her lights, and did the best she could for him. Lastly, he was terribly in want of money, and his pride would not allow him to receive assistance. Art has too often suffered, and must continue to suffer by remorseless death. How infinite would have been the gain of music if Mozart could have followed Haydn to England in 1792 and enriched the world with twelve new symphonies, written when he was at the summit of his power !

Still the fame of Keats increases every year. Byron is unjustifiably neglected, and the poet of *Adonais* is giving place to *Adonais* himself. His name is no longer "writ in water," and the place among English poets for which he yearned is being granted to him. It may be doubted whether the sonnet on Chapman's *Homer*, written the year after Waterloo, has not produced more abundant and beneficent fruit than that battle itself.

## JOHN KEATS

By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

YE roses, crimson, virginal and strong,  
We worship you, we watch you bud and blow,  
Knowing you cannot hold your radiance long ;  
For the ineffable and holy glow  
Within you, ere it pass  
Will quietly effect your overthrow,  
Scattering your petals on the homely grass.  
Therefore men tremble, and with head bent low  
Watch the bright miracle, and cry, " Alas,  
Ye are a dreaded symbol, something sent  
To show all beauty is a vanishment,  
All poesy a pang,—born of an hour,  
And blossoming until the selfsame power  
That wrought the glory, does the wrong,—  
Killing the poet." Ay, but not the song !



## A MORNING'S WORK IN A HAMPSTEAD GARDEN

By SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

THE famous *Nightingale* ode of Keats, by the evidence of his comrade Charles Brown, was the result of a few hours of inspiration which came to the poet as he sat under a tree in the garden of Wentworth Place, Hampstead, on a May morning in 1819. In 1884 I remember Mr. William Dilke, a brother of the Charles Wentworth Dilke who conjointly with the same Brown built the house, indicating to me what he believed to be the very tree : but whether the local memories of so old a man were perfectly to be trusted I cannot say. ("I built that house opposite," he added, pointing across the road, "and lived in it for some time, and then I let it on a sixty years' lease : and a few years ago the lease fell in.")

The charm of this poem grows with time : to each generation of readers it becomes more classical, not by faultlessness, for it has faults enough, but by felicity ; by its intimately vital and beautiful expression of a mood which was of all others most characteristic of the poet's mind. This mood was engendered in him by circumstances acting upon an intense capacity alike for imaginative depression under the burden of life, imaginative refreshment by the delights of nature, and imaginative longing for extinction and repose. The proneness to such a mood, the power of thus draining with all his soul the mingled sweetness and bitterness of things from one cup which he was not unwilling should be his last, were at their height in Keats during the brief months when his destiny hung in the balance ; when, on the one hand his poetic gift, his great inward resource and joy, had come to ripeness, and on the other the hostile forces of disease, passion, poverty, and misjudgment, were closing against but had not yet quite conquered him. And to this mood the odes, but most of all the *Nightingale* ode, give expression in a manner which combines in perfection intensity with ease, the deepest intuitions of poetry seeming to come to him as naturally (to use his own phrase) as leaves to a tree.

In such poetry as this there is a virtue which no amount of commentary or criticism can smother : or else I should be chary of printing what I am about to print concerning it. The text of Keats, down to his most worthless

doggerel fragments and his most trivial and unconsidered private letters, has been edited with as much care almost as the text of Sophocles. Even for the purpose of a cheap popular issue, that most indefatigable of editors, the late Mr. Buxton Forman, thought it right to give every word and every variant that he was able to trace of every composition by the poet in verse or prose. Personally I cannot but think much of this labour misplaced. What the ordinary reader needs for his full enjoyment of a poet's work is surely but an accurate text of the several pieces as the author left them, without all this importunity of critical apparatus. For the special students of poetry and the poetic art, however, and in regard to the really memorable and central works of an author, it is undoubtedly very interesting to study first drafts and corrections, and to watch and follow the writer in the very act of inspiration. In few such cases is the interest so great as in that of Keats's *Nightingale* ode. It happens that the autograph draft of this particular poem escaped the diligence of Mr. Forman. It would seem to have been given in the poet's lifetime to his friend John Hamilton Reynolds; at any rate it remained for many years after Reynolds's death in the hands of his surviving sister Mariane, married to a Mr. Green. From her it passed into the possession successively of her two sons, Charles and Townley Green. Both of these gentlemen were artists, the former a very well-known member of the Water-Colour Institute. The latter, less known, lived, as I understand, a retired life, and died in 1900. A friend of his, Mr. H. C. Shelley, had told me of the precious manuscript being in Mr. Green's possession, and was to have taken me to see it, when he was called away on the duties of a war correspondent to South Africa. In his absence Mr. Green died, and this Keats manuscript, with one or two others, came up for sale, fortunately almost unobserved, at Sotheby's, and realized no extravagant price. It was bought by an hereditary lover and collector of Keats relics, the Marquess of Crewe, and placed by him in my hands with liberty to publish.

Now let us turn to the *ipsissima verba* of Charles Brown concerning the origin of this poem and the circumstances under which it was written. "In the spring of 1819 a nightingale had built her nest near my house. Keats felt a tranquil and continual joy in her song; and one morning he took his chair from the breakfast table to the grass-plot under a plum-tree, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry, I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained his poetic feeling on the song of our nightingale. The writing was not well legible; and it was difficult to arrange the stanzas on so many scraps. With his assistance I succeeded, and this was his *Ode to a Nightingale*, a poem which has been the delight of every one." Brown wrote these



words twenty years after the event, so that his recollections might well lack something of absolute accuracy. The document here reproduced gives us the means of checking them. For that we have in it Keats's true and original draft of the poem is certain. Single lines, groups of lines, or half-stanzas may doubtless have begun to take shape in his mind earlier, during some of those times of "tranquil, continual joy" in the bird's music of which Brown tells us. But the manuscript bears conclusive evidence that it was written while the main and essential work of composition was actually going on in the poet's brain. On one page there is half a line of a tentative beginning—"Small, winged dryad,"—which he has abandoned as soon as written, turning to make a fresh start on another sheet. Some of the most important rhyme-words we can see coming into his mind as he writes, and being adopted after trial and cancelling of others. There are many vital corrections and alterations; with frequent signs, in the shape of dropped words and letters, unaccustomed mis-spellings and slips of the pen, that while the hand wrote the mind was too much preoccupied with the act of composition to guide it with strict care. Hence we may dismiss Haydon's account of his ode having been recited to him by Keats in the Hampstead fields "before it was committed to paper," as one of the ornamental flourishes characteristic of that writer: whose vividness of statement is seldom found, when we have opportunity to test it, to co-exist with strict accuracy.

Since here, then, is evidently the actual result of that fortunate morning's work under the plum-tree, how far do we find that it corresponds with Brown's account of the matter above quoted? The answer is, accurately in the main, though not in all particulars. For one thing, it is written not on "four or five" scraps as Brown says, but on two only: two half-sheets of note-paper, of exactly the same make and size as Keats was using in his correspondence with his brother and sister at the same date.<sup>1</sup> For another thing, Brown exaggerates when he says that the manuscript is not "well legible"; though the number of faults and corrections, and the crushing and tearing of the edges, render it truly much less neat and clear than Keats's

<sup>1</sup> In the winter, from the end of November to the middle of February, Keats had conducted this correspondence on folio sheets of the largest size bearing the watermark "Ruse & Turners, 1817." In February he changed for a while to a quarto paper of a different make, without water-mark; and by March 12 had adopted, and kept up throughout the spring, the habit of using another paper, again by Ruse & Turner, of ordinary note size. This paper he either bought cut, or regularly cut himself, into single leaves or half-sheets, each bearing one half of the water-mark, thus:

RUSE & T|URNERS,  
18|17

The two leaves on which the *Nightingale* ode is written both bear the second half of this mark.

handwriting usually is. These crushings and tearings (now delicately repaired as far as possible, and showing scarce at all in the facsimile) are quite of a kind to confirm Brown's statement about Keats having thrust the leaves away carelessly at the back of a bookshelf. To hold them together they have been pasted (by Brown's care, as we may assume) on a strip of a white wove paper of the time : this strip I have left as it was, and it appears in the facsimile. The order of the stanzas, as Brown indicates, is puzzling at first sight : not, however, because of the number of scraps on which they are written, but because of their odd in-and-out arrangement on the two scraps. It seems clear that Keats did not know how long his poem was going to be, and only took out these two half-sheets with him under the tree. Having made on one of them (leaf 2 of the facsimile) the false start above noted, he puts aside that and begins again on leaf 1 : writes on it the first two and a half stanzas of the poem : then goes to leaf 2 (turning it upside down to avoid confusion with the false start) and continues on it down to the end of the fifth stanza ; then goes back to the verso of leaf 1, on which he adds stanzas six and seven ; and then to the verso of leaf 2, where he finishes the poem with stanza eight.

For convenience of reading, I now set out the draft in print, with all its faults and corrections, in the proper order of the stanzas ; which I have numbered for the sake of reference. Square brackets indicate omissions, and round brackets redundancies, in the poet's orthography. The reader familiar with the ode as printed in all editions from the *Lamia and Isabella* volume of 1820 will easily remark most of the differences for himself. The first is in the title : in the 1820 volumes *The Nightingale* of this draft is changed to *A Nightingale*. But here Keats's first thought had surely been his best, since from the outset his mind travels away from the particular Hampstead nightingale to a type of the species imagined as singing in some far-off scene of forest mystery and beauty : nay, presently, by a transition of thought probably scarce conscious, he goes on from the type to include the whole species, whose permanence of life and song are contrasted in stanza seven (not logically, but poetry can cover a thousand flaws in logic) with the short and distressful existence of the individual man. Such other notes as I have to make shall be made after the several stanzas to which they refer.

## I.

drowsy                      pains

My Heart aches and a ~~painful~~ numbness ~~tells~~

My sense, as though of hemlock I had d[r]unk

Or empt[i]ed some dull opiate to the drains

past

One minute ~~hence~~, and Lethe-wards had sunk :







'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thine happiness  
 That thou light-winged dryad of the trees  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows number[le]ss  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

In the first part of this stanza there is some fumbling. The choice of the rhyme-word "pains" is a second thought, involving the lax use of "drains" in the sense of "dregs" in the third line, and also the change (which is much for the better) of the epithet for numbness from "painful" to "drowsy." The experimental cancelling of "My" at the beginning looks as though Keats had for a moment thought of using "aches" substantively and pronouncing it, like Prospero, as a dissyllable, "achès." The opiate numbness stealing upon the poet seems a natural condition precedent to his re-awakening in the visionary moonlit forest of stanza four, but could scarcely be a natural consequence of his envying the nightingale's happy lot. But this idea of envy was most likely suggested, as Mr. Robert Bridges has pointed out, by some floating recollection of a line in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*—

Philomel,  
 I do not envy thy sweet carolling.

Nevertheless in the following lines Keats brushes wholly aside the conventional classical tradition of Philomela and her woes, and in phrases of his own incomparable quality interprets the bird's song in a purely natural sense as one of summer ease and happiness.

2.

O for a draught of vintage that has been  
     ed long  
 Cooling an age in the deep-delved earth  
 Tasting of Flora, and the country green  
 And Dance, and p[r]lovençal song and sunburnt mirth  
 O for a Beaker full of the warm South,  
     Full of the true and blushful Hippocrene  
     With cluster'd bubbles winking at the brim  
 And purple stained mouth,  
     That I might drink and leave the world unseen  
     And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

This stanza, if any in the poem, I should take to have been ripe and ready in the poet's mind before he wrote. At a later stage he added some corrections which are lacking in this draft, changing "has" into "hath" in the first line, "the true and blushful" into "the true, the blushful" in the sixth, "cluster'd bubbles" into "beaded bubbles" in the seventh. In











Keats reminds himself that he has from the first imagined his nightingale as singing far away in a visionary land, whither he has cried for the inspiration of some southern vintage to convey him. "Bacchus and his Pards" are a reminiscence of a picture which he loved, and which had already suggested a part of the song of the Indian maiden in *Endymion*—the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian. Now he disowns the need of such help, and trusts to the poetic faculty alone : which he finds, after a moment's doubting pause, has already actually transported him where he would be (the movement of thought and verse here is to my mind the loveliest in the whole poem). In the seventh line Keats has struck out "cluster'd" as a repetition from stanza two: later on, having changed the word in that place to "beaded," he decided to let "cluster'd" stand in this. A false start in the last line is indicated in the cancelling of the word "Sidelong."

## 5.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet  
 Nor what ~~blooms~~ soft incense hangs upon the boughs  
 But in embalmed darkness guess each sweet  
     ~~With with~~  
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
 The grass the thicket and the fruit tree wild  
 White Hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine  
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves  
 And midday's eldest child  
 The coming muskrose full of sweetest wine  
 The murmurous ha[u]nt of flies on summer eves.

The above stanza comes still more nearly perfect and full-blown at the first writing. Only one word has been cancelled, namely "blooms" in the second line ; the correction at the beginning of line four being occasioned by a slip of the pen merely. "Sweetest" wine was afterwards improved to "dewy" wine.

## 6.

Darkling I listen, and for many a time  
     been  
 I have ^ half in love with easeful death,  
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
 To take into the air my painless breath  
 Now, more than ever seems it rich to die  
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain  
 While thou(gh) art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
 In such an Extacy—  
 Still would thou sing and I have (y)ears in vain  
     ~~But requiem'd~~  
     o  
 For thy high requiem, become a sod.

This stanza magnificently amplifies and enriches the meaning of three or four lines of a sonnet written one night a few weeks earlier, and copied by the poet in a journal-letter to his brother in America :—

Why did I laugh ? I know this being's lease  
 My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads :  
 Yet could I on this very midnight cease  
 And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds.

In the draft there is nothing to note except the epithet "painless" (not yet corrected to "quiet") in the fourth line ; in the ninth "would thou" not yet corrected to "wouldst," and the slip of the pen which has at first written "years" for "ears" : also the cancelled false start in the last line, which is not very legible, but seems to read "But requiem'd."

## 7.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird  
 No hungry generations tread thee down  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by Emperour and Clown  
 song  
 Perhaps the selfsame ~~voice~~ that found a path  
 Th[r]ough the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn—  
 The same that of [t]imes hath  
 magic  
 Charm'd the wide casements opening on the foam  
 Of ~~keelless~~ perilous seas in fairy lands fo[r]lorn.

The corrections in this, the crowning stanza of the poem, are few but vital : "song" for "voice" in line five ; "magic casements" for "the wide casements" and "perilous seas" for "keelless seas" in the two concluding lines. On these two corrections—the former made after the whole line had been written down, the latter instantly after the epithet "keelless" had been tried and found wanting—depends the special enchantment of the passage. Once more it is the impression made upon the poet by a famous picture, the Enchanted Castle of Claude, which he thus at last distils into two immortal lines, after having dwelt on it ramblingly and long in a rhyming letter to his friend Reynolds a year before.

## 8.

Fo[r]lorn ! the very wor(l)d is like a bell  
 I me back  
 To told ~~me~~ ~~me~~ from thee unto myself  
 Adieu(x) ! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
 ving  
 As she is fam'd to do, deceitful elf !

Dartling I listen, and for many a time  
I have <sup>long</sup> half in love with careful breath  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused sigh  
To take into the air my faintly breath  
Now more than ever seems it sick to die  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain  
While though art pouring this thy soul about  
I'm such an Estuary -  
That would thou sing and I have ears in <sup>mine</sup>  
~~But in mine~~  
For thy light requiem, become a soul -

Thou wast not born for death immortal Bird  
No heavy generations tread thee down,  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by Empress and Queen  
Perhaps the selfsame <sup>soul</sup> ~~soul~~ that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home  
The blood in tears amid the alien corn  
The same that ofttime hath  
Phan'd the <sup>magic</sup> ~~magic~~ carents opening on the form  
Of ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> perilous seas in faring boats fold





Folow! the very world is like a hell  
To hold ~~one~~ <sup>me back</sup> ~~one~~ from thee unto myself  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is form'd to do, deceiving <sup>my</sup> ~~the~~ ~~all~~ ~~it~~  
Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadow, ~~over~~ <sup>down</sup> the still stream,  
Up the hill side, and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley glades.  
Was it a vision real or waking dream?  
Fled is that Music - do I wake or sleep?



Adieu ! Adieu ! thy plaintive Anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
 Up the hill side, and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley glades—  
 Was it a vision real or waking dream  
 Fled is that Music—do I wake or sleep ?

To conclude the poem Keats echoes at the beginning of this last stanza the final word, "forlorn," of the stanza preceding it ; but echoes it in a changed sense. The soul of romance has died out of the word, which now only describes the despondency of the poet's private mood. In passing we may note that he spells it both times without the first r, "folorn" ; the repeated error makes one almost wonder if he had been used to pronounce it so ; but surely this would have been impossible in a poet with so keen a sense for the volume and sonority of syllables. In the later, printed version, the second line ends "to my sole self" instead of "unto myself" ; and the last line but one is changed to "Was it a vision or a waking dream ?" This final stanza is by common consent the weakest of the poem ; the third and fourth lines being indeed really poor. The song of happiness and summer is now changed into a "plaintive anthem," conventionally it may be, inconsistently it is clear : but yet there may be a reason for such inconsistency, and the imagined music may have become plaintive to the poet because he feels it and his vision melting away from him together. And at any rate there is an exquisite cadence and simplicity in the closing lines which describe the manner of their passing. There is at the same time a floating vagueness which leaves us doubtful whether the dying music is meant to be that of his dream only, or that of the real nightingale whose song had in the first instance set him dreaming. But enough of commentary : and may I be pardoned if by what is here printed I have for any reader rubbed the least particle off the bloom of one of the most beautiful and justly loved of English poems.

## KEATS TO SEVERN

By MARIE CORELLI

“Severn—lift me up.”—(From Keats’s last words)

LIFT me up, friend !  
Higher—still higher !  
To the world without an end,  
Where the flames of my soul’s desire  
May gather and glow in one  
Resplendent, perfect sun,  
With light that shall not be eclipsed again  
And glory burning through the bars of pain !

Lift me, brave hand  
And heart sublime !  
Lift me that I may stand  
Beyond the grasp of Time—  
Help me to break away  
From this chrysalis of clay  
Wherewith my spirit holds perpetual strife,  
And let me breathe a new, diviner life !

Write me my name  
In water clear,—  
Perchance from the heights of fame  
It may fall on the listening ear  
Like drops that trickle slow  
From a glacial world of snow,  
And widen to a river bold and free  
Sweeping untrammelled to the open sea !

Lift me ! Thy love  
Hath Angel’s wings ;  
It hath borne my soul above  
The torture of earthly things,—  
Thou art my stepping-stone  
To God’s eternal throne,—  
Fulfil the final task that He hath given—  
Lift me to Him !—Lift me as high as Heaven



## NOTE CONCERNING MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S PROPOSED CONTRIBUTION

**M**R. AUSTIN DOBSON was one of the first to encourage the Keats Committee. Although, owing to uncertain health, he hesitated to collaborate in the proposed tribute, he, nevertheless, early in September, sent in some verses which were gladly received. These he had hoped to improve before proof-time ; but, on further consideration, came to regard his effort as inadequate to so memorable an occasion, and, therefore, to save inconvenience, withdrew the verses on September 13th.

To this decision he still adheres, and begs to apologize to any one (if such there be) to whom his defection may cause regret.

## JOHN KEATS

By THE MASTER OF THE TEMPLE

THERE is a phrase in the first of the Letters to Miss Fanny Brawne, written in July, 1819, which throws much light on Keats's feeling about language. He is writing with the image of her beauty in his thought and, as he tries to express something of his love and admiration, he writes, "I want a brighter word than bright, a fairer word than fair."

That saying exactly expresses what words are for him. They come to his recollection tinged with the gold of millions of hearts that have used them before, but for him the gold is already tarnished, the emotion springing within him is fresher and more bright, and if he could but find it he would speak to her in a word new-coined from the mint of his passion. To him it seems more intense than what has been registered by others' experience. "Bright" and "fair" are words that have been used a long time in the world, and have come to be taken for granted: they are signs, but not any longer expressions of what men have felt. He would like a word that was itself more freshly lucent, and more vividly beautiful than these two well-worn signs.

His phrase is not to be pressed any further. We must not ask "what word?" We must not say, "Why does he not invent what he wants and coin what he desires?" But we can take this *obiter dictum* from his letters and remember it as we read and re-read his poetry. No poet gives us the impression of such a charged sense of beauty as does Keats. His language and phrase, not merely his single words, seem bursting and laden with that sense, especially in the odes, where the effort is long enough to draw out the full strength of his genius, but not long enough to let him be diffused or tired.

And yet, as in the letter, language itself seems hardly sufficient to express all he would utter. As an instance take the magnificent stanza in which he seeks to express the full contrast between the "man-stifled" town, and the freedom he feels as belonging to the nightingale where she sings among the leaves of the wood.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin and dies ;  
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
 And leaden-eyed despairs,  
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes  
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

When you read lines like those you feel the very ache of the poet's heart ; his language is charged full with it, yet, for all that, he impresses you with the feeling that much is still unsaid. The verse, for all its expressiveness, suggests more than it expresses. The leafy solitude is happier, the crowded city is sadder than his ode and stanza can utter. That impression is one true hall-mark of the poet's genius.

Like music itself he

Loosens the serpent which care has bound  
 Upon the heart to stifle it.

And for such a boon it is meet that those who love him, whether they sojourn in his own Hampstead, or in the crowded streets of London, in the town or the country, should at this first Centenary from his death pay tribute to whom tribute is due and honour to whom honour.

WILLIAM H. DRAPER.

## JOHN KEATS

By JOHN DRINKWATER

OUT of the fevers and dark imaginations  
That were his day, he would turn to the mirrored quietness,  
The imaged world, ordered from the desires  
Of those his fathers whose fevers were as his own,  
And there he found the peace of understanding  
In Troys and Fairylands and Heaven and Hell.

And thence the brain that was John Keats took power  
To build an imaged world his own, and devise  
Shape for the fevers and dark imaginations,  
Winnowing, moulding all, till all was beauty.

Now again we are but blind men, darkly  
Fingering circumstance, sick men with our fevers,  
And his brief time of passion and frustration  
Shines over us, an image for our doctrine,  
A sorrow shaped, a speculation bodied,  
That we the clearer may behold ourselves  
Because of his bright moons and nightingales.

And thus alone shall be the world's salvation.



To Keats

On a magical morning, with twinkling feet  
And a song at his lips that was strange & sweet,  
Somebody new came down the street,  
To the world's derision & laughter.

Now he is dumb with no more to say,  
Now he is dead and taken away,  
Silent and still, and leading the way,  
And the world comes tumbling after.

Dunsany

## KEATS

By HENRY VAN DYKE

THE melancholy gift Aurora gained  
From Jove, that her sad lover should not see  
The face of Death, no goddess asked for thee,  
My Keats ! But when the scarlet blood-drop stained  
Thy pillow, thou didst read the fate ordained,—  
Brief life, wild love, swift flight of poesy !  
And then,—a shadow fell on Italy ;  
Thy star went down before its brightness waned.

Yet thou hast won the gift Tithonus missed :  
Never to feel the pain of growing old,  
Nor lose the radiant sight of beauty's truth,  
But with the ardent lips Urania kissed  
To breathe thy song, and, ere thy heart grew cold,  
Become the Poet of Immortal Youth.

## THE LIGHT BEYOND

(In memory of John Keats)

By GODFREY ELTON

THE sunset draws me on from hill to hill,  
The far smoke fading in the pearl-cold sky  
Calls me across huge uplands. I  
Come back through dusk with wonder in my heart :  
And all night long I lie awake,  
and still

I wonder  
Why ?

What is it I have followed, never found ?  
And though I guessed it not what cried aloud  
Out of the infinitely quiet cloud  
While twilight fell ?  
And why ?  
I cannot tell,  
Not I.

And yet I too once knew its best-loved place  
And, if I never viewed the averted face,  
Yet caught sometimes by chance on autumn eves  
The whisking of a garment through dead leaves—  
Under strange skies  
Breath caught, a thrill, a question, a surprise.  
And then . . . no more . . .  
But I could tell you yet the way..  
O, any day !

Beyond the far hills and the further hills,  
 Beyond the stars' spear on the blackberry lane,  
 Beyond the beechwood of the daffodils,  
 Beyond the lonely tree  
 In the grey, quiet air,  
 Beneath the falling rain  
 (For rain falls there)

. . . . . You see

I have been there.

Only . . . no more than that.

No vision, no answer, no repose ;

Only breath caught, the question, the surmise

Under strange skies.

*He knew.*

Others there have been, few.

He most of all. *He knew.*

He knew what touched my boyhood with delight

And leaves me not even now,

Ineffable, out of sight,

But changeless, as of old ;

Linking my Moments on a chain of gold.

The sunset draws me on from hill to hill

The far smoke fading in the pearl-cold sky

Calls me across huge uplands. I

Come back through dusk with wonder in my heart,

And memories assault me all night long—

The wood, the falling rain, the lonely tree.

But I assuage them with an ancient song

*" Were they unhappy then ? It cannot be."*

Ruth, Isabella, the Florentine rose,

There waits the vision that was never mine,

The Thing whose shadow has dwelt with me so long,

The answer, the assuagement, the repose.

There all that has been lovely lives for me—

The wood, the falling rain, the lonely tree.

*Were they unhappy then ? It cannot be.*



## RISE NOW

By JOHN FREEMAN

**R**ISE now, an end to rest. The wind sighs from the West  
With all things tenderest, and whispers, Go !  
Shadow with lifted finger bids thee no more linger,  
The owl is only singer with painful note and slow.  
Gone are those fire-breathed hues, and thickly fall the dews  
Unsparkling. Dost thou muse on days far off and fair ?  
Save the brushing boughs upon this lampless house  
Is movement none to rouse the slow unwinged air.  
Now from familiar rooms into unfooted glooms  
Where shadow hugest looms, pass dreadless on thy way.  
Ah, how the dry stairs creak and gentle echoes speak,  
How things remembered seek thy fond step to stay !  
How oft thy idle hand from stair to door hath spanned,  
How oft here didst thou stand and snuff the night !  
It was thy passage wore these steps down to the door,  
Thy foot on the loud floor, and hark, the cricket sings.  
Now the hinges groan in muffled grumbling tone,  
Even as in childhood known ; the slow door swings.  
—Yes, leave the door ajar, only some late-risen star  
From heavenly hollows far will slant her silvering light ;  
Nought else will enter . . . O, what shape is that, bent low  
And stark, and silent so ? Nay, 'tis but hunted Fear  
That was his breath she heard when from the thorn-bush stirred  
Wings of a startled bird and fluttered here.  
Now house and garden gone, into the deep unknown  
Pass, and pass alone. Some greenwood road, maybe,  
Thy stumbling foot will find, in age forgot designed,  
Some star or murmuring wind awake and company thee.  
Old memories will pursue thy path the forest through,  
Murmuring, " O, not adieu ! " and wild lips seek  
Farewell from thine, in vain ; for there is only rain  
On boughs that tap the pane thy soft farewell to speak.

## JOHN KEATS

By SIR IAN HAMILTON

YOU invite me to lay a wreath upon the altar you are consecrating to one who, short as was his life, lived long enough to become immortal. The occasion is so great that I have hesitated, seeing I have no *immortelles*, only a few forget-me-nots, and those blood-stained ; but I bring them at your behest ; at least, their stains come to them from young and generous hearts.

For the first seven months of the war, here, under our eyes, within a radius of fifty miles from London, three armies of boy soldiers were eagerly competing, battalion by battalion, which should first be chosen ; striving as if for dear life for leave to jeopardize their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. They were committed to my charge ; my first duty was to try to understand them, a duty in which the best of Staff Officers was Sympathy ; and, luckily, the Territorials were old friends. On the 23rd of June, 1909, when describing to my wife a presentation of Colours by the King, I had written :—

“As a picture it is impossible to imagine anything so pretty—the splendid non-commissioned officers of the Guards holding the 200 Colours of bright, variegated silks ; the Territorials, drawn from all parts of the kingdom ; the park, the castle, the elms, the crowd ; these, of themselves, will last as long as memory. But the pith of the show lay in its performance—in the clockwork regularity of the parade. Not a hitch ; not one hitch, amongst so many half-trained Territorials. All these things impressed, and rightly impressed, the people, and as for me I must say I felt proud. Here, before all men, has been a vindication of voluntary service—at once the distinctive characteristic and truest glory of our race. No one can realize as you, how happy I feel now that I have seen one smile from Authority—one first smile—answered by the breaking, not of the Colours only but of the voluntary idea itself, into so magnificent a display.”

In 1914, then, my three armies of boys pretending to be of military age, working as only voluntary workers will work, should have been no strangers ; and, yet, there was something strange to me in the way they

set themselves to their task, in the passion for work which possessed them. Keats once wrote of himself :

The Patriot shall feel  
My stern alarum, and unsheath his steel

and certainly the stern alarum they had heard. Keats had declared his willingness to "jump down Etna for any great public good" ; the cause had arisen, the smoke curled upwards from the abyss, and certainly they were eager for the leap. "The Memory of great Men"<sup>1</sup> was ever-present to their minds :—

. . . When lofty thought  
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.<sup>2</sup>

Yes, their hearts were uplifted within them : the lofty thought had been kindled by the wrath of war : to them at that time :—

. . . The whole earth  
The beauty wore of promise ; that which sets  
The budding rose above the rose full blown.

Already the pretty, silken colours had been set aside and in their place had emerged a vast standard floating far above territorial pride or insular patriotism. A hundred years ago Keats had beheld that banner and had sworn fealty to it. He had beheld the universe ; he knew that Beauty was its underlying *motif*, but he had stood alone. To the worldly-wise he seemed a fanatic—a sensual creature who dared see virtue in beauty instead of beauty only in virtue. When he called upon his own generation to share in his discovery he was met with a shout of derision. Now, in the twinkling of an eye, with that supernatural sight granted sometimes to those about to die, whole armies saw and believed. Life was ugly ; men and women were starving for beauty ; on us, on us the lot had fallen to end the malignant hour. Never, since Peter the Hermit preached, has our youth been so swept off its feet by an idea. Already, the story seems too incredible to be put into words—the story that all eyes in those armies of 1914 were opened for awhile to Keats's "Principle of Beauty." But it was so. They burned, those boys did, to escape from that agony of impermanency which is the

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Keats, "I have not the slightest feel of humility towards the public or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of great Men. . . ."

<sup>2</sup> Shelley's elegy on the death of John Keats.



deadliest enemy to the soul—to escape so that they might find repose and infinite solace in the truth and in the permanency of beauty :—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

The thought that they might die before they had made good ; before they had delivered themselves of what it was in them to do for the beauty of the life that was to be, haunted them as, once before, Keats too, had been haunted by fears that he might die,

Before high piled books, in charact'ry  
Hold, like full garners, the full-ripened grain.

The angel which beckoned to those boys who are dead was one whose visage was most beautiful. The whole sky had opened and they saw her clearly. To each she showed something which made appeal to what was best within himself. To some was vouchsafed a vision of Nelson's great battle signal emblazoning the heavens ; others swore they had caught sight of a shifting form like that of Freedom high amongst the clouds ; thousands pressed, sword in hand, after Justice with her bandaged eyes ; thousands more, pursuing the phantom of Fraternity, plunged their bayonets into effigies of Germans.

I know that we strayed awhile after the mere simulacra of beauty ; that "Ambition, pale of cheek and ever watchful," may at that very time have been climbing on to the bridge of our ship of State ; that it was Adventure "with glowing hand" which cast the iron dice when cold Science should have set our steady course ; that Glory, Romance, and a desire to be worthy of a woman's love had charmed vast numbers of the crew to sail, spell-bound, over the "perilous seas." I know, too—who better—how many have emptied their veins into the Ægean so that the White Ensign might float over the Golden Horn—and yet—it is God's own truth that we turned to no vain imaginings when the struggle grew desperate and stark. These had been but Ministers leading us towards Hope. In that darkest hour Hope upheld us in her arms ; Hope of a better world ; Hope of striking at the roots of war by some unheard-of act of magnanimity ; Hope that the patrons of the War theatre might, from their dress circle seats, learn to understand the tortured minds of their Generals, the tortured bodies of their men ; might use their moment of omnipotence—when we won it for them—to stop these miseries for ever by sowing, far and wide, visions, ideas of beauty which never but for our bright swords could be sown. Hope was our lodestar ; Hope which, with all its uncompromising effectual strength is yet, above all, a thing of beauty.



Who has quenched that new star of Bethlehem which still throughout the war, went before the fighters giving them some respite from their pain ? Why is it that peace has suddenly made the vaulted heavens as black as the socket from which some fiend has torn the eye ? What have we done with those gems of beauty Keats bequeathed to us still pulsating with his divine fire ?

That star went West with our heroes : the machine guns scythed them down ; amidst the mists of death they disappeared ; they bowed, they fell down, and with them sank their Star. The names of those who followed it are growing dark : politicians had the writing of their epitaphs and dead men have no votes.

When the Sun of Victory rose over the field of Armageddon we dreamed of a harvest of beauty. That field had lain fallow for four long years bedewed with the tears of a generation, ploughed and harrowed without ceasing by the iron implements of war. The soft bosom of Mother Earth had been wounded with hundreds, thousands, millions of cruel furrows ; the tilth was rich—there was blood upon it ; it was clean—there was not a weed on it. So we dreamed of a harvest of beauty. “ But while men slept the enemy came and sowed tares amongst the wheat, and went his way.” While the diplomats danced with their typists the Devil was working with a will. So to-day, when winter is here, we turn to our granaries and find good seed still, thank God, but mixed with the tares of hatred.

Versailles, sorriest of sequels to a victory won by young enthusiasts over evil traditions ; over ugliness ; over the Emperors who had ridden rough-shod for so many years over Europe. Fatal Versailles ! Not a line—not one line in your Treaty to show that those boys had been any better than the Emperors : not one line to stand for the kindness of England : not one word to bring back some memory of the generosity of her sons : not a sign anywhere that,

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning  
... to give the world another heart  
And other pulses.

One beautiful gesture might have lifted this civilization on to a higher plane and have given it a fresh lease of life—the gesture familiar to every public schoolboy in England of the victor holding out his hand. A defeated enemy comes up to receive sentence : he might have been told, “ Our bravest and best died to make the world a thing of beauty, so now in memory of their deeds and of their wish let us be friends. Take back your gold ; keep your lands ; we want from you no blood money, only that you repair the wanton havoc you have wrought and so help us to realize the vision for which our young soldiers and your young soldiers, also, went out to war.”

Could these three armies of the Central Striking Force come to life again now, they would see that their banners have been dragged through the dirt ; that instead of being " a thing of beauty " which " will never pass into nothingness," the peace built upon their sacrifice has been a hideous thing and so must pass away swiftly : that unless, even now at the eleventh hour, some touch of Celtic chivalry or English magnanimity can be wrought into its terms, their blood has been shed in vain, and our names are writ in water.

## AT A HOUSE IN HAMPSTEAD

(Sometime the dwelling of John Keats)

By THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

O POET, come you haunting here  
Where streets have crept up all around,  
And never a nightingale pours one  
Full-throated sound ?

Drawn from your drowse by the far Gaunt Gate,  
Thought you to find all just the same  
Here shining, as in days of old,  
If you but came ?

What will you do in your surprise  
At seeing that changes wrought in Rome  
Are wrought yet more on the misty hill  
One time your home ?

Will you wake windwafts on these stairs ?  
Swing the doors open noisily ?  
Show as a troubled ghost beside  
Your ancient tree ?

Or will you, softening, the while .  
You further and yet further look,  
Learn that a laggard few would fain  
Preserve your nook ? . . .

—Where the Piazza steps incline,  
And catch late light at eventide,  
I once stood, in that Rome, and thought,  
“ ’Twas here he died.”

I drew to a violet-sprinkled spot,  
Where day and night a pyramid keeps  
Uplifted its white hand, and said,  
    " 'Tis there he sleeps."

Pleasanter now it is to hold  
That here, where sang he, more of him  
Remains than where he, tuneless, cold,  
    Passed to the dim.



## THE MANUSCRIPT OF KEATS'S *HYPERION*

By BEATRICE HARRADEN

IT has struck me that this would be an appropriate occasion on which to give an account of the very interesting circumstances attaching to the discovery of the original manuscript of Keats's *Hyperion*. I have the details direct from Miss Alice Bird, who had been the fortunate though unconscious owner of the treasure for many years.

Thornton Leigh-Hunt, Leigh-Hunt's eldest son, in the midst of his busy life of journalist and littérateur, planned to edit his father's correspondence, but had not enough continuous leisure for sorting out the letters which filled two huge chests. He was much helped in his task by two members of his family and Miss Alice Bird, a young sister of Dr. George Bird who had been Leigh Hunt's medical attendant.

These young people sorted out and arranged the letters chronologically in packets of ten years, and got all the material in order for Thornton Leigh-Hunt to work on. Many weeks were spent in this loving and thrilling labour, and Miss Bird's description of the delight with which she steeped herself in the atmosphere of the period covered by the correspondence, makes one convinced that she, above all others, was the rightful enthusiast chosen for the privilege.

It would in any case have been a long business, but the letters were so deeply interesting to a passionate lover of literature, that she lingered over the task as long as she could, and regretted when it was over.

The book was finished and published. As we all know, it was in two volumes, and entitled : "The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," edited by his eldest son. One of the first copies was presented by Thornton Leigh-Hunt to Dr. George Bird, and bore the inscription : *To George Bird : these relics of his friend and patient. A tribute of friendship unchangeable.*

Thornton Leigh-Hunt was most grateful for all the help his diligent young collaborators had given him, and he said :—

"How can I ever thank you young things enough? You've worked so hard for me."

Then turning impulsively to the piles of letters and manuscripts, he added :—

“ Here, I know what I’ll do for you.”

And he took some of the bundles and gave one to each of them. Miss Bird’s bundle had a roll on the top, and to her he said :—

“ Take care of that. There’s something valuable there.”

That was the only remark he made about it. She put the treasures carefully away, and having seen after their safety, probably forgot his words about the roll. She was young, and her life was full, with work and friendships and interests of many kinds, and with the joy of living and being and of sharing her brother’s home and the claims of his career. In busy, happy activity there seemed no time to focus on the past ; and the roll remained unfolded, in patient abeyance, until “ the ripe hour came.”

Then one morning, many years afterwards, Miss Bird was visited by Dr. Richard Garnett, Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum. He had heard that she owned letters of Shelley and Keats and Leigh Hunt, and that her gracious personality was a connecting link with those far-off halcyon days which were as dear to him as to herself. So he went to her home in Hampstead, that sweet corner house set amidst tender greenery and watched over at the back by the old Clock House—a home loved by scores of friends, young and old, sad and gay, and all sure of a never-failing welcome.

I have no doubt that she first presented him to the birds who visit her regularly for food and friendship, and hop about on the window-sill in happy confidence. And then she introduced him to the drawer where she kept some of her cherished letters and papers ; and among other things he took out the roll.

“ What is this ? ” he called excitedly, and as he examined it, Miss Bird maintains that he almost danced !

“ I believe it’s the long-lost original MS. of Keats’s *Hyperion*,” he exclaimed.

He was nearly beside himself with joy and hope. He begged that he might be allowed to take it to the Museum and consult another expert ; but he was almost sure that it was the original manuscript. He bore it off in triumph, and in triumph wrote that his opinion was confirmed, and that the Museum wished greatly to acquire it if she would part with it.

And here I would like to say, that his innate chivalry, so well known to all of us who loved him, prompted him to impress on Miss Bird that if she chose, she could realise for the MS. a far larger sum in America than that which the Museum could afford to offer. Miss Bird replied that its proper

home was the Museum, and that nothing would induce her to yield it up to America.

So in the British Museum you may see it any day. There, after its long years of sheltered privacy, it lies harboured in proud publicity, in safe keeping for the Nation—a “spirit-leaved book.”

Miss Bird has an amusing story of the first occasion when she went to see it in its new resting place. She was shadowed by a stern attendant who seemed to view her with a very special suspicion. The manuscript was enshrined in a case, but uncovered, and in her interest and eagerness she touched it as she pointed it out to her companions.

“Madam,” he said with devastating severity, “the manuscript is not allowed to be touched by the glove !”

## A FEW WORDS ON KEATS

By FREDERIC HARRISON

JOHN KEATS presents a remarkable problem. His was far the shortest life in the whole roll of English literature (if we except the boy Chatterton, who was hardly a poet at all). Keats was but twenty-five years and four months old at his death. Now, Shelley was thirty, and Byron was thirty-six, and they are the youngest of our poets. And neither Shelley nor Byron at the same age had written such poetry as Keats had written before he was twenty-four. It would be difficult, in all modern literature, to name any one who had produced such exquisite work at so early an age. Keats's whole work was composed at an age earlier than that at which Milton wrote *Lycidas*, or Shakespeare wrote *Venus and Adonis*. In our thoughts about Keats, let us always remember that he was "a wonderful lad"—an unformed, untrained, neuropathic youth of genius—whose whole achievement came earlier in life than almost that of any other man recorded in our literature, indeed in any literature. I am inclined to think that in the whole series of men eminent in various ways in recorded history (unless with regard to painters like Giotto and Raffaele, or to musicians like Pergolesi, Mozart, and Bellini) no man has left such work under the age of twenty-five as did Keats "the wonderful lad."

It is right to bear in mind that all we have of Keats were the first experiments of a genius who by the civil law was not yet *sui juris*, whose short life was a chronic fever, and whose aspirations and ideals were in constant flight.

Keats, the son of a livery-stable keeper, apprenticed at fifteen to a Scots surgeon, drudging at surgery till the age of twenty, struck down soon after with a mortal malady, poor all his life, unsettled, self-taught, wholly dependent on himself for guidance, which he sorely needed, and yet recognized as having, at the age of twenty-five, written sonnets which would not disgrace Milton, lyrics that Shelley might have owned, and letters that Byron could hardly have surpassed. Keats knew no Greek, and yet his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, his *Lamia*, are redolent of the essence of Greek myths. Milton himself was hardly more truly Greek in imagination.

One of the blessed inspirations of our time of new developments in



national and social consciousness, is the deepening interest in our departed heroes, leaders, and poets. The war, with all its horrors, has stimulated this noble instinct, and has given fresh impulse to a rational revival of the historic use of Pilgrimages to the tombs or the houses occupied by famous men, especially of our poets. The grave, the house, of Shakespeare are visited by his worshippers from all parts of the earth. The grave, the house of Keats, too, should be sacred to all English people. Few of them, indeed, have the means to visit that most pathetic of all cemeteries in Rome, where Keats lies side by side near the heart of Shelley. But all of us can visit the simple house in which he passed his short career as a poet. Keats is the youngest of all great English poets ; indeed, no other of our poets had produced work of such promise and perfection at the age at which Keats was cut off. In the small volume of his remains, in the sad story of his life, it is the amazing quality of *promise* that is so striking. One wonders what such genius might have achieved had he lived to the ordinary span of human life. It is this mystery of unrealized glory which hallows his home and his grave for evermore.

## MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN KEATS

By C. H. HERFORD

THE "love of mountains" which plays so large a part in the poetry of the age of Wordsworth, and has so few close analogies in that of any other country or any earlier time, offers matter of still unexhausted interest to the student of poetic psychology. This is not the place to consider how it happened that any mass of boldly crumpled strata, on a certain scale, became in the course of the eighteenth century, charged with a kind of spiritual electricity which set up powerful answering excitements in the sensitive beholder. Gray already in 1739 expressed the potential reach and compass of these excitements in our psychical life when he called the scenery of the Grande Chartreuse "pregnant with religion and poetry"—a thought which Wordsworth's sublime verses on the Simplon, sixty years later, only made explicit. Not all the mountain-excitement of the time was of this quality; and we can distinguish easily enough between the "picturesque," "romantic" mountain sentiment of Scott, to whom the Trossachs and Ben Venue spoke most eloquently when they sounded to the pad of a horseman's gallop, and the "natural religion" of Wordsworth, to whom the same pass wore the air of a "Confessional" apt for autumnal meditation on the brevity of life. In the younger poets of the age mountain sentiment is less original and profound than in Wordsworth, less breezily elemental than in Scott. The mountain poetry of Wordsworth concurred as an explicit stimulus to mountain sentiment, with the inarticulate spell of the mountains themselves, transforming in some degree the native feeling and experience of almost all mountain-lovers of the next twenty years, even when they were of the calibre of Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley. Yet even where the Wordsworthian colour is most perceptible, as in *The Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*, in *Alastor*, *Mont Blanc*, and in the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, the younger poet has seen his mountains with his own eyes and through the glamour of his own passions, impregnated them with his own genius and temperament. Shelley's mountains are no longer the quiet brotherhood of Grasmere, with a listening star atop, but peaks of flamelike aspiration, or embodied protests against men's code of crime and fraud;

Byron's are warriors calling joyously to one another over the lit lake across the storm. For all these poets—even for Scott when he *was* a poet—mountain scenery was not so much new matter to be described as a new instrument of expression, a speaking symbol for their own spiritual appetencies and ideal dreams. Of its importance for the poetry of any one of them there cannot be a moment's doubt. There remains, however, another poet, the youngest, the shortest-lived, but in some respects, the most gifted of the whole group. On a general view Keats appears to be sharply distinguished, in regard to the characteristic here in question, from all the rest. Mountains and mountain sentiment seems to have a quite negligible place in his poetry. It may be worth while to consider how far this is really the case.

## I

If we look to the sources of his experience, Keats was more nearly secluded from the stimulus of mountain scenery than any of his compeers. By the outward circumstances of his birth and breeding he was in reality the "cockney poet" of later derisive criticism. During the whole formative period of youth he hardly encountered even "wild" scenery; what lay about him, in his infancy, was at best the semi-suburban meadow and woodland landscape of Edmonton, or the "little hill" (of Hampstead) on which he "stood tiptoe" to command a wider view. Before the summer of 1818 there is no sign that either "mountain power" or "mountain mystery" had any meaning for him. He deeply admired Wordsworth, and regarded *The Excursion* as one of the three things to rejoice at in that age; but it was Wordsworth as an interpreter of human life, the poet who "thought into the human heart" (to Reynolds, May, 1818) rather than the mountain lover. There is no clear trace as yet in his earlier poetry of Cumberland fells; there is none whatever of the great mountain mythology of Wordsworth. No menacing peak had ever towered up between him and the stars, no far-distant hills sent an alien sound of melancholy to his ear. Not that he owes nothing as a poet to the mythic rendering of mountains. On the contrary, up to this date, all his imagining of mountains, in the stricter sense, is derived from, or at least touched with, myth. Only it is the myth of classic legend not of modern "natural religion." Had not the "lively Grecians" inhabited a "land of hills," these would hardly have entered even as largely as they do into the enchanted scenery of *Endymion*; and on the whole it is a scenery of woods and waters, flowery glades and ocean caverns, not of Olympian heights. But if Keats's experience of nature is still limited, it is used to the full. *Endymion*, at first sight a tissue of exquisite dreams, is full of the evidence of his no less exquisite perception of the living nature



within his reach. From the very outset we are aware that the "things of beauty" he loved best and knew most intimately in the natural world were woods and flowers and streams. There is no mention, in that opening survey, of hills, and when they come perforce into the story they are arrayed as far as may be in the semblance of these beloved things. "A mighty forest" is "outspread upon the sides of Latmus" (i. 62); in the summons to the Shepherds, the highland homes are touched vaguely and without interest ("whether descended from beneath the rocks that overtop your mountains"), while he lingers with evident delight upon the "swelling downs"

. . . where sweet air stirs  
Blue hare-bells lightly and where prickly furze  
Buds lavish gold. (i. 201)

as later, no less daintily, upon the

. . . hill-flowers running wild  
In pink and purple chequer. (ii. 286)

The ideal dwelling for Endymion and his "swan of Ganges" will be under the brow of a steep hill, but they will be embowered in ivy and yew, and the hill itself, like their bridal couch, will be "mossy"—the haunting character of the Keatsian woodland and its "winding ways" (iv. 670).

On the other hand, some of the hills in *Endymion*, like "fountain'd Helicon," are purely legendary, and the higher and bolder ones derive their characters from the tales of Olympus or Cyllene. Between nature and classic myth there was for Keats no trace of the disparity which so deeply offended Wordsworth; his imagination passed without thought of discord from one to the other, or blended them together; it was probably the Nature poet yet more than the Christian in Wordsworth who responded so coldly (*A Pretty Piece of Paganism*) when the young poet brought his train of Bacchanals "over the light-blue hills." It is of Arcadian boar hunts that we have to think when Endymion on the mountain-heights will "once more make his horn parley from their foreheads hoar" (i. 478), or sees the thunderbolt hurled from his threshold (ii. 203); it is an Arcadian shepherd whose "pipe comes clear from aery steep" (iii. 359). And it is at least no English mountain of whose "icy pinnacles" we have a momentary and here quite isolated glimpse.

## II

But while the mountain-drawing in *Endymion* is on the whole vague and derivative, there are hints that Keats was already becoming alive to the



imaginative spell of great mountains, and of their power in poetry and for his poetry. When he imagines the moonlit earth, he sees it partly in delicate miniature like the image of the nested wren, who takes glimpses of the moon from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf, but this is coupled with a picture of Miltonic grandeur and tumult :

Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,  
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes. (iii. 59)

He was already on the way to that clear recognition of his need of great mountains which speaks from his famous explanation of the motives of the northern tour which he undertook, with Brown, in the summer of 1818—the crucial event of his history from our present point of view. “I should not have consented to myself,” he wrote to Bailey, “these four months tramping in the highlands, but that I thought that it would give me more experience, rub off mere prejudice, use me to more hardship, identify finer scenes, load me with grander mountains, and strengthen more my reach in Poetry, than would stopping at home among books, even though I should read Homer.”<sup>1</sup> The passage has great psychological value, for it shows how closely involved his nascent apprehension of mountains was with the other spiritual appetencies urgent within him in these months. To be “loaded with grander mountains” he thought of as an integral part of an inner process of much wider scope, of which the common note was to be the bracing and hardening of a mind which had not yet won complete control of its supreme gift of exquisite sensation. The “grander mountains” were to be only one of the bracing forces, but it is clear that he felt this new force, under whose sway he was for a while about to live, akin to others which his letters show to have been alluring him during these months. The bare rugged forms of the mountains he was now to explore accorded subtly for him with the hardihood and endurance of the climber, and not less with the severity of the epic poet, who, like Milton, preferred “the arduous to the pleasures of song,” or who, like Homer, allowed us fugitive but sublime glimpses of the mountains which looked down upon the scene of his Tale. When Keats and Brown came down upon the town of Ayr, they had before them “a grand Sea view terminated by the black Mountains of the isle of Arran.” As soon as I saw them so nearly I said to myself, “How is it they did not beckon Burns to some grand attempt at Epic?”<sup>2</sup> Keats perhaps thought of the Isle of Tenedos, which similarly dominates the plain of Troy across a reach of sea; “You would lift your eyes from Homer only to see close before you the real Isle of Tenedos,” he was writing to Reynolds in a different context on

<sup>1</sup> July 18th, 1818.

<sup>2</sup> July 13th, 1818, to Tom Keats.

the same day. That one peaked Isle should stand out in Keats's mind from all the other imagery of Homer, and that he should wonder at the failure of another to beget new Iliads in the unhomeric Burns, shows with much precision how his literary passion for the Homeric poetry was now quickened and actualized by the visible presence of grand mountains.

It is needless (though not irrelevant) to dwell here upon other kindred features of the expanding horizons which came into view for Keats in this momentous year : the resolve to renounce his "luxurious" art for philosophy and knowledge ;<sup>1</sup> and the disdain for women, for effeminate characters, for the pleasures of domesticity. In each case the urgency of this passion for what he felt more bracing, more intellectually fortifying, more masculine, found vent, for a time, in language too peremptory and exclusive to be true to the needs of his rich and complex nature.<sup>2</sup> Philosophy would, had he lived, assuredly have ministered more abundantly to his poetry, but *Lamia* shows how far she was from becoming its master, or its substitute ; the Miltonic ardours of *Hyperion* were to be qualified in the renewed but chastened and ennobled "luxury" of *St. Agnes' Eve* and the *Odes*. The man who wrote : "the roaring of the wind is my wife and the stars through the window-pane are my children," would yet have found a place for noble womanhood within his "masculine" ideal, had not a tragical influence intervened. And, similarly, the traces of his mountain experience fade after 1818, a new order of symbols, more congenial at bottom to the ways of his imagination, asserts or reasserts itself in his poetry ; and it is hardly an accident that in the revised *Hyperion* of a year later we approach the granite precipices and everlasting cataracts of the original poem by way of a garden, a temple, and a shrine.

### III

For, evidently, it is in *Hyperion*, if anywhere, that we have to seek the afterglow of that experience of "grander mountains" which, in June, he had set out to encounter. We must not indeed look in poetry of this quality for those detailed reproductions of what he had seen which Wordsworth condemned as "inventories" in Scott, but which are not strange either to the lower levels of his own verse. Even in the letters written for the entertainment of a sick brother Keats rarely describes, and constantly, to others, breaks

<sup>1</sup> April, 1818, to Taylor.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. his amusing outburst at Teignmouth, in the previous March, at the effeminacy he ascribed to the men of Devon. "Had England been a large Devonshire, we should not have won the battle of Waterloo. There are knotted oaks, there are lusty rivulets, there are meadows such as are not elsewhere,—there are valleys of feminine climate,—but there are no thews and sinews," etc. March 13th, to Bailey.



off impatiently when he has begun : " My dear Reynolds—I cannot write about scenery and visitings." His impressions come from him in brief, sudden, unsought phrases ; he left it to the methodic Brown to give the enchanting and " picturesque " detail of mountains and valleys " in the manner of the Laputan printing-press." " I have been among wilds and mountains too much to break out much about their grandeur," he writes a little later to Bailey. But there is no doubt of the impression. He had hoped that his experience would " load " him with grander mountains ; and, in fact, as he goes on to tell, " The first mountains I saw, though not so large as some I have since seen, *weighed* very solemnly upon me." And Brown tells us that when Windermere first burst upon their view, " he stopped as if stupefied with beauty."<sup>1</sup>

Their actual experiences of mountain climbing were few. Weather checked them at Helvellyn, and expense at Ben Lomond ; but in the " bleak air atop " of Skiddaw, as Lamb had called it, " I felt as if I were going to a Tournament." What he felt about the Arran mountains we have seen. Ailsa Craig—the seafowl-haunted " craggy ocean pyramid," evoked " the only sonnet of any worth I have of late written." They found the north end of Loch Lomond " grand to excess," and Keats made a rude pen-and-ink sketch of " that blue place among the mountains." But their greatest experience was doubtless the climb on Ben Nevis, on August 2nd. The chasms below the summit of Nevis seemed to him " the most tremendous places I have ever seen," " the finest wonder of the whole,—they appear great rents in the very heart of the mountain, . . . other huge crags rising round . . . give the appearance to Nevis of a shattered heart or core in itself."

The plan of a poem on the war of the gods and Titans was already shaped or shaping in his mind when Keats set out for the north. As early as September, 1817, he had had in view " a new romance " for the following summer ; in keeping with the new aspirations which that summer brought, the " romance " was now to be an epic. The most potent influence governing the execution, that of Milton, is familiar, and does not directly concern us here. Still less can we consider the possible effect of companionship with those three little volumes of Cary's *Dante*, the single book taken with him on this tour.<sup>2</sup> But while the spell of *Paradise Lost* is apparent in the cast of the plot, above all in the debate of the Titans, and in the style, an influence

<sup>1</sup> Lord Houghton, quoted by Buxton Forman, *Letters*, LXI.

<sup>2</sup> It is not irrelevant, however, in this context, to recall that Dante's account of his Dream-journey has been thought to give evidence of actual climbing experience. The Purgatory mountain was provided with a good path ; but the Inferno, with its precipitous walls, was less easily negotiated, though it was all (apart from some adventitious aids) " climbing down." He had, however, the services of a most competent Guide !

to which Milton's is wholly alien asserts itself in the delineation of the Titanic "den" itself. Clearly based upon the idea of an Inferno, this "sad place" where "bruised Titans" are "chained in torture," is yet full of traits which recall neither Milton nor Dante, but rather one of those amazing chasms on Nevis, which seemed to be the very "core" of the great mountain. He had, even, as he looked down into that vaporous gulf, actually thought of the image of Hell. Milton's Hell is a plain of burning earth vaulted with fire and verging on a sea of flame<sup>1</sup>; if there is a hill (i. 670) it is a volcano, belching fire, or coated with a sulphurous scurf. The Keatsian Inferno is genuinely, what he calls it, a "den," a yawning mountain dungeon over-arched with jutting crags, floored with hard flint and slaty ridge, and encompassed by a deafening roar of waterfalls and torrents. A shattered rib of rock, with his iron mace beside it, attests the spent fury of Creus. Enceladus lies uneasily upon a craggy shelf. To render the spectacle of the ruined and almost lifeless bodies lying "vast and edgeways," he calls in a definite reminiscence, the "dismal cirque" of Druid stones near Keswick. He has felt too the silence of the mountains in the pauses of the winter wind, though he speaks of it only to contrast it with the organ voice of Saturn preceding the expectant murmur of his audience of fallen divinities (ii. 123).<sup>2</sup> The darkness too in which they languish is not eternal and ordained like that of Milton's Hell; the coming of the Sun-god will invade it with a splendour like the morn and

. . . all the beetling gloomy steeps,  
All the sad spaces of oblivion,  
And every gulf, and every chasm old,  
And every height, and every sullen depth,  
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams.  
And all the everlasting cataracts,  
And all the headlong torrents, far and near,  
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade, (ii. 358)

will stand revealed in that terrible splendour.

It is clear that in this great passage Keats has deliberately invoked the image of a sunrise among precipitous mountains; and their lines assure him a lasting place amongst our poet interpreters of mountain glory. We must beware, as we have seen, of overstressing the element of realism in the poem. Keats was not *describing* mountain scenery, English, Scotch, or any other, but using certain aspects of it, which had been vividly brought home to him as he climbed or trudged, to render poetic inspirations of far richer compass and wider scope. Much of the detail of this Titan prison belongs as little

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "vaulted with fire," *P. L.* i. 298, with "the vaulted rocks," *Hyp.* ii. 348.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the sonnet written at the top.



to his British mountain experience as do the Titans themselves. Iapetus grasps a strangled serpent; Asia, dreaming of palm-shaded temples and sacred isles, leans upon an elephant tusk. We are conscious of no discord, so pervading is the impress of a single potent imagination, whatever the material it employs. But it is not immaterial to note that, as Prof. de Sélincourt has pointed out, Keats did alter the original draft of *Hyperion's* coming in such a way as to give it a close resemblance to a sunrise among the mountains, omitting two lines which preceded the last but one quoted above :

And all the Caverns soft with moss and weed,  
Or dazzling with bright and barren gems.

The former of these lines may be described as a momentary reversion to the tender " mossy " luxuriance of the *Endymion* scenery, like the " nest of pain " (ii. 90) which, however, he allowed to stand.<sup>1</sup> Its excision, in the final version, marks Keats's sense of the incongruity of that earlier symbolism with the sterner matter in hand, as does the transformation of the dreamy, pastoral Oceanus of the earlier poem into the master of Stoic wisdom, able " to bear all naked truths, and to envisage circumstance, all calm," who offers his bitter balm to the despairing Titans, in the later.

*Hyperion*, we know, was left a fragment, and with deliberate purpose. The mighty shade of Milton, he came to feel, deflected him from his proper purpose in poetry. It is less important, but not less true, that his passing vision of grand mountains was not in complete consonance with his genius, and that his brief anthem of mountain poetry had in it something of the nature of a *tour de force*. The mountains were for him neither strongholds of faith nor sources of sublime consolation. Even in the letters written in their presence, he could speak somewhat impatiently, as we have seen, of " scenery " compared with life and men. And if he places his ruined Titans in this wild den among the crags and torrents, it is because there was something in him, deeper than his reverence for Wordsworth or for mountain grandeur, which felt the very savagery of the scene, its naked aloofness from everything human, to be in accord with the primeval rudeness of an outdone and superseded race. It is not for nothing that, when the scene changes from the old order to the new, we are transported from *Hyperion's* sun-smitten precipices to the sea-haunted lawns and woodlands of Delos, and the young Apollo, wandering forth in the morning twilight

Beside the osiers of a rivulet,  
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.

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<sup>1</sup> Referred to also by Prof. de Sélincourt (note *ad loc.*) though he ascribes it (somewhat sternly) to the " vulgarity " of Hunt.

Do we not hear in this the home-coming accents, as of one who has escaped from barbarous Thynia and Bithynia, and tastes the joy that is born

Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum ?

Keats had, in effect, come home.

Yet the deflection, if it strained, also braced ; and if in the following months, his imagination, when he is most inspired, moves once more habitually among mossy woodland ways and by enchanted waters, the immense advance in robustness of artistic and intellectual sinew which distinguishes the poet of the *Nightingale* and *Autumn* from the poet of *Endymion*, was gained chiefly in that summer of enlarged ideals and experience, of which the mountain vision was a small but a significant and symbolical part.

## A TALK WITH JOSEPH SEVERN ABOUT JOHN KEATS

By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

A SUGGESTION that I should make a contribution to the Keats Memorial Volume reached me in Boston a few days after I had happened, in looking over some manuscript diaries of the late Mrs. James T. Fields, to come upon an account of a visit which she and her husband paid to Joseph Severn in the spring of 1860. Her husband, a member of the Boston publishing-house of Ticknor and Fields, already had a wide acquaintance in the literary and artistic circles of England. She herself was greatly enjoying the formation of a number of friendships which remained precious to her throughout a long life.

The poetic element in her nature responded early and late to everything associated with Keats. It is easy to imagine the enthusiasm with which she listened to Severn's reminiscences of his friend ; the fervour with which she recorded them in her diary is manifest. " Ah, did you once see Shelley plain ? " This song, with the change of a single word, Mrs. Fields may well have been singing to herself as she heard the talk of Severn. The record of it is now given in print, I believe, for the first time.

" Friday, May 17, 1860.

" At half-past ten we went to Macmillan's rooms, where we had the pleasure of seeing dear Mrs. Macmillan once more, the nice boys, and *Miss Mulock*. How the moments flew, how few they seemed—but there was no help for it, and in a short time we had taken our adieux to find ourselves before we knew we were landed at the door of Severn—the artist and friend of Keats.

" We—Mr. Flower, who had kindly offered to go with us to introduce us, Jamie and myself—were ushered into a little room which no one could help recognizing as the artist's drawing-room. The shape of the basket of flowers on the table and the many sketches about the walls at once betrayed the artistic tendencies of its owners. The old man soon made his appearance,



greeted us most cordially, and seemed truly pleased with our appreciation of his work. We soon adjourned to the studio, where the new picture of Ophelia was awaiting *us*, as it seemed, for it was finished and he had no other visitors. We found him a sweet-natured man with true devotion to his Art. 'How strange it is,' he said, 'that we never tire of our labour! I have enjoyed doing this picture more, I think, than any other I ever did, and last summer I used to get up at six o'clock and steal the flowers from the park to paint from.'

"He has succeeded in throwing lovely imaginings upon his easel. His beautiful nature, too, reflects upon his sitters, and I felt his portraits had wonderful charms for me. His 'Ariel' was vastly above anything else of the kind I know. He has just finished a picture of Keats's tomb by moonlight. It is a true portrait of the scene, beside being filled with all the tender feeling for the spot which haunts his heart.

"He showed us a letter, the last Keats ever wrote, in which he says his pain at parting from Miss Brawne, whom he was about to marry, would cause death to hasten upon him, but he never wrote a line nor did Severn ever hear him speak a word to intimate that newspaper criticism had caused him mortal grief. Severn told us several incidents showing the exquisite kindness of Keats's nature, and while he told them the unbidden tears would overflow his eyes at the sweet memory of this early self-denying friendship. The day when Keats was dining with one of the Royal Academicians, whose picture had been refused while Severn's had been admitted, the conversation turned upon this very subject, and some person declared in a loud voice that Severn was an old man whose pictures had been sent and refused every year and were only accepted now out of charity. Hearing which, Keats rose, declared Severn to be a young man who had never sent a picture before to the Academy and a friend of his. 'I can no longer sit,' he said, 'to hear his name calumniated in this manner without one person to join me in defence of the truth.' Saying this he seized his hat and abruptly retreated from the room.

"On another occasion Keats was most anxious to obtain a pension for his friend from the Academy, since it belonged justly to him, and there were no other applicants. He actually dictated certain letters to Severn without allowing him to guess their import, nor did he discover the kind exertions his friend had been making in his behalf until he actually received the pension."



## ON A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR

By TREVOR R. LEIGH-HUNT

ALL lovers of Keats are familiar with the wonderful lines which the poet wrote on seeing a lock of Milton's hair. The interest of the poem is, however, considerably increased by the knowledge which has recently come to light that the actual lock of hair upon which Keats looked is still in existence. We had already known that it was the property of Leigh Hunt, and that he showed it to Keats, and kindled his enthusiasm to such an extent that the poet composed forthwith the remarkable lines to which allusion has been made. It would seem that Leigh Hunt had made a careful collection of locks of hair, which we may venture to say is, as a collection, quite unique in importance and value. He seems to have taken every possible precaution as to authenticity, and enclosed each lock in a small old-fashioned envelope, writing upon it his own statement as to the manner in which the particular lock of hair came into his possession.

The little collection still belongs to a trust estate in connection with the Leigh Hunt family, and Mr. Trevor Leigh-Hunt, when going through the papers belonging to his father, Mr. Walter Leigh-Hunt, came upon this collection, and was greatly interested in finding it. It not only includes the lock of Milton's hair, which originally belonged to Dr. Johnson, but there is a fine lock of Keats's own hair, and locks of hair from the heads of such notable persons as Dr. Johnson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Barry Cornwall, Shelley and Mrs. Shelley, Browning and Mrs. Browning, Swift, Maria Edgeworth, Washington and Lee, Napoleon, G. P. R. James, Southwood Smith, and Thomas Carlyle.

Mr. Trevor Leigh-Hunt has been good enough to prepare for this book a list of these various locks of hair, with the history of each as it is declared on the envelope, and the following are his notes. He has copied with great exactitude all the inscriptions that appear, either on the paper on which the lock of hair is fastened or on the envelope in which it is contained.

*Milton* (1608/1674). "Given by Dr. Johnson to Hoole and by Hoole to Dr. Barry who gave it to me. L. H."

*Keats* (1796 to 1821). A fine and very typical lock of hair. There is stated to be two locks in Leigh Hunt's writing, but there is only the one called the "Later lock."

*Swift* (1667/1745). "His hair when old and his hair when young. The former was cut off by Mrs. Ridgway just after his death. They were both given by Dr. Johnson to Hoole who gave them to Dr. Batty who gave them to me. Leigh Hunt."

There is an old slip of paper on which are the words : "a lock of Dean Swift's hair cut off by Mrs. Ridgway just after his death," with the words added in Leigh Hunt's writing : "This is either Mr. or Mrs. Hoole's writing or Dr. Batty's. I cannot say which. L. H." From a comparison of handwriting attached to the following lock (Dr. Johnson's) it seems that the handwriting is that of Dr. Batty.

*Dr. Johnson* (1709/1784). "Given to Dr. Batty by Mrs. Hoole 15 December 1784 two days after Johnson's death." There is a note in Dr. Batty's handwriting : "Dr. Johnson's hair given me by Mrs. Hoole. D. B."

*Washington* (1732/1794) and *Lee* (1732/1799). Presented to Leigh Hunt by S. Adams Lee. The dark hair is General Washington's and the light Lee's. These locks are attached to a cord with the words (in S. Adams Lee's writing), "Hair of General George Washington and Richard Henry Lee." The "last named moved the declaration of American Independence. The hair of Washington was given to me by my cousin Mrs. Mary Custis Lee only daughter of the late George Washington Park Custis the adopted son of Washington."

*Maria Edgeworth* (1767/1849). "Miss Edgeworth 1845."

*Napoleon* (1769/1821). "Obtained from his hairdresser by Mrs. Leigh who gave it to her brother Lord Byron who gave it to me. L. H."

An attached slip in Leigh Hunt's writing states that the initials N.B. were written by Lord Byron.

This is a somewhat scanty lock.

*Wordsworth* (1770/1850). "Wordsworth 1845."

*Coleridge* (1772/1834). "Coleridge 1839."

Attached to slip of black paper with the words : "a portion of the hair of S. T. Coleridge received from Mrs. Gillman of Highgate by J. Heymer to Leigh Hunt."

*Charles Lamb* (1775 to 1834). "Lamb July 7th 1826," is inscribed on the envelope.

*Hazlitt* (1778 to 1830). "Hazlitt" is inscribed on the envelope.

*Procter, B. W.* (1787 to 1874). "Procter 26 March 1821" is inscribed on the envelope.

*Note.*—"Barry Cornwall" was a very intimate friend of Leigh Hunt.

*Southwood Smith* (1788 to 1861). "Southwood Smith 1845" is the inscription on this envelope.

*Shelley, Percy B.* (1792 to 1822). Inscription, "Shelley Dec. 3rd 1820."

*Mrs. Shelley* (1798/1851). Inscription, "Mrs. Shelley 1820."

*Thomas Carlyle* (1795 to 1881). Inscription, "Carlyle 1840."

On the slip of paper to which a very fine lock of hair is attached is written in Carlyle's handwriting, "Nota Bene T. Carlyle."

*G. P. R. James* (1801 to 1860). "James 1850."

There are two locks and on the envelope is written in Leigh Hunt's writing : "Both locks cut off at the same time from the same head."

*R. H. Horne* (1803 to 1884). Envelope inscribed, "Horne."

*Mrs. E. B. Browning* (1806 to 1861). "Mrs. Browning 1856."

Inscribed on the paper to which the lock is attached is "Elizabeth Barrett Browning 1856" presumably in her handwriting.

*Robert Browning* (1812 to 1889). "Browning 1856."

Inscribed on the paper inside the envelope is, "Robert Browning July 1856" in what is thought to be Browning's handwriting.

## JOHN KEATS

By H. M. HYNDMAN

FOR me Keats stands out among his contemporaries through a certain grace of homeliness, using the word in its actual sense. His poetry is

. . . not too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food.

It belongs to all those pleasant moments when we simply feel that the sun is shining and the earth is warm and kind. To appreciate fully the other great poets of his time calls for a different mood. When we read Shelley we must spread the wings of our minds, and these may have long been folded ; with Wordsworth we enter the vast Temple of Nature whose roof is the sky. What light of inward vision is clear enough for the reading of Blake ?

But although no English poet could rise more surely to the heights of " natural magic," Keats is at his best in the simple Greek interpretation of nature and of the quiet beauties of the English countryside, which, in his day, lay so close at hand. " Walking in the Kilburn meadows," he recited to Robert Haydon his first draft of the *Ode to the Nightingale*.



## TWO POEMS BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

### THE NAME WRIT IN WATER

(PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME)

*The Spirit of the Fountain speaks :*

YONDER'S the window my poet would sit in  
While my song murmured of happier days ;  
Mine is the water his name has been writ in,  
Sure and immortal my share in his praise.

Gone are the pilgrims whose green wreaths here hung for him,—  
Gone from their fellows like bubbles from foam ;  
Long shall outlive them the songs have been sung for him ;  
Mine is eternal—or Rome were not Rome.

Far on the mountain my fountain was fed for him,  
Bringing soft sounds that his nature loved best ;  
Sighing of pines that had fain made a bed for him ;  
Seafaring rills, on their musical quest ;

Bells of the fairies at eve, that I rang for him ;  
Nightingale's glee, he so well understood ;  
Chant of the dryads at dawn, that I sang for him ;  
Swish of the snake at the edge of the wood.

Little he knew 'twixt his dreaming and sleeping,  
The while his sick fancy despaired of his fame,  
What glory I held in my loverly keeping :  
Listen ! my waters will whisper his name.

## THE SPANISH STAIRS

R OME, symbol of all change, oh, change not here !  
Thou, ever avid of beauty, who shall say  
Thou hast forsworn it in a vain display  
And blare of discord, as though eager ear  
Listening for nightingale heard chanticleer ?  
Oh, leave these sunny stairs, that float and stray  
From fountain blithe and flowers' rich array  
To beckoning bells and chanting nuns anear.

Of all the dead that loved them, hear that voice  
Whose sorrow and last silence once they knew,  
Whose spirit guards them with his flaming theme,  
The immortal joy of beauty. Oh, rejoice  
And stay thy hand : that future ages, too,  
By them may mount to heaven, like Jacob in his dream.

1903.

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## NOTE ON *HYPERION*

By W. P. KER

" I HAVE given up *Hyperion*—there were too many Miltonic inversions in it " (Keats to Reynolds, September 22nd, 1819). It has been shown by Mr. Bridges that " Miltonic inversions " are not enough to explain Keats's surrender. " The poem fails in conduct," he says. " It is plain that the story was strangling itself."

Might it not be said that the story was left as it is because it is complete ? It is the story of Progress ; of an Idea with which the mind of Keats was possessed. He is one of the believers in " the march of intellect." The earliest quotation in N. E. D. for that phrase is 1827. Keats in the wonderful letter of May 7th, 1818, speaks of " the general and gregarious advance of intellect," and says, " there is really a grand march of intellect "—some years before the Idea became hackneyed into a motto for mechanics' institutes and Macaulay on Bacon. Keats was quite clear in prose about the successive periods in the quest for truth and beauty ; this is the argument of *Hyperion*. The argument is such that it cannot be continued, epically, beyond the place where Keats leaves it. How was he to declare the beauty of the Olympians ? He had declared it already, in the speech of Oceanus ; but to represent Apollo in his glory meant nothing less than a miracle ; an increase of radiance, such as Dante describes in the *Paradiso*, something brighter than the visible sun itself. When Keats had given his best, and he had given no less, to Saturn and the older dynasty, what more could he give to Apollo ?

He could only give more by beginning again in a new way, an indirect way, the way of the second *Hyperion*. In this *vision*, if he had gone further he might have told more, through an Interpreter, of the new glories which he could not bring directly and fully into his epic poem.

## THE SEER

By LORD LATYMER

NOW in this time of mad fanatic lies  
And senseless violence, can poets play  
A part for usefulness ? What man can say  
I have read Keats and therefore I am wise ?  
Or what credentials for a worldly prize  
Has one who hears, entranced, his magic lay  
" Past the near meadows " and then far away  
On that lone summit of the " wild surmise " ?

Alas ! the suffering world itself would be  
" A thing of beauty," if the poet's power  
Were granted it, with inner eyes to see  
Beyond the vapours of the transient hour ;  
Lacking this gift, men still will men devour,  
Slaves to themselves and therefore never free.

FRANCIS COUTTS.



## THE LOST LETTER OF KEATS

By AMY LOWELL

**I**N Sir Sidney Colvin's edition of the *Letters of John Keats*," on page 320, there is a footnote to a letter to John Hamilton Reynolds. The note says :

"The beautiful *Ode to Autumn*, the draft of which Keats had copied in a letter (unluckily not preserved) written earlier in the same day to Woodhouse."

In Mr. Buxton Forman's one-volume edition of *The Letters of John Keats*, published in 1895, on page 380, is another note :

"He composed the ode *To Autumn* and had written it out in a letter to Woodhouse of the same day, which is not known to be extant."

About twenty years ago, I purchased of Mr. Quaritch a collection of Keats's Letters, and among them, to my astonishment, was this "lost letter." The collection had probably been sold at auction, for some pages of a catalogue were inserted in the volume (the letters were, unhappily, bound), the title to the collection stated that they had been "bequeathed to an uncle of the present owner by Richard Woodhouse."

I have never known who the "present owner" was.

The letter is directed to

Mr. Rich<sup>d</sup> Woodhouse,  
8, Bath Street,  
Bath.

and is sealed with red sealing-wax from which the impression has vanished. It has never before been printed to my knowledge, but I feel that this memorial volume is a fitting place for it to appear.

I have copied the text of the original exactly, even to the punctuation and abbreviations.

Winchester 22 Sept. 1819.  
Tuesday.

DEAR WOODHOUSE :

If you see what I have said to Reynolds before you come to your own dose you will put it between the bars unread ; provided they have begun fires in Bath—I should like a bit of fire tonight—one likes a bit of fire. How glorious the Blacksmith's shops look now. I stood to night before one till I was very near listing for one. Yes I should like a bit of fire—at a distance about 4 feet 'not quite hob nob' as Wordsworth says. The fact was I left Town on Wednesday—determined to be in a hurry. You don't eat travelling—you're wrong—beef—beef—I like the look of a sign. The Coachman's face says eat eat, eat. I never feel more contemptible than when I am sitting by a goodlooking coachman. One is nothing. Perhaps I eat to persuade myself I am somebody. You must be when slice after slice—but it won't do—the Coachman nibbles a bit of bread—he's favour'd—he's had a Call—a Hercules Methodist. Does he live by bread alone ? O that I were a Stage Manager—perhaps that's as old as doubling the Cape. How are ye old 'un ? hey ! why dont'e speak ? O that I had so sweet a Breast to sing as the Coachman hath ! I'd give a penny for his Whistle—and bow to the Girls on the road—Bow—nonsense. 'Tis a nameless graceful slang action. Its effect on the women suited to it must be delightful. It touches 'em in the ribs—en passant—very off hand—very fine—Sed thougum formosa vale vale inquit Heigho la ! You like poetry better—so you shall have some I was going to give Reynolds.

Season of Mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
The vines with fruit that round the thatch eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells  
With a white kernel ; to set budding more,  
And still more later flowers for the bees  
Until they think warm days will never cease.  
For summer has o'er brimm'd ther clammy Cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft, amid thy stores ?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind ;  
Or on a half reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Dased with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
 Or by a Cyder Press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring ? Aye, where are they ?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too.  
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day  
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;  
 Then in a wailful quire the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives and dies ;  
 And full grown Lambs loud bleat from hilly bournes :  
 Hedge crickets sing, and now with treble soft  
 The Red breast whistles from a garden Croft  
 And gather'd swallows twitter in the skies.

---

I will give you a few lines from *Hyperion* on account of a word in the last line of a fine sound.

Mortal ! that thou may'st understand aright  
 I humanize my sayings to thine ear,  
 Making comparisons of earthly things,  
 Or thou might'st better listen to the wind  
 Though it blows *legend-laden* through the trees.

---

I think you will like the following description of the Temple of Saturn—

I look'd around upon the carved sides  
 Of an old sanctuary, with roof august  
 Builded so high, it seem'd that filmed clouds  
 Might sail beneath, as o'er the stars of heaven.  
 So old the place was I remember none  
 The like upon the earth ; what I had seen  
 Of grey Cathedrals, buttress'd walls, rent towers  
 The superannuations of sunk realms,  
 Or nature's rocks hard toil'd in winds and waves,  
 Seem'd but the failing of decrepit things.  
 To that eternal-domed monument.  
 Upon the marble, at my feet, there lay  
 Store of strange vessels and large draperies  
 Which needs had been of dyed asbestos wove,  
 Or in that place the moth could not corrupt.  
 So white the linen, so, in some distinct  
 Ran imageries from a sombre loom.  
 All in a mingled heap confused there lay  
 Robes, golden tongs, censer and chafing dish  
 Girdles, and chains and holy jewelries.

Turning from these, with awe once more I rais'd  
 My eyes to fathom the space every way ;  
 The embossed roof, the silent massive range  
 Of Columns north and south, ending in mist  
 Of nothing, then to the eastward where bleak gates  
 Were shut against the sunrise ever more.

I see I have completely lost my direction so I e'n make you pay double postage. I had begun a sonnet in french of Ronsard—on my word 'tis very capable of poetry. I was stop'd by a circumstance not worth mentioning. I intended to call it *La Platonique Chevalresque*—I like the second line

*Non ne suis si audace a languire  
 De m'empreser au cœur nos tendres mains, etc.*

There is what I had written for a sort of induction—

Fanatics have their dreams wherewith they weave  
 A Paradise for a sect ; the savage too  
 From forth the loftiest fashion of his sleep  
 Guesses at Heaven ; pity these have not  
 Trac'd upon vellum, or whole Indian leaf  
 The shadows of melodious utterance ;  
 But bare of laurel they live, dream, and die,  
 For Poesy alone can tell her dreams,  
 With the fine spell of words alone can save  
 Imagination from the sable charm  
 And dumb enchantment.

My poetry will never be fit for anything it doesn't cover its ground well—you see he she is off her guard and doesn't move a peg though Prose is coming up in an awkward style enough. Now a blow in the spondee wo'd finish her but let it get over this line of circumvallation if it can. These are unpleasant Phrase.

Now for all this you two must write me a letter apiece—for as I know you will interread one another. I am still writing to Reynolds as well as yourself—as I say to George I am writing *to* you but *at* your Wife—And don't forget to tell Reynold's of the fairy tale Undine. Ask him if he has read any of the American Brown's novels that Hazlitt speaks so much of. I have read one call'd Wieland—very powerful—something like Godwin—between Schiller and Godwin—a Domestic prototype of Shiller's Armenian. More clever in plot and incident than Godwin. A strange American scion of the German trunk. Powerful genius—accomplish'd horrors. I shall proceed tomorrow, Wednesday—I am all in a Mess here—embowell'd in



Winchester. I wrote two Letters to Brown one from said Place, and one from London, and neither of them has reach'd him. I have written him a long one this morning and am so perplex'd as to be an object to Curiosity to you quiet People. I hire myself a show waggon and trumpetour. Here's the wonderful Man whose Letters won't go!—All the infernal imaginary thunderstorms from the Post-Office are beating upon me—so that unpoeted I write. Some curious body has detained my Letters. I am sure of it. They know not what to make of me—not an acquaintance in the Place—what can I be about? so they open my Letters. Being in a lodging house, and not so self will'd, but I am a little cowardly I dare not spout my rage against the Ceiling. Besides I should be run through the Body by the major in the next room. I don't think his wife would attempt such a thing. Now I am going to be serious. After revolving certain circumstances in my Mind; chiefly connected with the late American letter—I have determined to take up my abode in a Cheap Lodging in Town and get employment in some of our elegant Periodical Works. I will no longer live upon hopes. I shall carry my plan into execution speedily. I shall live in Westminster—from which a walk to the British Museum will be noisy and muddy—but otherwise pleasant enough. I shall enquire of Hazlitt how the figures of the market stand. O that I could something agrestunal pleasant, fountain-voic'd—not plague you with unconnected nonsense. But things won'd leave me *alone*. I shall be in Town as soon as either of you. I only wait for an answer from Brown: if he receives mine which is now a very moot point. I will give you a few reasons why I shall persist in not publishing *The Pot of Basil*. It is too smokeable. I can get it smoak'd at the Carpenters shaving chimney much more cheaply. There is too much inexperience of line, and simplicity of Knowledge in it—which might do very well after one's death, but not while one is alive. There are very few would look to the reality. I intend to use more finesse with the Public. It is possible to write fine things which cannot be laugh'd at in any way. Isabella is what I should call were I a reviewer A weak-sided Poem with an am amusing sober-sadness about it. Not that I do not think Reynolds and you are quite right about it—it is enough for me. But this will not do to be public. If I may so say, in my dramatic capacity I enter fully into the feeling: but in *Propria Persona* I should be apt to quiz it myself. There is no objection of this kind to *Lamia*. A good deal to *St. Agnes' Eve*, only not so glaring. Would I say I could write you something sylvestian. But I have no time to think: I am an otiosus-peroccupatus Man. I think upon crutches like the folks in your Pump room. Have you seen old Bramble yet—they say he's on his last legs. The gout did not treat the old Man well so the Physician superseded it, and put the dropsy in office, who gets very fat upon his new

employment, and behaves worse than the other to the old Man. But he'll have his house about his ears soon. We shall name another fall of Siegearms. I suppose Mrs. Humphrey persists in a big-belley—poor thing she little thinks how she is spoiling the corners of her mouth and making her nose quite a piminy. Mr. Humphrey I hear was giving a Lecture in the gaming-room—when some one call'd out Sponsey! I hear too he has received a challenge from a gentleman who lost that evening. The fact is Mr. H. is a mere nothing out of his Bath-room. Old Tabitha died in being bolstered up for a whist-party. They had to cut again. Chowder died long ago—Mrs. H. laments that the last time they *put him* (*i.e.* to breed) he didn't take. They say he was a direct descendant of Cupid and Veny in the Spectator. This may easily known by the Parish Books. If you do not write in the course of a day or two—direct to me at Rice's. Let me know how you pass your times and how you are.

Your sincere friend  
JOHN KEATS.

Hav'nt heard from Taylor.

To

Mr. Rich<sup>d</sup> Woodhouse  
8 Duke Street.  
Bath.

## ON A CERTAIN CRITIC

By AMY LOWELL

WELL, John Keats,  
I know how you felt when you swung out of the inn  
And started up Box Hill after the moon.  
Lord ! How she twinkled in and out of the box bushes  
Where they arched over the path.  
How she peeked at you and tempted you,  
And how you longed for the " naked waist " of her  
You had put into your second canto.  
You felt her silver running all over you,  
And the shine of her flashed in your eyes  
So that you stumbled over roots and things  
Ah ! How beautiful ! How beautiful !  
Lying out on the open hill  
With her white radiance touching you  
Lightly,  
Flecking over you.  
" My Lady of the Moon,  
I flow out to your whiteness,  
Brightness.  
My hands cup themselves  
About your disk of pearl and fire ;  
Lie upon my face,  
Burn me with the cold of your hot white flame.  
Diana,  
High, distant Goddess,  
I kiss the needles of this furze bush  
Because your feet have trodden it.  
Moon !  
Moon !  
I am prone before you.

Pity me,  
 And drench me in loveliness.  
 I have written you a poem  
 I have made a girdle for you of words ;  
 Like a shawl my words will cover you,  
 So that men may read of you and not be burnt as I have been.  
 Sere my heart until it is a crinkled leaf.  
 I have held you in it for a moment,  
 And exchanged my love with yours,  
 On a high hill at midnight.  
 Was that your tear or mine, Bright Moon ?  
 It was round and full of moonlight.  
 Don't go !  
 My God ! Don't go !  
 You escape from me,  
 You slide through my hands.  
 Great Immortal Goddess,  
 Dearly Beloved,  
 Don't leave me.  
 My hands clutch at moonbeams,  
 And catch each other.  
 My Dear ! My Dear !  
 My beautiful and far-shining lady !  
 Oh ! God !  
 I am tortured with this anguish of unbearable beauty."

Then you stumbled down the hill, John Keats,  
 Perhaps you fell once or twice ;  
 It is a rough path,  
 And you weren't thinking of that.  
 Then you wrote,  
 By a wavering candle,  
 And the moon frosted your window till it looked like a sheet of blue ice.  
 And as you tumbled into bed, you said :  
 " It's a piece of luck I thought of coming out to Box Hill."

Now comes a sprig little gentleman,  
 And turns over your manuscript with his mincing fingers,  
 And tabulates places and dates.  
 He says your moon was a copy-book maxim,



And talks about the spirit of solitude,  
And the salvation of genius through the social order.  
I wish you were here to damn him  
With a good, round, agreeable oath, John Keats,  
But just snap your fingers,  
You and the moon will still love,  
When he and his papers have slithered away  
In the bodies of innumerable worms.

## A BIRD SANCTUARY

By E. V. LUCAS

TO those who know more of the poetry of Keats than of the facts of his life, and who think of London (which was first called a wen in Keats's own day) in terms of the present, it may be a surprise to learn that it was while listening to a nightingale in the garden at "Lawn Bank," Hampstead, which used to be called Wentworth Place, that he wrote the Ode; writing it, says his friend Brown, under a plum tree, on odds and ends of paper which Brown subsequently collected and put together. It is easy not to think of the bird as singing within the four-mile radius, even a century ago, when London was encircled by fields and trees. It is natural to suppose that it was on one of his walking tours that Keats had heard the notes. The poem indeed favours such a belief; but then one has to remember that it is no part of a poet's business to be a topographer. His business is to deceive magically, to invent alluringly, to exaggerate gloriously, to transform enchantingly; and if Keats heard the light-winged Dryad of the trees at "Lawn Bank" (where there are no beeches and no mossy ways, nor any still stream near at hand) it was his duty and his triumph to lead us to think otherwise. Moreover, as Sir Sidney Colvin, who knows more about Keats than any one, has said, it was Keats's purpose to make every nightingale sing in this poem and every listener to every nightingale hear it and feel accordingly.

None the less, after visiting the garden of "Lawn Bank," as I have just done, it is simple to believe that the nightingale nested and sang there in the teens of the last century, and—more—possible to believe that it may nest and sing there still; for in spite of all the encroaching bricks and mortar and the crowds which trains and trams and motor cars bring to the Heath, the poet's home is a bird sanctuary. On the afternoon in August, after much rain, when I was there, it struck me as the greenest and leafiest place I had ever seen so near a big city. At night there must be shadows numberless and verdurous glooms; and soft incense surely hangs upon these boughs.

One of Keats's most understanding and devoted students and I made the visit together. Coming down the hill from Gainsborough Gardens we had paused for a moment to look for the aeroplane whose engines pulsed in

the sky ; on the other side of Keats Grove the workmen were building a garage, and the fence opposite "Lawn Bank" was garish with posters advertising music halls and films. Modernity in her most aggressive moods was about us, the hungry generations trod us down, when I rang the bell of the "Lawn Bank" gate, but then, as the bolt was drawn back by no visible hand and we entered the garden, we shed instantly a hundred years. Once we were inside that enclosure, the London of to-day vanished ; within its borders the signs of our own era of weariness and fever and fret disappeared, or were confined to a series of holes in the turf appertaining to a restricted variety of golf. Everything else might have been coeval with the poet, a remark that almost applies to the ancient Aberdeen terrier who approached us at first as though we were Quarterly Reviewers or contributors to *Blackwood*, but amiably receded, more or less convinced of our Cockney righteousness.

The house and grounds equally can be little changed since Keats's time ; more mature, that is all, or here and there gone to decay. The plum tree beneath which he listened and wrote still exists (it is to the right of the entrance path, between an apple and a pear), but it has been pollarded so drastically that I doubt if it will blossom again. But as a monument it should persist. The mulberry tree, on the contrary, flourishes and spreads, and we saw the red of the fruit glinting among its rich green leaves. It shows signs of great age, but has been well cared for and ought to endure for many years yet. A noble plane, the highest tree of all, must have been a big fellow even when Keats paced beneath it ; other trees, both in front of the house and all around it, he must have known too, especially the venerable hawthorn at the back ; but many were only saplings in his time. The flowers at our feet were the old-fashioned kinds, such as Keats too may have liked about him, although I am wondering if the geraniums may not have been a thought too scarlet.

That the present occupiers are lovers of birds is proved by the preparations for their comfort that we saw—hanging cocoanuts for tits and a tray of mixed food which, including as it did some scraps of raw meat, suggested that there may even be owls here. And if the familiar of Minerva, why not, once again, Philomel's self ?

Loitering in this abode of peace and listening to the soft song of some little invisible finch in the hawthorn, while blackbirds, thrushes, and sparrows dashed about on their important errands, I thought what an excellent thing it would be if "Lawn Bank," when it passed into the control of the Keats Memorial Trustees, could be known not only as a place of pilgrimage for those who love the poet, but, for those also, who, with perhaps little direct interest in Keats, love birds and gardens and would appreciate the opportunity

of stealing an hour or two from London's turmoil to think green thoughts in this green shade. The converted would thus be happy in their own conventicle (so to speak) while others not yet of the elect might be led to a love of poetry here.

I hope that the Trustees will continue the bird-feeding tradition, and I hope that they will put seats here and there all about the garden. For the garden where Keats's nightingale nested and sang is almost more desirable a monument for preservation and enjoyment than the house in which he lived.



## JOHN KEATS

By ARTHUR LYNCH

DO you know John Keats? I ask and wait for an answer; not as I would ask, Do you know Spenser?—do you know Pope?—do you know Gray?—expecting a safe and banal response.

No! Say that you know Keats, say that you feel smarting on your nerve the Keatsian touch, and no longer are you a stranger, an amateur of fine verses, trinkets, or gems—you are to me something like a brother, a member of the same communion.

Ah, but you must know Keats! How many even of his friends, even of his circle of admirers knew John Keats? Not for the *Grecian Urn*, not for the magic painting of his *Autumn*, not for that magician waving of the wand in the Sonnet on *Chapman's Homer*, not for the grand fragments of his two *Hyperions*, not for *Isabella*, nor *St. Agnes' Eve*; not for any or all of those with their wondrous strokes and subtle power, do I especially appreciate Keats, do I feel that I know him; but rather in the worst and the best of his poems—I have named *Endymion*—am I sure that I find the soul of Keats.

What guides me in this appreciation? The words of John Keats; yes, but something nearer, quicker, more intuitive, more alive to the meaning of this. *I know.*

And having so spoken, and because the life of Keats is in danger, I will cast off all meaner forms of cowardice and fight for the glory of his name. I will cut from his image the excrescences and disfigurements that his enemies have heaped upon him, but also the flowers, the bedizenments, and the false praise of friends; from these I will rescue Keats, and say, Behold the Man!

*Endymion* is the worst of his poems because it is pretty, jejune, sickly-sweet in parts, founded on a weak fancy and ill-constructed even on that basis. The Poet Laureate has given us a learned and interesting study of the plot of *Endymion*, but that brings to me no abiding comfort. I seek for something more than that, and amid this artificial and foolish mechanism, I find a spirit that has nothing to do with idle plots.

*Endymion* is autobiographical, *Endymion* is a book of religion. It is autobiographical, certainly not as Society gossip may be, but in the sense that *Sartor Resartus* is autobiographical and that *Paradise Lost* gives us the spiritual pilgrimage of Milton; it is a book of religion as Kant's *Kritik*, or Spencer's *Data of Ethics*, or Byron's *Manfred* are books of religion. In all these writings I find a spiritual affinity. The most gifted, the truest, the most divinely touched with celestial fire—that is *Endymion*. Again, how do I know this? By the words of Keats, and by my immediate response to his meaning.

There are many of Keats's curious sayings that have been passed by lightly or have remained misapprehended, but which are full of aphoristic sense. The test of the understanding of Keats is to know the full meaning of his saying: "I have no depth to strike in"; or to find an earnest philosophic tentative in his remark that a life of sensation might be preferable to that of the intellect; or to discern the keynote of his religion in the words: "gentlier—mightiest."

Now I will state in bald terms the nature of the religion of Keats, and I will endeavour to lay bare in dissection—or rather, to indicate the method that will reveal it—the meaning of *Endymion*.

Keats was not, like Shelley, a follower of Christ revolted against the perversion of the Master's teaching. Keats was in this sphere a great soul untrammelled by dogma, sending his "Herald thought into the wilderness," and searching for guidance in the march of the Universe itself. Partly by instinctive affinity, partly by deliberate reasoning he had arrived at an appreciation of the Greek mythology, not as a religion, but as an expression of the harmony and balance of religion.

To this conception he added something won by modern thought, less by poetry than by science—a sense of law amid all the mystery, and a searching for the links between this mystery and tangible things which open to us the path to the true communion. This I would call—if the word had not been so much misused—a spiritual quality in Keats.

In my own reading in paths that seem remote from the poetry of Keats—in science and philosophy founded on science—I have found thoughts that throw a light on certain strange sayings and aphorisms of Keats, and which have convinced me that his mind had traversed the main lines of the same route. Keats was "a philosopher first, a poet afterwards." The words are his own, and they strike to the "white of truth" in the understanding of his poetry.

Let me speak by a parable so as to shorten explanations. A great Greek thinker, Empedocles, had a clear vision of the essential principles of what we know now as the Darwinian theory, but it was not until Darwin had

given his exposition that students of Greek science could grasp the whole meaning of Empedocles. Between Empedocles and Darwin lay a great volume of work which consisted in supplying the details of observation and experiment that made the theory less tentative, and that opened up great fields of application.

In his short life Keats had no opportunity of exhibiting his philosophy in a form accessible to pedestrian arguments, but I believe him to have been capable of such a work. What he has done is to give us beams of illumination, flashes of insight, indications, and aphorisms of genius.

To the Greek conception he added something that spoke of motive and of purpose, something that responded to the search for an ideal true and eternal, yet not too remote from the scope of earthly lives.

Truth and beauty were not to Keats the adornments of a high work ; they belonged to its inmost spirit. Beauty arises out of the full development in conformity with Nature of a living thing ; but in the great All of things the forces that are immortal, that are potent, are not those of immediate violence but those of delicate and tender touch ; these respond to our aspirations in the most sensitive moods of vision and thought.

That is what Keats meant by such an expression—meaningless otherwise—as “gentlier-mightiest,” and by that verse which seems to me one of the finest in literature :

He ne'er is crowned  
With immortality, who fears to follow  
Where airy voices lead.

And also this strange passage that goes deep to the root of ethics, and exemplifies the ever-haunting thought of Keats's mind—that of finding true standards of human conduct :

Juliet leaning  
Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—weaning  
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,  
Doth more avail than these <sup>1</sup> : the silver flow  
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,  
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,  
Are things to brood on with more ardency  
Than the death-day of empires.

Having thus given forth his teaching Keats is seized with the apprehension, truly fulfilled, that these words may be misunderstood, or, if understood, be

<sup>1</sup> “These” being, as seen in a previous passage, the pompous forms of history.



despised. He is hopeless of convincing others, but he is dauntless in his own faith. He continues :

Fearfully

Must such conviction come upon his head,  
Who, thus far, discontent, has dared to tread,  
Without one muse's smile, or kind behest,  
The path of love and poesy. But rest,  
In chaffing restlessness, is yet more drear  
Than to be crushed, in striving to uprear  
Love's standard on the battlements of song.  
So once more days and nights aid me along,  
Like legion'd soldiers.

Keats has here mingled the sentiment of Love with those of Truth and Beauty. This flows easily from a notion which he had developed towards the end of Book I., and which seems to me to contain thoughts more subtle and profound than I have elsewhere met with in the whole literature of metaphysics or of poetry.

The strain of thought permeates the first book, but it enters into its full strength at the lines :

Peona ! ever have I longed to slake  
My thirst for the world's praises.

And in the following passage is contained that peculiar quality of the veritable Keatsian strain :

And truly, I would rather be struck dumb,  
Than speak against this ardent listlessness :  
For I have ever thought that it might bless  
The world with benefits unknowingly ;  
As does the nightingale, upperched high,  
And cloister'd among cool and bunched leaves—  
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives  
How tiptoe night holds back her dark-gray hood.  
Just so may love, although 'tis understood  
The mere commingling of passionate breath,  
Produce more than our searching witnesseth :  
What I know not : but who, of men, can tell  
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell  
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,  
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,  
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble stones,  
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,  
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,  
If human souls did never kiss and greet ?



These great principles, Truth, Beauty, Love, fascinating in their own quality, do not give the full measure of their nature in mere enjoyment ; in that form they come to us, but they are an expression of some Purpose, a form of the will of the Deity, which, though unseen, infuses itself into our whole life.

Keats in continuation of the passage quoted says :

My restless spirit never could endure  
To brood so long upon one luxury,  
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy  
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.

These thoughts with Keats are not the idle play of fancy, or of something superadded as a grace or a consolation ; they are to him of the very stuff of life itself. They had all the potency of command of Kant's "categorical imperative."

Keats had applied his own principles even to all manner of details. They account for his Republicanism as well as for his criticisms of poetry. They are expressed in hints in *Endymion*, more fully in *Hyperion*, in a view of evolution.

But when the poet, leaving his conceptions, casts his eyes around the actual world of society he feels like the denizen of another sphere ; he veils his visions so as to appear to the world acceptable to its criteria of sanity, and he explains :

My sayings will the less obscured seem,  
When I have told thee how my waking sight  
Has made me scruple whether that same night  
Was passed in dreaming.

A recognition of Keats's doctrines—for they had that form and consistence in his own mind—would have meant a new life in society ; and yet feeling the dull crush of all the material interests, the indifference, the prejudices, the separation of the human race into parties, religious and political, governed by shibboleths ; feeling that to make himself known he must lift the dead weight, and break the carapace of traditions, wrongs, and superstitions, he leaves his life and his effort as a gift to his God, and for his own time he cries in sadness :

. . . but for me,  
There is no depth to strike in : I can see  
Nought earthly worth my compassing ; so stand  
Upon a misty, jutting head of land—  
Alone ?

. . . Here I have entered upon the threshold ; I have given indications, but to a fresh and sincere mind these will be sufficient. If the reader now turns again to *Endymion*, he will read in a new light, and even the inessential poems will glow with fresh meaning.

Keats, a true poet, becomes something more. He seems the mind the most finely touched, the most deeply inspired by the celestial meaning, of all in the range of literature. He sitteth on the right hand of God.

## A NOTE ON THE COMPOSITION OF *ENDYMION*

By J. W. MACKAIL

**E**NQUIRY into the circumstances and surroundings in which a great work of art was produced, while subject to obvious dangers and abuses, is always interesting, and may be useful. If it throw some fresh light on the work itself, if it quicken our appreciation, it can be vindicated from the charge of idle curiosity. As regards the composition of *Endymion*, there is little to add to the lucid and delightful account given by Sir Sidney Colvin in Chapter V. of his *Life of Keats*. But that account may be pursued into somewhat further detail; and, in particular, we may find in the poem passages which bear, with probability if not with certainty, traces of their immediate occasion and origin. To do so is the purpose of this paper.

Keats did not write *Endymion* at random, improvising as he went on. Before he began it in April, 1817, he had planned out the scheme of its contents; had determined that it should be in four books containing 4000 lines; and had even allotted the time that would be required to write it. It is remarkable how closely he carried out his plan. "Let Autumn," he wrote in the lovely poem,

With universal tinge of sober gold  
Be all about me when I make an end.

Late autumn was just passing into winter when he did so. Its actual composition occupied just over seven months; and as finally published, after revision, in the following April, it contained 4048 lines. Keats's movements during this period can be traced from his letters as follows.

Starting from London on the evening of April 14th he travelled to Southampton by the night coach, and next day writes from there to his brothers that he is taking the boat to the Isle of Wight that afternoon. On the 17th he writes to Reynolds that after having looked at Shanklin the day before, he has determined to settle down at Carisbrook, where he has accordingly established himself in lodgings at Mrs. Cook's, New Village (midway between Carisbrook and Newport). "I shall forthwith," he adds, "begin my

*Endymion*." The date of his leaving the Isle of Wight for Margate is uncertain ; the references to it are loosely given, and not quite consistent with one another if literally pressed. His first letters from Margate are to Hunt and Haydon, both dated May 10th, and the latter continued on the 11th. In that to Hunt, he says that "in a week or so" he became upset, through sleeplessness and unwholesome food, in the Isle of Wight, "and set off pell-mell for Margate." "I began my poem about a fortnight since, and have done some every day except travelling ones." The "travelling ones" are presumably the two days which must have been taken up by the journey from Carisbrook to Margate ; it may, of course, have taken up the greater part of three. To Haydon he says incidentally, speaking of Mrs. Cook and her lodgings, "I was but there a week." On the 16th, however, he writes to Taylor and Hessey, "I went day by day at my poem for a month, at the end of which time the other day I found my brain so over-wrought that I . . . was obliged to give up for a few days. . . . However, to-morrow I will begin my next month. This evening I go to Canterbury, having got tired of Margate." When these indications are pieced together, it is pretty clear that he in fact began *Endymion*, as he meant to do, in the Isle of Wight ; it is quite clear that he went on with it at Margate ; and when he moved from Margate to Canterbury, he had got a good way on with Book I., though he had come for the time to a standstill and writes (to Haydon), "so now I revoke my promise of finishing my poem by the autumn."

How long he stayed at Canterbury, and whether he went straight back from there to London (that is, to Hampstead, to which the brothers migrated from their Cheapside lodgings in the spring or early summer of this year), we do not know ; there is a gap in the extant correspondence from May 16th till the beginning of September. But during these three months and a half, and in all probability mainly at Hampstead, he finished Book I. and wrote Book II. Then he went to Bailey at Oxford ; on September 5th he writes from there to Reynolds' sisters, evidently within a few days after his arrival ; and to his sister Fanny on the 10th, that "it is now a week that I disembarked from his Whipship's Coach the Defiance in this place." He stayed there for a month ; what he says in his letter of October 8th to Bailey from Hampstead shows that he had not left Oxford later than the 5th, and probably had left it on that day. In the course of that month he and Bailey made an excursion to Stratford-on-Avon ; otherwise Keats was steadily at work on Book III. daily ; on the 21st he writes to Reynolds, "I am getting on famous with my third book—have written 800 lines thereof, and hope to finish it next week,"—and on the 28th to Haydon, "within these last three weeks I have written 1000 lines, which are the third book of my poem." As it finally appeared it contains 1032 lines. He was then at Hampstead



until November 22nd, when he went down to Burford Bridge, with "500 lines wanting to finish *Endymion*"; in a letter to Reynolds written on the evening of his arrival, he transcribes what are now lines 581-590 of Book IV. and asks for his opinion on them. He finished and dated the last line of the poem at Burford Bridge on November 28th.

Keeping this chronological sketch in our minds as a chart, we may read *Endymion* with a fresh interest; with minds made more alert and receptive by keeping on the look-out for traces of particular suggestion and inspiration; and where we see, or think we see, these, with some added insight into the process of poetical creation, the way in which the scenes or objects presented to the poet's senses are assimilated and then transmuted by the specific poetical imagination. Even negative results here may have their value: it is, for instance, both interesting and significant that in Book III., written, as we have seen, entirely at Oxford, there is so far as I can see not a single line or phrase in which the influence of Oxford can be found. I shall return to this point in its proper place.

In the earlier part of Book I., something in the landscape and atmosphere, as well as more particular touches here and there, brings the Isle of Wight vividly to mind for any one who has wandered about it in spring. The lines (37-45) in the opening passage,

Each pleasant scene  
Is growing fresh before me as the green  
Of our own vallies; so I will begin  
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;  
Now while the early budders are just new,  
And run in mazes of the youngest hue  
About old forests; while the willow trails  
In delicate amber; and the dairy pails  
Bring home increase of milk,

are of course an express description; Parkhurst Forest still retained its oaks notwithstanding the heavy drain of naval timber from it during the Napoleonic wars; and for the rest, we may compare the descriptive passages in the once famous *Dairyman's Daughter* of 1809. Further on we have the music (lines 117-121) which

gave  
Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,  
To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking  
Through copse-clad vallies,—ere their death, o'ertaking  
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

"The passage in *Lear*—'do you not hear the sea?'—has haunted me intensely," he had written to Reynolds on April 17th. In the same letter

he says, "I have found several delightful wood-alleys, and copses, and quick freshes . . . the trench (of Carisbrook Castle) is overgrown with the smoothest turf, and the walls with ivy . . . we will read our verses in a delightful place I have set my heart upon, near the castle." The place he had set his heart upon seems to reappear in lines 79-88: "Paths there were many, winding through ivy banks,"

. . . all leading pleasantly  
 To a wide lawn, whence one could only see  
 Stems thronging all around between the swell  
 Of turf and slanting branches: who could tell  
 The freshness of the space of heaven above,  
 Edg'd round with dark tree tops? through which a dove  
 Would often beat its wings, and often too  
 A little cloud would move across the blue.

Already on his way down to Southampton he had seen and been thrilled by such a "pomp of dawn" and such "glories of sunrise" as he describes in the lines immediately following these. "*N.B. this Tuesday Morn saw the Sun rise*—of which I shall say nothing at present. . . . From dawn till half-past six I went through a most delightful country, some open down, but for the most part thickly wooded. What surprised me most was an immense quantity of blooming furze on both sides the road." It reappears, perhaps, in the

Swelling downs . . .  
 . . . where prickly furze  
 Buds lavish gold.  
 (line 202)

And there seems a recollection, not at the time, but much further on in the poem, of his visit to Shanklin on April 16th—"a most beautiful place. Sloping wood and meadow ground reach round the Chine, which is a cleft . . . filled with trees and bushes in the narrow part, and as it widens becomes bare, if it were not for primroses on one side, which spread to the very verge of the sea, and some fishermen's huts on the other, perched midway in the balustrades of beautiful green hedges along their steps down to the sands. But the sea—then the white cliff—then St. Catherine's Hill—the sheep in the meadows!"—in II., 73,

One track unseams  
 A wooded cleft, and, far away, the blue  
 Of ocean fades upon him;

and in Glaucus' description of his fisher-life, III., 359 foll.,





Stepping awfully  
 The youth approach'd ; oft turning his veil'd eye  
 Down sidelong aisles, and into niches old.  
 And when, more near against the marble cold  
 He had touch'd his forehead, he began to thread  
 All courts and passages, where silence dead  
 Rous'd by his whispering footsteps murmured faint :  
(lines 262-268)

and, more assuredly, in

the wrought oaken beams,  
 Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof  
 Of those dusk places in times far aloof  
 Cathedrals call'd.  
(lines 623-626)

It would be delightful to identify the well, with auriculas growing in the "gaps and slits" of its "slabbed margin," the minute picture of which (lines 869-880) looks like a close transcript from nature ; but identification is probably impossible.

Book III., as we have seen, was wholly written at Oxford. Neither in it, nor in any of Keats's letters from Oxford, is there any sign that the romance and magic of the city appealed to him : if they did, he must have shut off or reserved the imaginative impression. One might conjecture that he deliberately rebelled against this as a disturbing influence ; much as, on his return from Oxford to London, he refused Shelley's invitation to stay with him at Marlow. There is an accent of petulance in what he writes to Fanny : "This Oxford I have no doubt is the finest city in the world—it is full of old Gothic buildings, spires, towers, quadrangles, cloisters, groves, etc.," in their contrast of tone with the words that follow, "and is surrounded with more clear streams than ever I saw together. I take a walk by the side of one of them every evening." It reappears in the burlesque verses he sent to Reynolds, with their cheap witticisms on "the mouldering arch next door to Wilson the hosier," and the "plenty of trees, and plenty of fat deer for parsons" which is all that he has to say of Magdalen Grove. Perhaps in reaction against praise of Oxford with which he had been flooded before going, he takes or affects the attitude of a rather ill-bred revolutionary. A deeper impression might have developed later. For the profound effect of Canterbury upon him only appears two years after he had left it, in the *Eve of St. Mark*, and then under the reinforcing influence of his visit to Chichester and his long stay at Winchester.

The first half of Book IV. was composed at Hampstead ; it is there no doubt that (lines 294-297) he



listened to the wind that now did stir  
About the crisped oaks full drearily,  
Yet with as sweet a softness as might be  
Remember'd from its velvet summer song,

and walked on the Heath when (lines 484-486)

The good-night blush of eve was waning slow  
And Vesper, risen star, began to throe  
In the dusk heavens silverly.

The passage about the Cave of Quietude immediately following suggests that he had just about this point fallen into the fit of depression, and almost of mental torpor, from which he wished to rally himself by going away to Burford Bridge, "to change the scene, change the air, and give me a spur to wind up my poem." The success of the change was triumphant; and as it draws towards its conclusion, *Endymion* reaches a higher point in speed and splendour and exquisite poise of verse than anything which Keats had written till then.

The surroundings, Box Hill and the Mole valley, have impressed themselves quite unmistakeably here. On the very evening of his arrival he writes to Reynolds, in fresh, even in buoyant spirits: "I like this place very much. There is hill and dale and a little river. I went up Box Hill this evening after the moon, came down, and wrote some lines." Were they these?

Where shall our dwelling be? Under the brow  
Of some steep mossy hill, where ivy dun  
Would hide us up, although spring leaves were none;  
And where dark yew-trees, as we rustle through,  
Will drop their scarlet berry cups of dew.

It might be the next day, in the fine November weather, that he wrote (lines 678-681)—

For by one step the blue sky shouldst thou find,  
And by another, in deep dell below,  
See through the trees a little river go  
All in its mid-day gold and glimmering;

and later (lines 763-769)—

The Carian  
No word return'd: both lovelorn, silent, wan,  
Into the vallies green together went.  
Far wandering, they were perforce content  
To sit beneath a fair lone beechen tree,  
Nor at each other gaz'd, but heavily  
Por'd on its hazle cirque of shedded leaves.

It must surely have been on one of these days that he watched "How shadows shifted . . . until the poplar tops . . . had reached the river's brim," and

Then up he rose  
And slowly as that very river flows,  
Walk'd towards the temple grove with this lament :

(was the temple grove at Dorking or Mickleham ?)

Why such a golden eve ? The breeze is sent  
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall.

Night will strew  
On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves.  
So he inwardly began

On things for which no wording can be found,  
Deeper and deeper sinking, until drown'd  
Beyond the reach of music : for the choir  
Of Cynthia he heard not, though rough briar  
Nor muffling thicket interpos'd to dull  
The vesper hymn, far swollen, soft and full,  
Through the dark pillars of those sylvan aisles

(lines 924-928, 933-934, 961-968)

One who has been reading *Endymion* again now, just at the time of year when its last line was written, may well feel afresh the thrill of awed admiration :

Peona went  
Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.

## A RETROSPECTIVE NOTE

By ALICE MEYNELL

UPON most of us has been forced an image of the room in Rome in which Keats died. His life was so short that the weeks, days, and hours of his dying-time take a disproportionate place, extent, and record. Yet all last sicknesses, last words, last breaths seem to me to be that part of our mortality which is "the rest," and should be "silence." The "rest"—the last things—were devoted, in that memorable phrase, let us remember, to secrecy by one who had been intent, explicit, intensely aware, over the moments of his life.

But, as to Keats, we have not been allowed to withdraw our heart's thoughts or our mind's eye from a day of the last weeks or a moment of the last hour. For Severn has it all in Lord Houghton's brief book; and we cannot know Keats's life as well as we could wish without knowing more of Keats's death than we desire or can well endure. Sir Sidney Colvin has now given us a full and perfect biography, but those of us who treasured the memory of Keats before 1917 had not much more (the letters excepted) than the "Life" (or Death) just named.

The reader's mind's-eye picture of that little room has now long been corrected or confirmed; for the English and Americans, who have made the place English and American ground, visit it daily as a "Shelley and Keats Museum." That which was done for the place of Keats's long death it is now proposed to do for one place of his short life. It is a part of this paradox that the most immediate and perhaps the most trustworthy of the portraits is a sketch of his dying face—the sketch made by that loving watcher, Severn, not many hours before the end. And before that sketch was made he had read aloud from Jeremy Taylor—whether the "Holy Living" to him who had lived so briefly, or the "Holy Dying" to him who died so long: Keats listened.

When I was very young my father and mother had for friends Charles Cowden Clarke in Genoa and Joseph Severn in Rome. Cowden Clarke gave me a reproduction of the Severn sketch. Severn showed us the window looking upon the steps of the Trinità through which Keats threw the bad

dinner—tin box and all—that the *trattoria* had provided, after the fashion of that day. No poems date from that place. As to the place of the poems, there is one tradition that the *Nightingale* was written at Box Hill, another that it was written at Hampstead—amongst more important things, the not very considerable poems to Charles Cowden Clarke, whose hand touched Keats's young hand, and mine, much younger, touched. With this little record appears a photograph of the old man, the man who read Chapman's *Homer* to Keats, and noted the poet's "delighted stare," and received the Sonnet; the man to whom Keats ascribed all his earliest knowledge of poetry, and whose influence as reader aloud of poetry was altogether good. In the attitude of the *carte-de-visite* of the day stands Clarke's wife, her hand on her aged husband's shoulder. She gave years to her *Concordance to Shakespeare*, a work that had a long usefulness.

Welcome, to me, with so much of Keats's death in my mind and before my eyes, is the project that will commemorate his Life.





PORTRAIT OF CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.  
MAY, 1873.  
ALBION PHOTOGRAPH CO., N. Y.



# THE NEVER-WRITTEN BOOK

By T. STURGE MOORE

## I

AY Chatterton, he turned leaves in some book  
That Death forbade thee write ! He sits late reading  
Out his lamp flickers and those strained eyes look  
Up at the moon—ah, how intently pleading !  
And lo ! her light transforms that page, a text  
Never before perused leaps to his mind,  
And realms of beauty are in awe annexed  
To those he ruled ! Well may the Muses kind  
Sing songs that this world has refused to hear,  
That martyred poets had been born to write,  
While ecstasy suffuses with a tear  
Keats's tired eyes ! Ah yes, on such a night  
Lines came to him, as we can but remember,  
Perfect as June ; yet he woke in December !

## II

For, as will happen in our frigid zone,  
The summer fails and the mown hay must rot,  
While drenched weeks favour the rank weed alone  
The wheat is lodged and bloomless plums ripe not ;  
So, when men's minds are hopeless with mean cares  
While ill-got wealth and power are both abused,  
From youths with promise charged fierce Folly scares  
Visitant moods that clear a thought confused  
Maturing works of art. Yea, as much sun  
And nights refreshed with ocean-travelled wind  
Load orchard boughs, so many things well done  
And wide goodwill are to fine efforts kind :  
But when men aim only at power and treasure  
Lads die or spoil before they yield their measure.

## III

Yet how should worldlings dream of those fair lands  
That in their absence would with honey run ?  
As easily an old miser understands  
The finest talents he starves in his son.  
How many toil, without a smile, to mar !  
How many laugh and tread their betters under !  
Doctors against the truth put up the bar !  
Mere drones are trusted with war's bolt and thunder !  
The light is waiting till these pass away,  
And fine souls plead in vain for leave to live ;  
Like tender plants we tread them back to clay ;  
They die still charged with gifts they might not give.  
Yet how should worldlings dream themselves unknown  
Or of a Keats to Shakespeare's stature grown ?

## IV

Keats, for thee praise is unavailing noise :  
Our generosity is glib too late,  
And helps not thine nor any living boy's  
Pangs for rare poems knocking at the gate,  
Pleading for passage through a tranced mind,  
Refused the leisured welcome that they crave  
By pain, contumely, care. For deaf and blind  
The world still is as when it dug thy grave,  
O Unconsoled as those who dream-rapt turn  
Volumes unread, unwritten—every leaf  
That thou wast born to write—and who must yearn,  
As thou, on visions wild they are so brief !  
Like those the old moon, through thy casement peeping,  
Had of Endymion on lone Latmos sleeping.



## KEATS IN SCOTLAND

By Dr. GEORGE H. MORRISON, Glasgow

IT was in the summer of 1818 that Keats went a walking tour in Scotland with his friend Charles Brown. One would not have thought of Brown as an ideal travelling companion. From all we learn of him he seems to have been more addicted to the table than the highway, and it is only with choice spirits (such as Brown never was) that it is safe to be alone when dog-tired. But the two seem to have consorted admirably (which is more than Gray and Walpole did when they went wandering), and there is little trace of anything but fellowship. This is not a little to Brown's credit when we recall that he was of northern ancestry, and that Keats, at the very outset of the pilgrimage, abused everything Scottish "for five hours." One other companion Keats had—in his knapsack. It was the *Divine Comedy* of Dante—in Taylor and Hessey's dainty little volumes, published four years previously.

From the impression which they made in Glasgow (where I write) the friends must have presented a somewhat extraordinary spectacle—Keats with his fur cap and his plaid; Brown with his white hat, tartan coat and trousers. It must have been one of the followers of Odysseus, such as are always to be met with about the Glasgow docks, who remarked of Keats that "he had seen every kind of foreigner, but he had never seen the like o' him."

On July 1st the friends reached Dumfries, having travelled the thirty-eight miles from Carlisle by coach, with horses that "took a Hellish heap o' drivin'." They arrived on the day of the annual Horse-Fair, and what impressed Keats more than any scenery was the number of barefoot women whom they passed, each with her shoes and stockings in her hand. That same day they visited Burns's Tomb, erected three years previously from the design of Turnerelli—"not very much to my taste" he writes to Thomas Keats—and on the following day they pressed on into Galloway, "through the midst of Meg Merrilies' country." Crossing the Nith by the ancient bridge, erected through the munificence of Devorgilla, the travellers, in the beautiful valley of the Urr, were amidst some of the finest scenery of Galloway. From Auchencairn (which Keats spells Auchtercairn) the reputed "Kippletringan" of *Guy Mannering*, there is a long uphill road, with splendid prospects,

to the old town of Kirkcudbright. But one must remember that the noble woods, which are now the glory of Kirkcudbright, had then been planted only a few years. They were planned by Lord Daer, the friend of Burns. Of Keats's hostel in Kirkcudbright there is apparently no record—perhaps the Black Bull Inn near the "Meikle Yett," the lodging, long before, of Claverhouse; perhaps the King's Arms Inn, near the Tolbooth and the Cross, the favourite howff of Burns. So onward through the parish of Anwoth, fragrant with memories of Samuel Rutherford, to Newton Stewart with its newly-erected bridge, to Glenluce, to Stranraer, and to Portpatrick, whence the friends made a brief excursion into Ireland. It was all very strange to Keats—the children jabbering "as if in an unknown language"; the cottages "squatting among trees and fern"; the inns not remarkable for cleanliness; and he had already seen enough of the power of the Scottish eldership to take up a quarrel with "these Kirk-men," who have "banished puns and laughing and kissing." Yet even Keats had to admit that a Scottish cottage was "a palace to an Irish one," and that "the nakedness, the rags, and the dirt and misery of the poor common Irish" were nowhere to be found in Galloway. Probably the Scottish Kirk concluded that the imputed banishment of puns was a small price to pay for the banishment of rags.

As they entered Ayrshire, Keats (who had taken up the idea from the *Rigs of Barley* that Burns's country was a desolate region) was profoundly impressed with the beauty and richness of it all, and not less with the lone majesty of Ailsa Craig, and the grandeur of the mountains of Arran. As soon as he saw the latter he said to himself, "How is it they did not beckon Burns to some grand attempt at epic?" As a matter of fact, if I am not mistaken, there is not a single reference in any of Burns's poems to Arran, and his only mention of Ailsa Craig is jocular. A shrewd friend has suggested to me that scenery we have known since infancy is always less strikingly impressive than scenery that bursts suddenly upon us. But the curious thing is that Robert Browning also, who spent a summer holiday in Arran, betrays (so far as I am aware) no trace of having known its spell. Arran, most wonderful of islands, is still waiting for its poet.

Walking through Ballantrae (which Keats calls Belantree, and which is *not* the Ballantrae of Stevenson's story) and so on to Girvan and Maybole (scene of *The House with the Green Shutters*) the travellers came at length to "bonny Doon," "the sweetest river I ever saw," and so to Burns's Cottage and to Ayr. It is interesting to compare the letters at this point with Stevenson's fragment of 1876, *A Winter's Walk in Carrick and Galloway*. Stevenson took the same road as Keats, travelling in the opposite direction, and his vivid narrative, beginning at Ayr, comes to an abrupt and regretted end at Girvan. Keats visited Burns's Cottage, and was intensely disgusted with



its caretaker—"a mahogany-faced old Jackass who knew Burns. He ought to have been kicked for having spoken to him." And then on July 13th the friends entered Glasgow "under the most oppressive stare a body could feel."

Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,  
That makes my blood cold and my hair to stare?

says Brutus to the ghost. Probably the douce citizens of Glasgow felt not a little of the amaze of Brutus when they greeted the couple with that oppressive stare. Fortunately for Glasgow, the staring was not everything. Keats found that the city was "a very fine one," with "a much more solid appearance than London," and he was "astonished to hear it was twice the size of Edinburgh." Glasgow has many ways of astonishing its guests.

Leaving Glasgow after a two days' sojourn, the friends took their journey to Loch Lomond, vexed not a little to find steamboats there, when their hearts were longing for some "fleet of chivalry Barges," and it is now that one is peculiarly impressed with the exquisite reserve of the true poet in what he has to say of natural scenery. Sail up Loch Lomond any summer day if you want to be dinned by rapturous admiration, but do not turn to the letters of Keats for that, for you will not find it there. A few words—a disjointed sentence—a touch of colour—an epithet—reveal his range and intensity of feeling. Keats, like the great Maker of the beautiful, is eloquently "silent in his love."

From Loch Lomond, by Glencroe, the travellers made their way to Inveraray, where all the grandeur of forest and of crag could not stifle the horror of the bagpipes. One is thankful that no "fleet of chivalry" had come sailing towards the poet on Loch Lomond, for every barge would have boasted of its bagpipes. We so often forget essentials in our dreams. Thence onward to the "very solemn" approach to Loch Awe (and who does not feel the fitness of the adjective), and then a twenty-mile walk by the lochside, "every ten steps creating a new and beautiful picture," until at length, drenched with "a soaking rain," the travellers came to the white bread of Oban—for Keats could never "manage the cursed Oat Cake." None of the letters are more admirable than those which describe this section of the journey. None give a more vivid sense of the harvest of the poet's eye. Ignorant of Highland history and legend, Keats catches the spirit of the Highlands, as he was still to catch, in yet more wonderful fashion, the spirit of old Greece.

From Oban the friends were naturally eager to visit Staffa and Iona, and, rebelling at the charges for a chartered vessel, they determined to cross Mull on foot. The traveller on the roads of Mull to-day, if he but cast his eye on

either side of him, will recognize how arduous the task was when Mull was practically roadless. As a matter of fact it was too arduous. Keats caught a violent cold. And though he makes light of it in his own gallant fashion, his companion did not make light of it. It hung about him ominously—it led to the shortening of his tour—and then one remembers that in three short years Keats was sleeping in an Italian grave. From Oban they pressed on to Fort William, whence on August 2nd they climbed Ben Nevis, which has always seemed to me, who know the mountain intimately, an extraordinarily foolish thing to do. Now there is a road up to the summit, but in Keats's day, as in my earlier days, it was a climb not to be lightly undertaken. "I am heartily glad it is done," writes Keats: one would have been gladder had it not been done. Four days later they entered Inverness, and at Inverness the doctor was called in. He put his veto on any further walking—Keats was "too thin and fevered to proceed." He set sail from Cromarty on August 9th, and on the 19th Mrs. Dilke writes from Hampstead: "John Keats arrived here last night, as brown and shabby as you can imagine, "scarcely any shoes left, his jacket all torn at the back, a fur cap, a great plaid, and his knapsack."

Some thirteen poetical pieces were written by Keats during this Scottish tour, and all these are now printed. They are of varying merit, written in various moods, and some were never meant to be taken seriously. There are sonnets *On Visiting the Tomb of Burns, Written in the Cottage where Burns was born, To Ailsa Rock, Written on the Top of Ben Nevis*; and the *Bagpipe Sonnet*, written at Inveraray. There are playful things like the *Song about Myself*, which is found in a letter to Fanny Keats; *The Gad-Fly*, written by Loch Fyne, where he had been stung when bathing in the loch; and the *Dialogue between Mrs. Cameron and Ben Nevis*. There are *Lines written in the Highlands after a Visit to Burns's Country*, and *A Galloway Song*, suggested by a wedding-party which they met as they came down to Ballantrae. But the two finest poems (as it seems to me) are the *Staffa* and the ballad on *Meg Merrilies*, the former unequal but splendidly imaginative, the latter a wonderful "trifle" (as he calls it), so simple is it and so musical, so manifestly written "with the eye upon the object," so full of the haunting charm of our old ballads.

I have made enquiries in many quarters in the endeavour to find out if there are any local traces of Keats's journey, but I have failed to discover anything. I am not the less indebted to several friends who have pursued these enquiries for me, notably, to the Hon. Curator of the Stewartry Museum, Kirkcudbright, Mr. J. Robison, F.S.A., Scot., to Mr. D. E. Edward, F.L.A., Librarian, Ayr, and to Mr. J. Grahame Thomson, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.), *The Courier Office*, Inverness.



## THE REMEMBERING GARDEN

By ALFRED NOYES

UNDER those boughs where Beauty dwelt  
A wistful glory haunts the air,  
As though the joy she gave and felt  
Had left its phantom there.

The lilacs bloom beside the door  
As though their mistress were not dead,  
And their sweet clouds might dream, once more,  
Above her shining head.

Nothing endures of all those wrongs  
That broke her heart before she died ;  
But little ghosts of happy songs  
Croon, where she laughed and cried.

Like phantom birds, be-winged and gay,  
Among the rustling leaves they go.  
Her phantom children laugh and play  
Upon the path below.

For, though they've journeyed far since then,  
At times an April breath will come  
And lead them from the world of men  
Back to their mother's home.

No shadow of her deep distress  
Darkens their dreaming garden-ground ;  
But, oh, her phantom happiness  
That weeps, and makes no sound !

## THE FULFILMENT OF KEATS

By T. FAIRMAN ORDISH

“He was of Shakespeare’s tribe.”—A. C. BRADLEY.

IN that passage of his *Confessions* beginning with the famous apostrophe—  
“So then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted step-mother!” De Quincey records a reminiscence which I have found suggestive in my studies of London topography, as follows :—

“... oftentimes on moonlight nights during my first mournful abode in London, my consolation was (if such it could be thought) to gaze from Oxford Street up every avenue in succession which pierces through the heart of Marylebone to the fields and the woods ; for *that*, said I, travelling with my eyes up the long vistas which lay part in light and part in shade, *that* is the road to the North, and therefore to——”

At the close of the eighteenth century and opening of the nineteenth, the ways of escape from London northward into the fields and the woods were numerous and easy. It was the same on the other side of the river. The painter-poet, Blake, passed all his early life in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street ; those long vistas of fields and woods were familiar from his childhood ; and when he went to live in Lambeth, in 1793, the fields and woods of Surrey were his recreation. The expansion of London was still markedly eastward and westward.

But wherever it took place the expansion was chaotic. The story makes sad reading in the reports of various Committees of the House of Commons. It was the London which within a few years experienced the terrible cholera epidemics preceding the era of sanitation and public health. It was the London of the boyhood of Thomas Hood, full of such woeful social contrasts and sufferings as vibrated through the *Song of the Shirt*.

With whatsoever of derision the term “Cockney” was applied to John Keats, he was, in fact, a Londoner born and bred, like Geoffrey Chaucer, like Edmund Spenser, like Ben Jonson, like John Milton. Further, if the relations of these poets to time and place be considered, it will appear that Chaucer and Jonson belong to one category, and Spenser, Milton, and Keats to another. The former may be described, in the simple or obvious sense of

the term, as realists ; the latter as idealists, in the sense that their poetic energy was in the nature of reaction from their environment. In the terms of De Quincey's great differentiation, the former belong to the literature of knowledge, the latter to the literature of power.

The story of the earthly pilgrimage of John Keats is a short one ; the facts are few and salient ; it has the symmetry of a play, in which locality is linked with motif and with dénouement throughout. The prologue opens in Moorfields, where he was born on October 29th, 1795. His childhood passes amid the hum and whirl of daily city life ; and in the home there is an incident ready to the hand of the dramatist. The child's mother lies dangerously ill in her room. With eloquent action he silently arms himself with a sword (of what kind we are not told), mounts the stairs and places himself outside his mother's door, to guard her. The scene changes from Moorfields to Enfield, where, at the excellent school of Mr. Clarke (father of Charles Cowden Clarke) ten years of boyhood are passed. On the whole this is a scene of much happiness and animation, but in the midst of it comes the news of the death of the boy's father, killed by accident at the early age of thirty-six ; the scene closes with the news of the death of his mother and the overshadowing of a great sorrow. His appointed guardians now, in 1810, decide upon his future. His school career is terminated and he is apprenticed for five years to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon of some eminence at Edmonton. Here all the fostering influences of Enfield are continued ; sympathetic relationships and affinities are ripened. Charles Cowden Clarke, the tutor, has become the friend of Keats. The separation of only a few miles has really hastened development. Amid daily duties and professional studies, in all of which he proved diligent, the other-world of poesy has opened to the mind of Keats. Would this have been had Keats been removed beyond the reach of Enfield ? The importance of locality in the career of Keats—illustration of which is the object of this brief scenario of the events of his life—is already evident. Interchange of visits, communion with books and with each other, had gone on in this way for several years between the friends, —Spenser, Chatterton, Byron, Wordsworth, and others had been garnered in their mutual experience,—when Homer appeared to them in the guise of Chapman's Elizabethan English. It was a great moment ; the episode, as recorded in the words of Keats's honoured first biographer, seems pregnant with drama : the friends had passed the evening together over the book, "and continued their study till daylight" . . . "The Sonnet in which these first impressions are concentrated was left the following day on Mr. Clarke's table." The drama in the episode lies in the revelation to them both, not only of Homer or Chapman, but of Keats himself.

Now comes the time (1815) when the young poet returns from the rural



periphery to the centre of the great city. He lodges in the Poultry for the purpose of what is termed "walking the hospitals," with a view to a qualifying examination at Apothecaries' Hall. It was the time of the great Shakespeare revival in London, induced by the acting of Edmund Kean at Drury Lane and by the writings of William Hazlitt, in the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Examiner* and the *Times*. If the spirit of place wrought upon Keats, as it did upon Heine when he visited London a few years later, he doubtless, like Heine, sought out the streets and localities which figure in Shakespeare's historical plays—Eastcheap was but a short distance, and quite by the Poultry was Bucklersbury, which afforded Falstaff his comparison in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "and smell like Bucklesbury in simple time."<sup>1</sup> On his way to the Apothecaries' Hall at Blackfriars, Keats probably passed down Bread Street, leading from Cheapside, and there on his left hand was the site of the house where John Milton was born, and on the right, the site of the Mermaid Tavern. What had the spirit of place to say to John Keats as he stood there? Had he vision of the boy Milton crossing the narrow way and slipping into the tavern to see and hear the famous wits there, Shakespeare among them?

What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid? . . .

What indeed, Master Beaumont, we echo! Perchance Shakespeare, in the year 1615, sitting with the seven-year-old boy, John Milton, on his knee and we "on this bank and shoal of time" not knowing! But leaving aside the possible contact in bodily presence, there is the record in Milton's *Il Penseroso*:

Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild, . . .

and the lines beginning:

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones,  
and addressing him as:

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame!

As Keats stood there and mused of these things, his own *Lines on the Mermaid Tavern* may have formed themselves in his mind:

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

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<sup>1</sup> It was the great market of dried herbs and abode of apothecaries in Shakespeare's London.



It is a factor of much significance in the development of Keats that the influences from "the spacious days of Great Elizabeth" which came to him at Enfield and Edmonton were now intensified. After Spenser and Chapman came Shakespeare and the acted drama in the London theatres. An enlarged basis of criticism had come into being with the publication of Malone's Edition of Shakespeare in 1790. The acting of Edmund Kean at Drury Lane "was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," said Coleridge; and he and other such speakers and writers as Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey, stimulated and directed an enthusiasm which took possession of all London and echoed far beyond it. History was repeating itself. Once again the doors of the playhouse opened a land of enchantment to a struggling and afflicted humanity, as in the days of Marlowe and the earlier triumphs of Shakespeare, when soldiers and sailors, from the wars in the Low Countries and the Armada battles, mingled the eager audience. The long drawn out struggle with Napoleon was over: Trafalgar lay in the past; Waterloo had been fought and won: and soldiers and sailors were coming back to an amorphous and unorganized London, where the difficulties of living were almost as great as on the battlefield. But there was the same undying English spirit; the same dumb idealism which found expression in the theatre. In the midst of it all was John Keats, alone with his dream, in his lodging in the Poultry; or at the theatre, in another world created by the supreme master of drama; or at the Apothecaries' Hall, within a few feet of remnants of the old Blackfriars playhouse, which may have echoed to the living voice of Shakespeare himself!

John Keats, in whom lay the secret spring that alone can unlock the prison-house of humanity, has passed his medical examinations: he is now qualified to exercise his professional skill upon the writhing, struggling masses of this chaotic London! The ordeal of a final choice is before him. On the one side a way not dishonourable, one gained moreover by his own toil, the way of usefulness and proximate success, assured position, prospect of being helpful to sister and brothers, his fellow-orphans. Millions of human beings in his position at that moment would have taken that way almost unthinkingly, without hesitation, and they would have been right. It is the glory of Keats that he had the courage to take the other way of dim uncertainty illumined only by his own hope, which in spite of all that befell him therein, led him to his assured place "among the English poets."

The courage of the choice simply baffles our worldly wisdom; all the dictates of prudence remain true, and yet Keats was right. He is like the boy who takes his unerring way amid perils that make his elders tremble; like the Elizabethan voyagers sailing uncharted oceans; like Shakespeare leaving Stratford-on-Avon and taking his way into the unknown that awaited

him in London ; like the native prince in the African story, who takes his path across the trackless continental forest with nothing but his sure instinct to guide him.

It was the breath across the centuries from the " spacious days " of a younger time, the time of the *Faerie Queene*, the era of Drake, Frobisher, and Raleigh, which sustained the genius and the hope of Keats ; it was the souls of the " poets dead and gone " that made him " lord of his event."

As he went through the crisis which led to this issue and while still outwardly occupied with the work of his profession in London, the thoughts of Keats were turned towards Hampstead. On the northward side of the great western highway (Cheapside, Holborn, Oxford Street) were the avenues through some half-mile or so of buildings into " the fields and the woods " ; and to Keats, as to De Quincey, they were the way of escape. The young poet himself might have murmured those words of De Quincey : " *that* is the road to the North, and therefore to —, and if I had the wings of a dove, *that* way I would fly for comfort."

And very soon—the crisis of his destiny over, his heroic decision made—to Hampstead he came ; not on the wings of a dove, but on those of his spirit ; not, I think, by the stage-coach of those days,—that would not have accorded either with his mood or his sense of pilgrimage ; but on foot, bearing a wreath in his hand. His coming has been described by Edmund Gosse : " It is in his twenty-first year, in 1816, that we find the first record of his ascent of this historic eminence. He appears, then, on the brow of Hampstead-hill as the visitor, as the disciple of Leigh Hunt, in his cottage in the Vale of Health. He comes an ardent lad, with great flashing eyes and heavy golden curls, carrying in his hand a wreath of ivy for the brows of Mr. Hunt . . . Here he first met Shelley, Haydon, and perhaps Wordsworth ; hence in 1817, from under these ' pleasant trees ' and the ' leafy luxury ' of the Vale of Health, his earliest volume was sent forth to the world ; here, in lodgings of his own, at Well Walk, he settled in that same summer, that he might devote himself to the composition of *Endymion* . . . All of Keats that is vivid and intelligent, all that is truly characteristic of his genius and his vitality, is centred around Hampstead." <sup>1</sup>

It was a distressful London that Keats left behind him, a great sprawling town, socially quite undeveloped, in which the lives of medical men were expended in the treatment of cases due to wholly preventable causes. The reports of medical officers made at this period reveal conditions of human debasement and helpless wretchedness, by contrast with which our London

<sup>1</sup> From a newspaper report of the proceedings at the unveiling of " the first memorial to the poet Keats upon English ground," in Hampstead Parish Church, on July 16th, 1894, which I have preserved within my copy of the Poems ever since.



of to-day appears a very paradise. The worst aspect is that the conditions continued without remedy only because human selfishness prevented a unison of will to end them. Keats saved his genius from extinction when he set his face towards Hampstead and the world of the ideal which it symbolized. We have reason to rejoice—we and future inheritors of Keats—when we think of the young poet taking one of those avenues to the northern heights. Farewell, “stony-hearted step-mother! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans and drinkest the tears of children.” The valediction of De Quincey sounds in the ears of memory as in imagination we go by the side of Keats on that blessed day of pilgrimage. The street becomes a country road, and there amid the trees and the fields is the cluster of new buildings which has grown into Camden Town. The country road becomes a pathway across scenes of sylvan beauty where railways and mean or pretentious, but always monotonous, streets have usurped the sway of nature. Thus came he “a’dream with his visions,” led by his hope and high resolve, the wraiths of “poets dead and gone” accompanying; Chaucer, Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Milton, rejoicing in their successor.

At Hampstead was wrought that palace of the ideal which we enter when we open the book of the Poems of John Keats. Only the vestibule of the fabric was completed. But when we enter the beautiful chamber we are saluted with strains of a heavenly music; we are surrounded by noble statuary and symbols of ancient Greece, while a light from far-off realms of high Romance shines upon us. The discords we brought in our minds from the outside world become lost in harmony; we are attuned to the perception of what lay beyond in the design of the poet; we apprehend a purpose and receive a message. Thus does Keats defeat the accidents of time, disease, and early death; his ideal lives when we perceive it, and this may be the fulfilment that shall be his.

Yet as we look into the backward of time, there appears a parallel suggesting a more august possibility. We behold the young-eyed Marlowe, whose course was run before he reached thirty years of age, whose work nevertheless contains the germ and promise of all that followed. As Shakespeare was the fulfilment of Marlowe, so may the future bring the advent of a poet who shall be the fulfilment of Keats. Whatever the issue, the interest and attraction of Hampstead as the home of Keats will not diminish but grow and deepen with the ever widening circle of his fame. Its fields, its lanes, its trees, its heath were the scenery of one of the most glorious achievements in English poetry and literature; its natural beauties even now are touched by the light of the ideal thus thrown upon them; and the human interest of the story of Keats is centred here for ever.

## EPILOGUE

The first coming of Keats to Hampstead was a pilgrimage ; and while he was in the throes of *Endymion*, soon after his settlement here, he made several excursions in which the idea of pilgrimage seems to have been uppermost. First he went to Carisbrooke, apparently with the expectation that the plenitude of inspiration would visit him there, possibly also with something in his teeming mind in connection with the historical associations of the place. He was disappointed ; and he left the Isle of Wight for Margate, where a beginning was made with his poem ; but (on May 16th, 1817) he writes a letter in which he says, " This evening I go to Canterbury, having got tired of Margate. . . . At Canterbury I hope the remembrance of Chaucer will set me forward like a billiard ball." He was thinking of the Canterbury Pilgrims when he wrote that. We feel sure that he visited the shrine in the cathedral, and the interest of the town as the birthplace of Christopher Marlowe must have appealed to him. At this period he was reading Shakespeare with all the intensity of his mind. In this same month of May, in a letter to his friend, the painter Haydon, he says : " I read Shakespeare—indeed I shall, I think, never read any other book much. . . . I am very near agreeing with Hazlitt that Shakespeare is enough for us." He returns to Hampstead refreshed and the poem progresses. Then in September he stays in Oxford with his friend Bailey, a time and occasion of great import in the development of Keats ; while there he pays his first visit to Stratford-on-Avon, " and added his name to the thousands inscribed on Shakespeare's walls," says Lord Houghton, meaning of course the Birthplace. At a later date comes the excursion to Scotland, when Keats paid his visit to the cottage of John Burns, and then back to Hampstead.

And now he who came as a pilgrim to Hampstead, and there wrought a work that gave him his right of entry to Elysium, will himself in the near future be enshrined in the house which was his dwelling-place, if we in this generation are worthy. Hither will come the pilgrims : those who are weary with the trivialities and the petty insistent claims of our modern existence ; those who find themselves growing old in monotonous labour ; those burdened by regret ; those enmeshed in alien circumstance against which they fight interminably ; all who long for the light which is the latent poet in all men and women. Here shall their spirits receive the spark of ignition once more, and " one touch of Harry in the night " shall banish their misgiving. Hither also shall come the young men and women, their strength insufficient for reaction, touched by incredulity, half ashamed of the chaste enthusiasm of their youth. Will not the Keats Memorial convince them of the reality of the ideal, and by restoring their faith, confirm them in high resolves for noble ends ? It is not Keats, but we who need the Memorial, that the inspiration for which he gave his life may dwell in us and work to fulfilment.



## TWO POEMS BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

### KEATS

**F**LUTING and singing, with young locks aflow,  
This lad, forsooth, down the long years should pass,  
With scent of blooms, with daffodils arow,  
Lighting their candles in the April grass.  
Ah, 'tis not true he comes to us, but sweet  
With youth and sorrows ! When we speak his name,  
Lo, the old house in the old, foreign street,  
His broken voice lamenting that his fame  
(Alack, he knew not !) passing fleet would be !  
He grieves us with his melancholy eyes.  
Yet are all weathers fairer for that he  
Did sing. Deep in the Roman dust he lies.  
How since he died the century hath sped !—  
And they that mocked him, yea, they, too, are dead.

### KEATS

**A**N English lad, who, reading in a book,  
A ponderous, leathern thing set on his knee,  
Saw the broad violet of the Ægean Sea  
Lap at his feet as it were village brook.  
Wide was the east ; the gusts of morning shook ;  
Immortal laughter beat along that shore ;  
Pan, crouching in the reeds, piped as of yore ;  
The gods came down and thundered from that book.  
He lifted his sad eyes ; his London street  
Swarmed in the sun and strove to make him heed ;  
Boys spun their tops, shouting, and fair of cheek ;  
But still, that violet lapping at his feet,—  
An English lad had he sat down to read ;  
But he rose up and knew himself a Greek.

## KINSHIP

By CECIL ROBERTS

NOT for the wonder of your magic line,  
The rose-wrought fragrance of a woodland phrase,  
Not for the languor hidden in the wine  
Of your wrapt eloquence, nor for the grace  
With which your garlands decked a Grecian day,  
Not unto these we pay  
Such homage as our stammering times allow  
From we who live in such dark silence now ;

But for the breaking passion of your heart  
In human littleness so weak revealed,  
For the pained cry against a love-crazed part  
Life called on you to play, the unconcealed  
More human agony of love-in-death,  
More vital than the breath  
Inspired of Poesy !—for being such,  
Despite the god, we feel the human touch !

## THE KEATS-SHELLEY HOUSE

26 PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME

By SIR J. RENNELL RODD

A N old-world house with rusted orange walls,  
Where, in the city's heart, you hear the drip  
Of Sabine water plashing as it falls  
Into the marble semblance of a ship ;  
Its windows open on a giant stair  
Crowned by an obelisk, and higher still  
Sun tranced in Rome's gold-radiant air  
The Trinity that names the hill.

Enter the modest portal and ascend  
Those narrow steps where once with labouring breath  
He came at even and the journey's end  
Who seeking life was greeted here by death.  
The marble stairs are steep, the shade strikes cold  
In midmost summer. Fling the window wide  
And let the Roman sun flood in. Behold  
The place where Adonais died.

Little is changed. The lime-washed walls enclose  
A narrow chamber, with a roof pale blue  
Between the rafters, panelled for the rose  
In mock relief that once his wide eyes knew,  
Sleeplessly watching till the drooped lids tired ;  
A red-tiled floor, and windows whence at times  
The lilt of the great city's life inspired  
Suggestion of unwritten rhymes.

And this was all he knew of that great Rome,  
The deathless mother of immortal men,  
Dreamed of in visions in his Northern home,  
And reached at last and still beyond his ken :  
A window world,—blue noon and even's glow,  
The passing pageant of the Spanish Square,  
And blown from baskets on the steps below  
The scent of violets in the air.

And here, above yon rampired stairway oft  
Mounting at eve would Shelley pause to gaze  
Where the great dome left earth to soar aloft  
A glory centred in a crimson blaze.  
And Byron's shadow haunts this Spanish place ;—  
Those were his windows,—where the master brain  
Divined the soul behind the marble face  
And made the dead Rome live again.

And therefore men from either side the sea  
Who speak the same great language, joining hands,  
Designed the poet's house of death to be  
A pilgrim shrine for poets of their lands.  
So keep, my country, as a holy trust  
The house we tended with our love and care !  
Their ashes mix with Rome's immortal dust  
But in the spirit they are there.



## SONNET TO KEATS

By LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

IMMORTAL Beauty—golden images  
Of earth and sky and that triumphant breath,  
Which once was Keats, O KEATS ! there is no death  
Which can efface thee—who art all of these !

For worn and wasted, stricken with disease,  
Thy ardent spirit might nor pause nor fail,  
But like thine own tumultuous nightingale,  
Poured forth its song of broken ecstasies.

And we who spring from thine immortal root,  
Thy singing kinsfolk though of coarser clay,  
Hear the undying echoes of thy song  
Like the wild music of a Grecian flute,  
Which lures our feet down many a tangled way  
Of secret woods when Summer days are long.

## A REMINISCENCE OF *ENDYMION*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY

TO write anything about Keats that shall be worth reading nowadays is not easy ; and it so happens that for the present writer at the moment it is not very easy to write anything at all. But there always seems to be a certain public for reminiscences ; and not all reminiscences are things that had better not have been written. One struck me when Dr. Williamson urged me to contribute ; and I give it for the little it may be worth. It had to do with " How and Where I first read *Endymion*."

I must have been some fifteen years old at the time, and though I knew some of Keats's smaller things, my father's library, while it contained a Shelley (a fat little early and I suppose pirated edition) did not contain a Keats. Somebody had lent me the book : and as it was in the summer holidays, I think, I put it in my pocket and walked across Kensington Gardens to the old South Kensington Museum, then a very favourite haunt of mine. There was a friendliness about the old " Boilers " and their precinct, entirely lacking to the grim magnificence of the " Victoria and Albert," which (perhaps suitably) always reminds me of a gigantic Kensal Green monument. Incidentally, you could lunch there more cheaply than anywhere else in London—a hunch of bread, a slab of cheese, and a glass of drinkable beer for an incredible fewness of half-pence—I really believe not more than seven or eight. And the contents of the Museum itself were delightfully promiscuous :—curios of all sorts mixed up with bottles of liquors showing the exact proportion of alcohol in each ; boxes of apparatus for self-instruction in chemistry ; pictures, damasks, statistics ; and photographs of famous statues thoughtfully provided by Mrs. Grundy with little figleaves of rather untidily cut cardboard, so as not to bring a blush to the cheek of youth when it frequented the Art Schools.

These last had no doubt the most direct connection with the poem which I read through on that afternoon : but the previous wandering through the *omnium gatherum* of the Museum had perhaps been a rather subtle preparation for the dream—*Odyssey* of the poem itself. At any rate, it found me in the vein :

and I never left the seat I had taken till, like Peona, I "went home in wonderment," thinking of it all from first line to last. I have been told that it is not quite the thing to admire *Endymion* now; at least to admire it *simpliciter*. You must busy yourself with its problems; present the Latmian with a complete set of allegorical, symbolical and all sorts of other *-ical* explanations of himself and his adventures, and so forth. Thank goodness, nobody suggested anything of that kind to me in the Boilers sixty years since; and I will be so very bold as to assert that if anybody *had*, I should have requested him to go to Jericho "or somewhere else"—as Queen Berengaria said to her lady-in-waiting in a somewhat but not wholly different spirit. Not unhappy is he who reads *Endymion* at fifteen and finds it good; nor perhaps the less happy in having read it amid a queer medley of suggestions of beauty—if only of beauty jumbled up with utility and what not—to serve as frame and background to the amiable confusion of the piece itself.

## THREE POEMS BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

### THE SOLACE OF KEATS

WHEN I am weary of the stress of things,  
Of brooding on the wrongs that vex our age  
Where men with disputatious men engage,  
And harmony seems fled on drooping wings,  
Then I bethink me of the bard who sings  
Of Beauty, and I ope his cherished page,  
Grateful to find a lovely heritage  
That to my mind a wondrous solace brings.

I am enamoured of the Nightingale ;  
A Grecian Urn my dull mood doth assuage ;  
I am enraptured by the legend old  
Wherein is told *Endymion's* passionate tale,  
And in the glamour of the Golden Age  
Forget the age of iron and of gold !

### ON A COPY OF KEATS'S *ENDYMION*

HAS not the glamoured season come once more  
When earth puts on her arras of soft green ?  
See where along the meadow rillet's shore  
The wild-rose buds unfold !  
Eastward the boughs with murmurous laughter lean  
To warm themselves in morning's generous gold.  
The foxgloves nod along the English lanes  
That saw erewhile the dancing sprites of snow ;  
Night-long the leaf-hid nightingale complains  
With such melodious woe  
That Sleep, enamoured of her soaring strains,  
Is widely wakeful as the dim hours go.



Ope but the page, and hark, the impassioned bird  
That through the hush of the be-shadowed hours  
Pours in the ear of dark its melting word !  
Here is as mellow song  
As ever welled from pleached laurel bowers,  
Or e'er was borne soft orient winds along ;  
Here may one list all ecstasies they sung,  
The shepherds and the maids of Arcady,  
Flower-garlanded what time the world was young ;—  
Pandean minstrelsy,  
Low flutings from slim pipes of silver tongue  
Played by the dryads on some upland lea.

And blent with these are heavenly whisperings  
As faint as whitened poplars make at dawn,  
Sublime suggestions of fine-fingered strings  
Touched, in celestial air,  
And earthward through the dulling ether drawn,  
Yet falling on us more than earthly fair ;  
The voice divine that young Endymion knew  
In the cool woodland's darkmost depths by night  
When god-like ardours thrilled him through and through ;  
And his voice from the height  
Whither, on wakening, drenched with chilly dew,  
He sought the goddess in the gathering light.

But ah, what mournful memories are mine,  
Song-wakened at this lavish summer-tide !  
Can I forget that sombre cypress line  
By old Rome's ruined wall,  
The lonely grave that alien grasses hide,  
And the pathetic silence shrouding all ?  
Who would forget ? Blest be the song that bears  
My soul across aerial seas of space  
As wingedly as airy fancy fares !  
For now that earth's worn face  
The radiant glow of life's renewal wears,  
Would I in reverence seek that sacred place.

There would I lay these woven shreds of rhyme  
In lieu of scattered heart's-ease and the rose.  
Behold how Song has triumphed over Time,  
For still *his* song rings clear  
Though where the tender Roman violet grows  
Deep has he slumbered many a fateful year !  
If to a poet's rapt imaginings  
Beauty be wed, with love of purpose high,  
Despite the cynic and his scornful flings  
Song shall not fail and die,  
But like the bird that up the azure springs  
Still thrill the heart, still fill the listening sky !

#### A ROMAN TWILIGHT

THE purple tints of twilight over Rome ;  
Against the sunset great Saint Peter's dome,  
And through the gateways peasants wending home.

Shadows that gather round the Aventine ;  
And just above the dim horizon line  
The star of Hesper, like a light divine.

A perfume faint as of forgotten sweets,  
As though there came, far-borne through lonely streets,  
The breath of violets from the grave of Keats !

## RECOLLECTIONS

By ARTHUR SEVERN

DEAR DR. WILLIAMSON,

You ask me to give you any recollections I may have of what my Father told me about Keats. Well, I am afraid I can tell you nothing new, nothing that isn't already known.

When I was in Rome the first time with my Father in '64 I was too young to know or imagine how important it was to listen very carefully to anything he told me about Keats. The chief thing I remember when I arrived in Rome was his telling me of his remarkable meeting with a Madame Llanos at an afternoon party, and his astonishment and emotion when he discovered she was a sister of the Poet. This meeting proved a very happy one, and they were often together. Madame Llanos was very kind to me and to my twin sister. We were always asked to her "At homes," given, I think, chiefly by her son-in-law, Leopold Brockman, a tall, handsome Spaniard with high forehead very like a Velasquez of Philip the Fourth without the protruding under lip. It was at these parties I first saw cigarette smoking, a Spanish custom, but a great surprise to a youth just fresh from England.

My Father often dwelt on the wonder of Keats being able to become so Greek in *feeling*. It was a mystery to him, as it has been to most of his admirers. Once at the British Museum he met the Poet with a fashionable lady looking at the Elgin marbles. They had only lately arrived, and opinion was divided as to their merits; some thought nothing of them, others thought them the greatest possible art, and so on. My Father saw the lady put up her eyeglass and looking at the marbles say, "I suppose, Mr. Keats, one may admire these things with safety now."

Then, of course, he told me now and then about the voyage out to Naples and the landing at Lulworth Cove in beautiful weather, and had time to enjoy the green grass and flowers—Keats revelling in the sunshine, running here and there, and behaving just like a boy wild with delight. Before leaving he sat down on a rock and wrote the sonnet which begins "Bright Star,



would I were steadfast as thou art." This was written on the fly-leaf of a volume of Shakespeare's poems, which he gave to my Father.

In a scrap-book containing a lot of my Father's sketches there was one of Keats lying in his berth reading. This was drawn on board the *Maria Crowther*, on their way to Naples. It was a very careful pencil drawing, the profile full of refinement and finish, so were the hands holding the book. When this scrap-book came into my possession the drawing was gone. I often wish I knew where it was. My Father was no sailor, or would have been more interested in the *Maria Crowther* than he was. She must have been a pretty good sea-boat to go through what she did in the Bay of Biscay. I believe she was built at Exeter. There are still two little sketches evidently done during the voyage—one a moonlight in open sea, the other the *Maria Crowther* with her sails blowing well out.

I was present at the meeting in Rome, April, 1909, when the Keats House was formally opened by the King of Italy, who was our chairman, and he came with some of his Generals, and there was a distinguished company, many people not being able to find room in the very small flat. The scheme of buying the house was chiefly due to the generosity and appreciation of the Americans, who subscribed more than we did. Amongst subscribers in England Miss Marie Corelli headed the list with a hundred guineas.

When sitting in that little room with the King and his Generals and the crowd of the Poet's admirers, many of them being unable even to get into the room, one's thoughts went back to the dying Poet in his small bedroom, looking down over the "Trinita del Monte Steps," next to the one where we were all assembled, and out of the window of which Keats emptied the dishes of the badly cooked dinner, one by one, on to the steps below.

When people were in lodgings it was a common practice for the dinner to be brought in a tin box from the nearest Trattoria. The dinners had got worse and worse, and my Father used to tell me how astonished the man was who generally brought the box, and how the dinners improved, and how surprised he was at the spirit and anger Keats suddenly showed, when he thought him almost too ill to care about anything of the kind.

Under the circumstances, two months must have been a long time for the two friends to be cooped up in such small rooms, no friends coming to see them, the difficulty of finding a nurse, and the fear the Italians had of anything to do with consumption. Dr. Clarke was wonderfully kind; I don't know what they would have done without him. He used to come and see us in London when he became Sir James.

Lord Houghton in his memoirs of Keats, most of which he got from my Father, speaking of the Poet, says: "If his classical learning had been





MOONLIGHT AT SEA, DONE ON BOARD THE "MARIA CROWTHER"  
BY JOSEPH SEVERN WHEN GOING TO ITALY WITH KEATS.



THE "MARIA CROWTHER" SAILING BRIG, BY JOSEPH SEVERN.

Two hitherto unpublished drawings in colour by Joseph Severn,  
lent by Mr. Arthur Severn to the Committee.



deeper, his seizure of the full spirit of Grecian beauty would have been less surprising ; if his English reading had been more extensive, his inexhaustible vocabulary of picturesque and mimetic words could more easily be accounted for ; but here is a surgeon's apprentice, with the ordinary culture of the middle classes, revelling in æsthetic proportions of antique life and thought, and reproducing these impressions in a phraseology as complete and unconventional as if he had mastered the whole history and the frequent variations of the English tongue, and elaborated a mode of utterance commensurate with his vast ideas."

My Father felt, as most people do, that perhaps it was just as well Keats was no scholar, and hardly knew any Greek. I was present in Rome when my Father's body was moved to the side of Keats from the more modern cemetery, where it had rested for some years—both burial grounds are side by side ; but the poet's grave had always been in the old cemetery. We had to get special permission from the Roman Government to go through this ceremony. There was a large company at the grave side, and Story, the distinguished American Sculptor, with Tom Trollope, brother of Anthony, delivered orations. Lord Houghton was to have been present, but was detained in Athens owing to illness.

It is rather curious that two members of the same family should have nursed two great men—my Father, Keats, and I, his youngest son, after an interval of many years, John Ruskin. Alfred Austin mentioned this some years ago, when I was the guest at the Authors' Club and he was Chairman.

I am sorry I can't tell you more.

Yours truly,  
ARTHUR SEVERN.

NOTE BY SHELLEY TO HIS *ADONAI*S CONCERNING  
JOSEPH SEVERN

He was accompanied to Rome and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed" every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his "dying friend."

Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career—may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against oblivion for his name !





THE SEVEN MINSTRELS

*Hans Baldung Grien, 1503. Oil on wood. 11 1/2 x 15 1/2 inches.*



## A NOTE ON THE SEVERN FAMILY

By THE EDITOR

THIS illustration represents Mr. and Mrs. James Severn and five of their children. It is given actual size, and is a miniature painting on ivory, the work of Joseph Severn. Before he left on the voyage for Naples with Keats, on board the *Maria Crowther*, September, 1820, he painted this miniature, that he might take with him the portraits of his father and mother, his three sisters, and his two brothers, and the miniature accompanied him to Rome, and was in the room where Keats died. It was frequently seen and handled by the poet, who admired it very greatly, and it is therefore one of the few links that remain connecting us with that eventful period.

It is now the property of Mrs. Rayner Storr, by whose kind permission it has been photographed for the first time. Hitherto Mrs. Storr has refused permission for it to be photographed, and it has never therefore been illustrated, nor exhibited.

James Severn was the son of Joseph Severn (1720-1788), organist of St. Mary's Undershaft, Leadenhall Street. James (1765-1833) his son married Elizabeth Littell (or Letellier), *ob.* 1848, in good City of London fashion, as she was the daughter of William Littell, to whom he had been bound apprentice. He had six children, the eldest was Joseph (1793-1879), who married Elizabeth Montgomerie, who died in 1814. The second was Charlotte, she married Mr. Giles, and in the group is seated next to her mother. The third, who comes next to Charlotte, was Sarah. The third sister was Maria, who never married. The brother, who is represented playing on the harpsichord, was Thomas Henry, the well-known composer (1801-1881). He married a Miss Cawthorn, and his daughter is Mrs. Rayner Storr, the present owner of the miniature. The sixth child, the boy who is gazing full face, was Charles, the musician (1805-1894). Joseph Severn himself does not, of course, appear in the miniature.

Of the second generation, it may be interesting to state that Joseph Severn had six children. The eldest was Walter (1830-1904), who married Mary Dalrymple Fergusson, daughter of Sir D. Charles Fergusson, Bart., and had five sons, two of whom were Mr. Nigel and Mr. Cecil Severn, he

also had one daughter, Helen Christian, now wife of the Bishop of Newcastle. The second child was Claudia Fitzroy, who died in 1874, and who married Frederick Gale. The third was Anne Mary (1832-1866). She married in 1861 Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Newton. A fourth child was Eleanor, twin to Arthur, who married the Rev. Henry Furneaux, and her daughter, Margaret Eleanor, is the wife of Lord Birkenhead, the Lord High Chancellor. The fifth child was Arthur Severn, who was born in 1843, and who married Joan Ruskin Agnew, a cousin of John Ruskin, and together they inherited Brantwood, Ruskin's home on Coniston Lake. Mr. Severn has written his reminiscences of his father in this volume. The next child was Henry Augustus, who died in 1884, and who married Frances Allan, who afterwards became Lady Stansfeld, and is still living. Her daughter Florence is Lady Campbell Williams.



## KEATS

By BERNARD SHAW

**I**T is very difficult to say anything about Keats except that he was a poet. His merits are a matter of taste. Any one who can read his best lines without being enchanted by them is verse-deaf. But whether the enchantment works or fails there is nothing more to be said. Other poets have other strings to their bows. Macaulay could have written a very interesting essay on Shelley without liking or even mentioning a line of his verse. He did write a very interesting essay on Byron, which would have been equally readable had Byron been an amateur like Count D'Orsay. Societies have been established to discuss Browning; and they would not have held a meeting the less if Browning had been a revivalist preacher who had never penned a rhyme in his life. But out of Keats Macaulay could not have made two pages; and a Keats Society would be gravelled for lack of matter half-way through its first sitting unless it resolved itself into a Fanny Brawne Society, when it might conceivably make good for a few evenings of gossip. Being at this moment asked to write about Keats, a thing I should never have dreamt of doing on my own initiative, I find myself with nothing to say except that you cannot write about Keats.

Another way of putting this is to say that he was the most literary of all the major poets: literary to the verge of being but the greatest of the minor poets; only, if you go over that verge you achieve a *reductio ad absurdum*; for the strength of a poet is the strength of his strongest lines; and Keats's strongest lines are so lovely, and there are so many of them, that to think of him as a minor poet is impossible. Even his worst lines: for example,

A bunch of blooming plums  
Ready to melt between an infant's gums,

have nothing minor about them: they are not poor would-be lines: they are brazenly infamous, like Shakespear's

In a most hideous and dreadful manner,

which I once accused Ellen Terry of having improvised to cover a lapse of memory, so incredible it seemed that Shakespear should have perpetrated it.

What I mean by a literary poet is one who writes poetry for the sake of writing poetry ; who lisps in numbers because he prefers that method of utterance ; who wants to be a poet as if that were an end in itself. Such a one will force the forms and graces of poetry on the most prosaic subject matter, and turn a page of prose into a thousand lines of epic. Poe, a master of both prose and verse, complained that epics are not really homogeneous poems, but patches of poetry embroidered on long stretches of prosaic fabric disguised as poetry by the arts of versification. Even Milton did this, though no man knew better than he that prose has a music of its own, and that many pensters write verses because their ears are not good enough to enable them to write readable prose, and because, though nobody will give them any credit for calling a window a window, lots of people will take them for poets if they call it a casement.

Now Keats was the sort of youth who calls a window a casement. That was why the reviewers told him to go back to his gallipots. Critics who are only waiting for a chance to make themselves disagreeable trip themselves by jumping at the chance, when it comes, without looking before they leap. If an apothecary's apprentice happens to be born a poet, one of the first symptoms of his destiny will be a tendency to call windows casements (on paper). The fact that if he is born a poetaster the symptoms will be just the same, may mislead a bad critic, but not a good one, unless the good one (as often happens) is such a snob that when he has to review the poems of a shopman the critic in him is killed by the snob. If Keats had ever described a process so remote from Parnassus as the taking down and putting up of the shop shutters, he would have described them in terms of a radiant sunrise and a voluptuous sunset, with the red and green bottles as heavenly bodies and the medicines as Arabian Balsams. What a good critic would have said to him was not "Go back to your gallipots," but "If you can call a window a casement with such magical effect, for heaven's sake leave your gallipots and do nothing but write poetry all your life."

The other sort of poet is the one for whom poetry is only a means to an end, the end being to deliver a message which clamours to be revealed through him. So he secures a hearing for it by clothing it with word-garments of such beauty, authority, and eternal memorableness, that the world must needs listen to it. These are prophets rather than poets ; and for the sake of being poets alone would not take the trouble to rhyme love and dove or bliss and kiss.

It often happens that a prophet-poet begins as a literary poet, the prophet instinctively training himself by literary exercises for his future work. Thus you have Morris exercising himself in his youth by re-writing all the old stories in very lovely verses, but conscientiously stating at the beginning that he is only "the idle singer of an empty day." Later on he finds his

destiny as propagandist and prophet, the busy singer of a bursting day. Now if Morris had lived no longer than Keats, he would have been an even more exclusively literary poet, because Keats achieved the very curious feat of writing one poem of which it may be said that if Karl Marx can be imagined as writing a poem instead of a treatise on Capital, he would have written *Isabella*. The immense indictment of the profiteers and exploiters with which Marx has shaken capitalistic civilization to its foundations, even to its overthrow in Russia, is epitomized in

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt  
 Enrichéd from ancestral merchandize ;  
 And for them many a weary hand did swelt  
 In torchéd mines and noisy factories ;  
 And many once proud-quivered loins did melt  
 In blood from stinging whip : with hollow eyes  
 Many all day in dashing river stood  
 To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,  
 And went all naked to the hungry shark :  
 For them his ears gushed blood : for them in death  
 The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark  
 Lay full of darts : for them alone did seethe  
 A thousand men in troubles wide and dark.  
 Half ignorant, they turned an easy wheel  
 That set sharp racks at work to pinch and peel.

Why were they proud ? Because their marble founts  
 Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears.  
 Why were they proud ? Because fair orange-mounts  
 Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs ?  
 Why were they proud ? Because red-lin'd accounts  
 Were richer than the songs of Grecian years.  
 Why were they proud ? Again we ask aloud,  
 Why in the name of Glory were they proud ?

Everything that the Bolshevik means and feels when he uses the fatal epithet "bourgeois" is expressed forcibly, completely, and beautifully in those three stanzas, written half a century before the huge tide of middle-class commercial optimism and complacency began to ebb in the wake of the planet Marx. Nothing could well be more literary than the wording : it is positively euphuistic. But it contains all the Factory Commission Reports that Marx read, and that Keats did not read because they were not yet written in his time. And so Keats is among the prophets with Shelley, and, had he lived, would no doubt have come down from *Hyperions* and *Endymions* to tin



tacks as a very fullblooded modern revolutionist. Karl Marx is more euphuistic in calling the profiteers *bourgeoisie* than Keats with his "these same ledger-men." Ledger-man is at least better English than bourgeois : there would be some hope for it yet if it had not been supplanted by profiteer.

Keats also anticipated Erewhon Butler's gospel of *Laodicea* in the lines beginning (Shakespearianly) with

How fever'd is the man who cannot look  
Upon his mortal days with temperate blood !

triumphantly driving home the nail at the end with (Wordsworthily)

Why then should Man, teasing the world for grace,  
Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed ?

On the whole, in spite of the two idle epics, voluptuously literary, and the holiday globe-trotting "from silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon," Keats manages to affirm himself as a man as well as a poet, and to win a place among the great poets in virtue of a future he never lived to see, and of poems he never lived to write. And he contributed a needed element to that august Communion of Saints : the element of geniality, rarely associated with lyrical genius of the first order. Dante is not notably genial. Milton can do a stunt of geniality, as in *L'Allegro* ; but one does not see him exuberantly fighting the butcher, as Keats is said to have done. Wordsworth, cheerful at times as a pious duty, is not genial. Cowper's *John Gilpin* is a turnpike tragedy. Even the thought of Shelley kills geniality. Chesterton's resolute conviviality is about as genial as an *auto da fe* of teetotallers. Byron's joy is derision. When Moore is merry he ceases to be a poet so utterly that we are tempted to ask when did he begin. Landor and Browning are capable of Olympian joviality : their notion of geniality is shying thunderbolts. Mr. Pecksniff saying, "Let us be merry" and taking a captain's biscuit, is as successful as most of them. If Swinburne had attempted to be genial he would have become a mere blackguard ; and Tennyson would have been like a jeweller trying to make golliwogs. Keats alone remains for us not only a poet, but a merry soul, a jolly fellow, who could not only carry his splendid burthen of genius, but swing it round, toss it up and catch it again, and whistle a tune as he strode along.

But there is no end to talking about poets ; and it often prevents people reading them ; so enough.



## THE LOVABLENESS OF JOHN KEATS

By CLEMENT SHORTER

ONE cannot but be struck by the small measure of praise which is secured by a young poet of the first order while his work is appearing contrasted with the extraordinary enthusiasm which it evokes in a later generation. The experience of Keats was identical with that of well-nigh every good poet of each succeeding age. Of Keats's three volumes few copies were sold in his lifetime, and for long years after his death there was but little recognition of his genius. "Flippant contempt," indeed, Sidney Colvin implies, was his portion up to about 1848. John Hamilton Reynolds and Leigh Hunt alone had real faith in his poetic power among critical contemporaries. To-day he is the subject of universal admiration, and it is scarcely conceivable that any critic could draw up a list of the twelve greatest English poets without including in it the name of John Keats. We celebrate the centenary of his death without any danger of a single discordant note.

But perhaps not enough homage has been paid to Keats the man—I had almost said "the boy"—for he died, as we all know, at the age of twenty-five. I confess I am obsessed with his youth when I think of all that he accomplished. So many of us are apt to forget that we were once young, and to realize how very young we were at twenty-five, how irresponsible, how weak, and, it may be, how morbid. I am impressed by the arrogance of the greybeards who sit in judgment on the boy Keats and emphasize his morbidity. His letters to Fanny Brawne excite in Matthew Arnold contempt as the outpourings of a surgeon's apprentice. To me they are the love-letters of any man to any woman—any man, that is, with red blood in his veins. I am enchanted with Keats's poetry, but I am enchanted also with Keats's personality. Where else do you find in literature so much balance and good sense, so much lovableness at so early an age? He was, according to his friend Reynolds, "the sincerest friend, the most lovable associate, the deepest listener to the griefs and disappointments of all around him 'that ever lived in the tide of times.'" "It was a pleasure to his friends to have him in their houses," wrote Leigh Hunt, and indeed there was none

of the aloofness or the mannerism we find in so many poets. "Scenery is fine, but human nature is finer," writes Keats in one of his incomparable letters. The fallacy that he was greatly perturbed by criticism has long been exploded. The criticism was less courteously worded than would be the case to-day, but he saw in it only an incentive to improvement—it certainly had nothing to do with his early death. He writes of "the resources in his own breast." Perhaps no Englishman of so little classic accomplishment has ever before or since felt the Grecian mythology in so understanding a manner. And when he came to travel on that last sad journey to Italy he found modest joy in the fact that it would enable him "to rub off prejudice." I find in some of his letters a sanity, a maturity which place them side by side with the work of older men, the greatest writers of letters in the English language in the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries—William Cowper and Edward FitzGerald. And where else in epistolary art is there so fine a phrase and yet so modest withal—"I have lov'd the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remember'd." Yes, with the abundant homage we give to Keats the poet we may offer a heartfelt tribute to Keats the man.

## APOLLO'S WAKENING

By WALTER SICHEL

THE gods and goddesses when Hellas fell  
Fled shivering to our northern woods and streams.  
Haunting and hunted, mute, invisible,  
Unknown, unglorified they shed their gleams.  
Only Apollo, sundered by a star,  
Hied after them but ever searched in vain.  
Till suddenly, in English guise, afar  
He called them. Up they started to the strain,  
Conscious and radiant. Rapt he stood and fair,  
Immortal still, with hyacinthine hair  
As when his Castaly forgot to flow  
For very joyaunce. Echo's quick repeats  
Thrilled all the woodland. Men in lanes and streets  
Drank youth divine—and called the singer Keats.

## A NOTE ON JOHN KEATS

By ARTHUR SYMONS

JOHN KEATS, at a time when the phrase had not yet been invented, practised the theory of art for art's sake. The theory is almost infallible ; it is certain that a poem must be written for the poem's sake simply ; and that together with this there must be the rhythmical creation of beauty. Essential poetry is an essence too strong for the general sense ; diluted, it can be endured ; and for the most part the poets dilute it. Keats could conceive of it only in the absolute. "To load every rift with ore" ; that to him was the essential thing ; and it meant to pack the verse with poetry, with the stuff of the imagination, so that every line should be heavy with it. When I use the word "heavy" it contains many meanings. Keats was essentially luxurious ; for, as he said at the last, with a last touch of luxuriousness in his apprehension of death : "I feel the flowers growing over me." There is something morbid in that sensual ecstasy—like something seized on with violence ; as when his sense of beauty would quicken his pulses.

I am certain Baudelaire read and admired the poems of Keats ; for there are certain characteristics in the versification and in the use of images in both poets. Keats had something feminine and twisted in his mind, made up out of unhealthy nerves—which are not to be found to the same extent in Baudelaire—which it is not the fashion to call decadent ; Keats being much more than a decadent, but certainly decadent in such a line as,

One faint eternal eventide of gems,<sup>1</sup>

which might have been written, in jewelled French, by Mallarmé. Keats luxuriates, almost like Baudelaire, in the details of physical discomfort, in all their grotesque horror, as when, in sleeplessness,

We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,  
And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil.

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<sup>1</sup> *Endymion*, II. 225.



He is neo-Latin, again like Baudelaire, in his insistence on the physical symptoms of his lovers, the bodily translations of emotion. In *Venus*, leaning over *Adonis*, he notes :

When her lips and eyes  
Were closed in sullen moisture, and quick sighs  
Came vexed and pouting through her nostrils small.

All this swooning of his lovers would at all events be very much at home in modern French poetry, where love is again, as it was to Catullus, a sickness, a poisoning. I find the same subtlety of expression in the Elizabethan Age, in John Donne, in William Morris, and in Rossetti.

Fine work is always immediately convincing ; the mere turn of a phrase is enough. To give three instances, when Bridges speaks of a woman's eyes,

That look on nothing long  
And have forgot surprise ;

and when Yeats writes :

Crouch down, old heron, out of the blind storm !

and when Keats, to whom " the lust in the eyes " was inseparable from sight, writes :

The same that ofttimes hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,

we say immediately : " This is poetry ; it has the accent of poetry, the vibration which thrills straight to our nerves of delight. Has this been said before ? " In such lines, slight and brief as they may be, we have the single imaginative act flawless. That there is an eternal, but certainly invisible beauty, it is the joy of the artist to believe ; and that in no two ages of the world has the eternal beauty manifested itself under the same form.

Matthew Arnold mentions the fact that Wordsworth said to him, " Goethe's poetry was not inevitable enough." Nothing truer was ever said, it is never inevitable ; whereas Wordsworth's verse, at its best, is inevitable. When I say best, the phrase must be limited ; his poetic life lacked energy ; and when one has said that he wrote instinctively, without which there could be no poetry, one must add that he wrote mechanically, and that he wrote always. He never rightly apprehended what is essential in the difference between prose and poetry : he admitted what Gautier called " the heresy of instruction " : which to Baudelaire, as to all great poets, is a thing one must always abhor.

Can it be said that Keats was, on the whole, inevitable ? Certainly, at his

greatest ; for he is one of our greatest, one of our most passionate poets ; failing signally, however, in his lack of inspiration in regard to lyrics ; but one who can call up atmosphere by the mere verse or remnant of a verse which seems to make a casual statement : one who never felt without passion ; one whose *Lamia* is in its way as consummate as the magical *Eve of Saint Mark* and the unsurpassable ballad of *La Belle Dame sans merci*, which seems to contain the germ of both Morris and Rossetti. Only, so much of his verse is terribly unequal ; immature and feverish. And in spite of the fact that perhaps no poet has ever packed so much poetic detail into so small a space—with perhaps the exception of Rossetti—metrically, he is often slipshod ; with all his genius for words, he often uses them incorrectly ; and he can write such nerveless lines as :

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards ;

and, in one of the greatest Odes ever written, for sheer lyrical genius, he can halt on the way so painfully as to commit this grievous error in metrical metre :

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st.

And yet, in spite of these faults and failures, Keats is, as I have written, unlike Wordsworth and Shelley, when they are not at their best, never prosaic and never out of key ; for, as Shelley may have worshipped some star of unachieved desire, so Keats may have—with his Pagan instincts—worshipped in some obscure, some occult, chapel of the Moon.

## TWO POEMS BY EDITH M. THOMAS

### ON SEVERN'S LAST SKETCH OF KEATS

ANGEL of Sleep or Death ! whom hast thou here,  
With meek head drooped, all haggard and outworn ?  
So looked Leander, to the startled morn,  
Left by the tide on sands and rushes sere ;  
And so looked Hyacinth, to Phœbus dear,  
As on the sward he lay by envy shorn ;  
So looked Rome's martyr youth to burial borne  
Within some delved cavern, chill and drear.  
O fair death-sleeper, gazing on thee now,  
Forgetting all thy years profound of rest  
In peaceful barrow by the daisy drest,  
We keep a vigil—by thy pillow bow,  
And listen, smiling through our tears, when thou  
Murm'rest of flowers that spring above thy breast.

### THE HOUSE BESIDE THE SPANISH STEPS

THE house beside the Spanish Steps that spread  
Like torrent changed to marble in its fall,  
Once held the sweetest soul of poets all !  
Hither your Roman pilgrimage be led :  
Think, O ye lovers of the deathless dead,  
The while ye read his tablet in the wall,  
How, when beyond Love's ransom and recall,  
He sheltered here a drooped and alien head.  
From yonder window glanced his world-farewell,  
Perchance while the nun's vesper from the height  
Winged holily his latest evening's flight,  
In yonder chamber breathed his passing sigh,  
While the one watcher, as the Shadow fell,  
Smoothed the wide brow, and closed the dreamless eye.

## THE NIGHTINGALE

By KATHARINE TYNAN

O NIGHTINGALE that sang the Nightingale,  
Thy song is for all time and all the years,  
Flung in the moonlight over many a vale  
That all the listening world stands still and hears.

He's for some few weeks of the passionate time,  
But thou his Singer, thou art never still,  
Thou Nightingale that ever art at prime,  
Singing the year long by some heavenly hill.



## A PARALLEL

By HORACE VACHELL

I AM unaware whether or not any parallel has been drawn between Keats and Chopin, but to me they have much in common. Lord Jeffrey testified to the "intoxicating sweetness" of Keats. Sir Charles Hallé said of Chopin that "he carried you into a dreamland in which you would have liked to dwell for ever." Each possessed the incomparable gift of creating atmosphere, of raising a mirage; each, in his way, beguiles and enchants by mere "phrasing." This gift has been bestowed upon a few prose writers, Pierre Loti, for example. There is a line of de Musset's which illustrates exactly what I mean. The poet is describing a quiet stretch of sand :

Où la mer vient mourir sur une plage endormie.

Keats is a prodigal of such lines. Whether he deals with storm or calm, with the crashing chord or the tender cantabile, he transports his reader into his own "diviner air." He can whirl us to majestic heights or lead us gently into flowering lanes, *les chemins creux* of fancy. We may follow him, occasionally, against our considered judgment. But always the spell is overpowering. That, possibly, is the maker's mark of genius never to be obliterated by use or abuse. In Chopin's B flat minor *Sonata*, which contains the Funeral March, we have an autobiography ending with untimely death. And in the finest work of Keats we find the same conflict and struggle, the same delicious interludes, the same inevitable end. I am not a critic. Very few writers of fiction possess that faculty, and on that account are the more easily swept away upon the wings of imagination. Keats has the haunting effect on me that Chopin exercises: something that defies analysis and something independent of rhythm although not of colour. Turner is another just such a wizard. One day the Theory of Vibrations may read us this riddle. Sound and form and colour are intimately co-related and inter-dependent.

When I was a boy at Harrow Keats was beginning to come into his kingdom. In an old dictionary of quotations the parsimonious editor allows

him but three lines from *Endymion*. In the same mid-Victorian parterre Shelley blooms with two lines ! Campbell, however, has four pages ! In California, I remember, during the early "eighties," flappers helped to "receive" at Browning teas—and dismal entertainments they were !—but Keats was never acclaimed by the pig-tailed highbrows.

I do not presume to write more of this "Immortal."

## KEATS AND HAYDON

By HUGH WALPOLE

OF all Keats's friends the most tragic, the most dramatic, and the most touching was Benjamin Robert Haydon.

One of the most dangerous gifts that the gods have to bestow is the consciousness of the possession of genius without the power to prove that possession. Such figures may appear to us who stand outside their desperate struggles as the comic fool of the drama, the pathetic half-wit of the symbolic poem, the household butt of the modern farce—Malvolio is one, Hamlet is almost another, Don Quixote is the noblest example of them all. . . . Haydon's *Autobiography*, that most wonderful book, is the naivest and most honest self-revelation in existence of that truly pathetic, noble condition.

The condition is noble when the struggle is persistent ; no man of whom we have record struggled more persistently from his first conscious moment to his last tragic gesture of despair than did Haydon.

His story is sufficiently well-known although his Book is so amazingly unknown. Born at Plymouth on January 26, 1780, of good family, his parents were as ill-suited to understand the artistic nature and temperament as parents could well be. That was his first tragedy. He was, in those early years, alternately petted and scolded, allowed to have his own way, and then punished for taking it. Half at least of his later troubles came from the fact that he had never been taught self-control, and did not discover the necessity of it until he was too old to learn it.

After much struggling and many domestic quarrels he had his own way, and in May, 1804, when he was eighteen years of age, found himself in the Strand with little money, no friends, and limitless ambition. The first years did not treat him badly. He attained some prominence among the students of the Academy, and made the best friend of his life, David Wilkie. In October, 1806, he began his first picture, "Joseph and Mary resting on the Road to Egypt," and both the choice of subject and the size of the canvas, six feet by four, were thoroughly characteristic. He found a patron in Lord Mulgrave, and all would have been well had two things more been granted to him, the mastery of his art and the mastery of himself.



From the very start the characteristics that made him so remarkable a human being, and that prevented him at the same time from becoming a great painter were strikingly displayed—his energy, enthusiasm, impetuosity, his complete confidence in himself and his supreme assurance that all the world would see him as he saw himself, his deep, almost frantic, religious sense, his generosity and carelessness about money, his irascibility and bad judgment, his love of all the domestic virtues, his sentimentality and warmth of emotion, above all his complete lack of all sense of humour, his faulty sense of proportion and his overmastering egotism.

It was not until the year 1816 that he first met Keats, when he himself was thirty years of age and the poet twenty-one.

The introduction was made by Charles Cowden Clarke, Keats's friend. It was one of Keats's finest and greatest qualities that he was nobly and unselfishly enthusiastic about the work of all who seemed to him to be striving toward that great achievement of Truth and Beauty that was his own unfaltering goal. Haydon seemed to him, as indeed he seemed to many another at that time, to be one of the great artists of the age. In a fire of enthusiasm Keats writes to Clarke : " Very glad am I at the thoughts of seeing so soon this glorious Haydon and all his creation. I pray thee let me know when you go to Ollier's, and where he resides—this I forgot to ask you. . . ."

The meeting took place. Immediately afterwards Keats sent Haydon the famous sonnet beginning " Great Spirits now on earth are sojourning " ; acclaiming Wordsworth, Hunt, and Haydon as these. He wrote : " Your letter has filled me with a proud pleasure, and shall be kept by me as a stimulus to exertion. I begin to fix my eye upon one horizon. My feelings entirely fall in with yours in regard to the Ellipsis and I glory in it."

This was a wonderful meeting for both. Enthusiasm of Keats's kind, unhesitating, honest and brave, was meat and drink to Haydon's soul. He himself, after the first glorious consciousness of the new friendship, wrote of Keats to Wordsworth : " He is quite a youth, full of eagerness and enthusiasm, and what greatly commends him to me, he has a very fine head ! He is now writing a longer sort of poem, of *Diana and Endymion*, to publish with his smaller productions, and he will send you a copy as soon as it is out. . . . I have been getting on furiously and successfully with my picture. Hourly and daily, in the morning and in the evening, does my hope to shine in my glorious Art get more vivid and intense. If my life and eyes are only spared till I can inoculate a sufficient number of daring youths with true principles, I shall have no fear for the Art of my glorious country. We must be great in painting, and we *will* be great, in spite of all the obstructions on earth."

How strikingly this letter displays the perils and dangers that were



already crowding in upon Haydon's self-confidence ! " If I can inoculate a sufficient number of youths with true principles, I shall have no fear for the Art of my glorious country." Not a moment's hesitation as to what the true principles of Art may be, absolute confidence that already Haydon and his " glorious country " were synonymous terms !

That first meeting must have been a glorious affair, the talk, the fire, the enthusiasm, the splendid " find "—and there is no " find " in life more splendid—that a new friend, whose art you can yourself admire, has come with his encouragement to help you to believe in the honesty and right purpose of your own work. Not that Haydon, alas, needed encouragement. It may be that Keats was the worst friend in all the world for him to have found ! Keats, as he confesses to his brother in an early letter, has something of the " Mother Radcliffe " in him, a love of romance and sentiment and passion a little too naïvely displayed ; it was the bad in Haydon's art as well as the good that attracted him.

Meanwhile the friendship flamed. To do Haydon justice, he was from the first to the last conscious of Keats's true greatness—" Keats," he says, " was the only man I ever met who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling, except Wordsworth. Byron and Shelley were always sophisticating about their verses, Keats sophisticated about nothing ! "

Nevertheless, as Keats soon began to find, Haydon was as difficult a friend as nature anywhere provided. Trouble began at once in Keats's own circle. Haydon's first meeting with Shelley was anything but fortunate : " I seated myself," he writes, " right opposite Shelley, as I was told afterwards, yet I did not know what hectic, spare, weakly yet intellectual-looking creature it was, carving a bit of broccoli as if it had been the substantial wing of a chicken. In a few minutes Shelley opened the conversation by saying in the most feminine and gentle voice, " As for that detestable religion, the Christian—— " I looked astounded, but casting a glance round the table I easily saw that I was to be set at that evening *vi et armis*. . . . I felt like a stag at bay, and resolved to gore without mercy. Shelley said the Mosaic and Christian dispensations were inconsistent. I swore that they were not, and that the Ten Commandments had been the foundation of all the codes of law on earth. Shelley denied it. I affirmed they were, neither of us using an atom of logic." Soon every one became unpleasantly heated, personalities were exchanged, and Haydon determined to withdraw from so freethinking a circle.

" I resolved to gore without mercy ! " How many times in his agitated enthusiastic life was Haydon to " gore without mercy," and how many important and useful friends he was to lose in the process. We can see the little man. His son describes him : " He was a very active man ; motion

was his repose. He lived in a hurricane, and fattened on anxiety and care. He carried himself uprightly, and stamped his little feet on the ground as if he revelled in the consciousness of his own existence." And there is this rather malicious portrait of him in *Lavengro*. Lavengro and his brother go together to visit a certain heroic painter whom they wish to commission to paint the portrait of a very commonplace Mayor. Lavengro describes his heroic painter as a man with an agreeable intelligent countenance, sharp grey eyes, and hair cut *a la* Raphael. "He was broad-chested, and would have passed a very fine figure if his legs had not been too short."

Long afterwards Borrow saw the portrait of his Mayor and thus describes it: "A mighty, portly man, with a bull's head, black hair, a body like a drayhorse, and legs and thighs corresponding. To his bull's head, black hair, and body, the painter had done justice; there was one point, however, in which his portrait did not correspond with the original—the legs were disproportionately short, the painter having substituted his own legs for those of the Mayor."

For the first year or so of their friendship, however, Haydon absolutely dominated Keats. He was the older man, and that very absolute assurance that Haydon had, and that Keats, as the finer artist with a truer perception of the unattainable kingdoms of Beauty, lacked, was a mighty attraction to the poet.

When they had been friends for some six months or so, Keats wrote: ". . . I pray God that our 'brazen tombs' be nigh neighbours. It cannot be long first. . . . I must think that difficulties move the spirit of a Man—they make our Prime Objects a Refuge as well as a Passion. The Trumpet of Fame is as a Tower of Strength, the ambitious bloweth it and is safe. I suppose by your telling me not to give way to forebodings, George has mentioned to you what I have lately said in my letters to him—truth is, I have been in such a state of mind as to read over my lines and hate them. . . . I remember your saying that you had notions of a good genius presiding over you. I have of late had the same thought, for things which I do half at Random are afterwards confirmed by my judgment in a dozen features of Propriety. . . . I am glad you say every man of great views is at times tormented as I am." This was in answer to Haydon's most characteristic letter. ". . . Do not give way to any forebodings. They are nothing more than the over-eager anxieties of a great spirit stretched beyond its strength, and then relapsing for a time to languid inefficiency. Every man of great views is, at times, thus tormented, but begin again where you left off without hesitation or fear. Trust in God with all your might, my dear Keats. This dependence with your own energy will give you strength and hope and comfort. I am always in trouble, wants, and distresses: here I



found a refuge. From my soul I declare to you I never applied for help, or for consolation, or for strength, but I found it.

"I always rose up from my knees with a refreshed fury, an iron-clenched firmness, a chrystal piety of feeling that sent me streaming on with a repulsive power against the troubles of life. Never despair while there is this path open to you. By habitual exercise you will have habitual intercourse and constant companionship ; and at every want turn to the great star of your hopes with a delightful confidence that will never be disappointed. I love you like my own brother. . . . God bless you, my dear Keats ! do not despair ; collect incident, study character, read Shakespeare, and trust in Providence, and you will do, you must."

There is no doubt that this encouragement of Haydon's was the very greatest help to Keats just at this time. It is interesting indeed to speculate as to what would have come of this friendship had fortune been kind. Haydon with plenty of money, and "Dentatus" well-hung by the Academicians, Keats with no sore throat and *Endymion* universally proclaimed as a work of genius, the friendship might have endured for ever ! But Haydon, with duns pressing in upon him from every side, and a terrific quarrel with the Royal Academy occupying his thoughts, and his tongue was not the companion for Keats, highly strung, sickening of the malady that was untimely to slay him, and himself scarcely knowing where to turn for next week's living expenses.

The little man knew moderation in nothing, and the hanging of his picture "Dentatus" in the octagon room of the Academy was to him an overwhelming never-to-be-forgiven insult. This had occurred long before his meeting with Keats, and to it, as the years had passed, he had added his noble fight with Payne Knight in defence of the Elgin marbles, quarrels with his patrons, Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, and minor disputes with almost every person of importance in London. Haydon was a volcano ; we cannot doubt but that Keats received the full and continuous discharge of the poor man's discontents, prejudices, and despair. It needed far robust health than Keats knew to endure it. It is true that at the beginning of 1818 Keats wrote to Haydon with what was obviously perfect sincerity : "Your friendship for me is now getting into its teens—and I feel the past. Also every day older I get—the greater is my idea of your achievements in Art ; and I am convinced there are three things to rejoice at in this Age—the Excursion, your Pictures, and Hazlitt's depths of Taste."

To which Haydon eagerly replied : "My dear Keats, I feel greatly delighted by your high opinion, allow me to add sincerely a fourth, to be proud of—*John Keats's genius* ! This I speak from my heart. You and Bewick are the only men I ever liked with all my heart, for Wordsworth, being

older, there is no equality, though I reverence him and love him devotedly. And now you know my peculiar feelings in wishing to have a notice when you cannot keep an engagement with me ; there can never be as long as we live any ground of dispute between us.

"My friendship for you is beyond its teens, and beginning to ripen to its maturity. I always saw through your nature at once, and you shall always find me a devoted and affectionate brother."

Even in this enthusiastic letter we can find signs of Haydon's touchy imperiousness ; but in a letter that Keats wrote to his brothers in the same month the difficulties of having Haydon for a friend are quite fully displayed. ". . . There has been a quarrel of a severe nature between Haydon and Reynolds, and another ( ' The Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick ' ) between Hunt and Haydon. The first grew from the Sunday on which Haydon invited some friends to meet Wordsworth. Reynolds never went and never sent any Notice about it. This offended Haydon more than it ought to have done. He wrote a very sharp and high note to Reynolds, and then another in palliation—but which Reynolds feels as an aggravation of the first. Considering all things, Haydon's frequent neglect of his appointments, etc. : his notes were bad enough to put Reynolds on the right side of the question—but then Reynolds has no power of sufferance ; no idea of having the thing against him ; so he answered Haydon in one of the most cutting letters I have ever read . . . the fact is they are both in the right and both in the wrong.

"The quarrel with Hunt I understand thus far : Mrs. H. was in the habit of borrowing silver of Haydon—the last time she did so Haydon asked her to return it at a certain time—she did not—Haydon sent for it—Hunt went to expostulate on the indelicacy, etc. They got to words and parted for ever. All I hope is at some time to bring them all together again. . . ."

Keats's nobility, his superiority to petty grievances, his clear-sightedness, humour, and tolerance all come out magnificently in this letter. It is plain enough, too, that he was beginning to realize how tiresome and autocratic and sensitive Haydon only too frequently was !

While Haydon, on his side, head over ears in love with a beautiful lady, besieged by angry tradesmen, insisting on his genius, slaving away at his pictures, and fighting every other artist in England, had little time to consider whether he were being tiresome or not !

In March of the same year, however, comes Keats's delightful letter to Haydon from Teignmouth, with the delicious rhymes beginning:

For there's Bishop Teign  
And King's Teign,

and there is a friendly letter from Haydon in return.



After this there is a long silence ; whether there was correspondence or not during the rest of that year we do not know. At the beginning of 1819, however, the last stage of the friendship commences. Haydon killed this friendship as he killed all the others that he so enthusiastically embraced.

His attitude to all money affairs seems to have been one that we have seen paralleled on at least one occasion in our own generation, namely, that he was a genius in his own right, a genius that could not be equalled in his own time, and that it was the positive duty of all lesser men and women to see that he was kept alive. He was not intentionally dishonest ; he was simply puzzled and bewildered that his friends did not see the position as he did. They had money, or at any rate more than he had. They were patriots and loved their country, therefore they must see to it that their country's glory survived !

In January, 1919, there is this letter from Keats :

" MY DEAR HAYDON,

" I have been out this morning, and did not therefore see your note till this minute, or I would have gone to town directly. It is now too late to-day. I will be in town early to-morrow, and trust I shall be able to lend you assistance noon or night. . . ."

And Haydon replies : " My dear Keats, I now frankly tell you I will accept your friendly offer ; I hope you will pardon my telling you so, but I am disappointed where I expected not to be, and my only hope for the concluding difficulties of my picture lies in *you*. I leave this in case you are not at home. Do let me hear from you how you are, and when I shall get my bond ready for you, for that is the best way for me to do, at my years——"

Poor as Keats just then was he managed to raise thirty pounds, and lent it Haydon. We can see how difficult it was for him from his letter to John Taylor a week or two before : " Can you lend me £30 for a short time ? Ten I want for myself—and twenty for a friend—which will be repaid by me by the middle of next month." And he writes to Haydon himself : " I shall have a little trouble in procuring the Money, and a great ordeal to go through—no trouble to any one else—or ordeal either. I mean I shall have to go to Town some thrice, and stand in the Bank an hour or two—to me worse than anything in Dante—I should have less chance with the people around me than Orpheus had with the Stones——" Haydon urges : " Before the 20th if you could help me it would be nectar and manna and all the blessings of gratified thirst."

For a while all is well. Keats writes in March with all the old friendliness : " With respect to my livelihood I will not write for it—for I will not

run with that most vulgar of all crowds, the literary. Such things I ratify by looking upon myself, and trying myself at lifting mental weights as it were. I am three-and-twenty, with little knowledge and middling intellect. It is true that in the height of enthusiasm I have been cheated into some fine passages ; but that is not the thing ! ”

Then in April comes this letter from Haydon : “ My dear Keats, Why did you hold such delusive hopes every letter on such slight foundations ? You have led me on step by step, day by day ; never telling me the exact circumstances ; you paralysed my exertions in other quarters—and now when I find it is out of your power to do what your heart led you to offer—I am plunged into all my old difficulties with scarcely any time to prepare for them. Indeed, I cannot help telling you this, because if you could not have commanded it you should have told me so at once. I declare to you I scarcely know which way to turn—— ”

And this, although Keats had already lent him thirty pounds, and he knew perfectly Keats’s difficult circumstances !

In reply Keats sent one of the finest, most modest and most generous-hearted letters ever written by man :—

“ MY DEAR HAYDON,

“ When I offered you assistance I thought I had it in my hand ; I thought I had nothing to do but to do. The difficulties I met with arose from the alertness and suspicion of Abbey ; and especially from the affairs being still in a Lawyer’s hand—who has been draining our Property for the last six years of every charge he could make. I cannot do two things at once, and thus this affair has stopped my pursuits in every way—from the first prospect I had of difficulty. I assure you I have harassed myself ten times more than if I alone had been concerned in so much gain or loss. I have also ever told you the exact particulars as well as and as literally as any hopes or fear could translate them : for it was only by parcels that I found all those petty obstacles which for my own sake should not exist a moment—and yet why not—for from my own imprudence and neglect all my accounts are entirely in my Guardian’s Power. This has taught me a Lesson. Hereafter I will be more correct. I find myself possessed of much less than I thought for, and now if I had all on the table, all I could do would be to take from it a moderate two years’ subsistence and lend you the rest ; but I cannot say how soon I could become possessed of it. This would be no sacrifice nor any matter worth thinking of—much less than parting as I have more than once done with little sums which might have gradually formed a library to my taste. These sums amount together to nearly Two Hundred Pounds, which I have but a chance of ever being repaid or paid at a very distant period. I



am humble enough to put this in writing from the sense I have of your struggling situation and the great desire that you should do me the justice to credit me the unostentatious and willing state of my nerves on all such occasions. It has not been my fault. I am doubly hurt at the slightly reproachful tone of your note, and at the occasion of it—for it must be some other disappointment ; you seem'd so sure of some important help when I last saw you—now you have maimed me again. . . .”

That noble letter ended the friendship. It should not have done so ; it should have recreated it on a firmer and sounder basis than it had known before.

But Haydon now was in the whirl of that race with disaster that was to end in tragic suicide years afterwards. He could not now stop to consider the niceties of friendship. Money he must have—money, money, and always money, that he might keep from the door the harpies who were plundering him and holding him back from his beloved Art.

But Keats, too, was pressed. It became soon of the most urgent necessity that he should recover his own thirty pounds from Haydon. In the middle of June he writes :

“ I know you will not be prepared for this, because your pocket must needs be very low, having been at ebb tide so long : but what can I do ? mine is lower. I was the day before yesterday much in want of money ; but some news I had yesterday has driven me into necessity. . . . Brown has lent me some money for the present. Do borrow or beg somehow what you can for me. Do not suppose I am at all uncomfortable about the matter in any other way than as it forces me to apply to the needy. . . .”

But Haydon, who was on the point of borrowing from his own landlord, was not likely to have thirty pounds ready at hand. There is another letter from Keats in October of the same year, friendly in tone, but not with the same old friendliness. Then there is nothing more until this last pathetic note written in August of the next year :

“ MY DEAR HAYDON,

“ I am much better this morning than I was when I wrote the note ; that is my hopes and spirits are better, which are generally at a very low ebb from such a protracted illness. I shall be here for a little time, and at home all and every day. A journey to Italy is recommended me, which I have resolved upon, and am beginning to prepare for. Hoping to see you shortly.

“ I remain,

“ Your affectionate friend,

“ JOHN KEATS.”

Haydon *did* see him. He writes in his diary : " The last time I ever saw him was at Hampstead, lying in a white bed with a book, hectic and on his back, irritable at his weakness and wounded at the way he had been used. He seemed to be going out of life with a contempt for the world and no hopes of the other. I told him to be calm, but he muttered that if he did not soon get better he would destroy himself. I tried to reason against such violence, but it was no use ; he grew angry, and I went away deeply affected."

Poor Keats ? No, rather poor Haydon ! Keats out of his agony wrung an immortal beauty that has been already an inspiration to millions of souls, and will yet be to millions more. For Haydon—brave, pugnacious, tactless, generous, conceited, fanatical, there would be certain moments of delirious happiness—the public recognition of the Elgin marbles for which he had striven so nobly, the enthusiasm that his lectures created, the growth of his children, the love of his devoted wife—but his temperament was his strongest enemy, and it defeated him. Had he had wiser parents, stronger eyesight, more humour, who knows how great an artist he might not have become ? At least we may say that he gave Keats courage when he most desperately needed it. For himself the world is still waiting for an adequate study of his curious history, his tumbled tangled personality, his marvellous unique work of autobiography.

Here we cannot do better than end with Elizabeth Barrett Browning's wise judgment when she heard of the tragic end :

"No artist is left behind with equal largeness of poetical conception. If the hand had always obeyed the soul he would have been a genius of the first order. As it is, he lived on the *slope* of genius, and could not be steadfast and calm. His life was one long agony of self-assertion. See how the world treats those who try too openly for its gratitude."

Also, in a letter to Miss Mitford : " I did not suppose that in this storm he was to sink—poor noble soul ! And be sure that the pecuniary embarrassment was not what sunk him. It was a wind still more east ; it was the despair of the ambition by which he lived, and without which he could not live. In the self-assertion which he had struggled to hold up through life, he went down into death. He could not bear the neglect, the disdain, the slur cast upon him by the age, and so he perished. The cartoon disappointment, the grotesque bitterness of the antagonism of Tom Thumb : these things were too much—the dwarf slew the giant."



## THE GOLDFINCH AND THE LARK

By MILLICENT WEDMORE

NOT mine the Lark's enraptured song, to praise  
This poet of the brief and burning days,—  
His lark, which pours its carolling on high  
Against the breezy sky :  
Or from its clover covert shakes anew  
The tremulous dew ;  
Above the corn, sky-searching and elate,  
Which sings, down-dropping to its nested mate.  
To none but such a minstrel can belong  
That fine and faultless song.

But there's a bird, pied head and yellow wings  
It has, and homely song, that Autumn brings  
To Cornish tracts of thistleheads and gorse ;  
And if awhile perforce  
The Lark be silent, let the Goldfinch raise  
Its notes of praise,  
For him who snared in print's prosaic expanse  
Half Nature's secrets ; worlds of high Romance ;  
And to our late, material age has brought  
The grace of classic thought.

### NOTE BY THE EDITOR

There is a certain subtle allegory which attends these verses. Sir Frederick Wedmore was asked to contribute of his rich, musical, and melodious prose. He was, alas, too ill for the project to receive his attention, but that his name should be represented in the volume, Miss Wedmore graciously sent in this poem.

The lark was unable to sing, the goldfinch took up the song, and warbled its sweet note.

TO FANNY BRAWNE<sup>1</sup>  
ON READING KEATS'S LETTERS

By LADY GERALD WELLESLEY

EMPIRES were yours : lost towns by classic seas,  
Where pennons like brave coloured moods unfurled  
Brought home the glittering ships of all the world.  
Hill tops were yours : encircling ilex trees  
Brooding and black at dusk, and long stark courts  
Of colonnaded gold, the Sylvan Loves,  
Earth's earlier ecstasy.

You made your sports.  
Smother that laugh ! You might have vitalized  
The huddled shapes that slumbered in his brain ;  
Stifle that chattering, you made the pain.  
Too well you understood, too well apprised  
Those throbs and harmonies, too well you knew  
To play upon the gamut of his nerves  
Like hangmen who are careless what they do.

He drank eternities, you sipped a whim ;  
Up—up the audience ! Clap the comedy !  
Yes—writ in water, forged in tears, and by  
Those silly slender hands that murdered him.

DOROTHY WELLESLEY.

<sup>1</sup> " Miss Fanny Brawne was very fond of admiration. I do not think she cared for Keats, although she was engaged to him. She was very much affected when he died, because she had treated him so badly. She was very fond of dancing, and of going to the opera, and to balls and parties. . . . She used to dance with military officers a great deal more than Keats liked. She did not seem to care much for him. . . . Keats thought that she talked and flirted and danced too much. . . . His remonstrances were all unheeded by Miss Brawne." (From a letter to the *New York Herald*, of April 12th, 1889, written by Miss Brawne's cousin, who had known her in 1819-1820.)

## THREE POEMS BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

### THE GRAVE OF KEATS

THE Roman violets blossom on thy grave,  
Not Surrey daisies or the Kentish May ;  
No swaying elm above thee, but the bay ;  
And yonder, lo ! the cypress' alien gloom  
Harsh fate, it seemed, that grudged thine ashes room  
To rest beneath some quiet orchard spray,  
Where English blackbirds pipe the opening day  
When England's April fills the dale with bloom.  
Yet better so, that not thine island home  
Alone might know and love thy lofty rhyme.  
While this, our speech, is glorious with thy fame,  
Fitly upon the withered breast of Rome,—  
Mother of empires, hoary bride of time,—  
Sparkles the deathless lustre of thy name.

### WENTWORTH PLACE

In Hampstead there still remains the house where Keats passed the last years of his life in England. The plum-tree in the garden under which he wrote the *Ode to a Nightingale* is still standing.

A CROSS the bitter leagues of sundering brine  
The death-struck lad, exiled to Italy,  
Sent back, like homing doves, his thoughts to thee,  
Home of his dreams and of his love the shrine.  
O passing wonder, that these walls of thine,—  
So noteless,—transitory,—yet should be  
The mansion of the glory that we see,—  
Passion so wasting, visions so divine !

For ever stand ! And ever in the spring,  
 When plum-trees deck their curving boughs with snow,  
 Through the hushed, fragrant gloom (in dreams, how clear !),  
 The nightingale, as once he heard it sing  
 To his enraptured soul ! And then we know :  
*A Joy Eternal, Beauty, abideth here.*

### THE SPANISH STEPS

(Where John Keats died in Rome, February 23rd, 1821)

ON either side the houses stand,  
 Orange-russet, stained and tanned ;  
 With the cataract-stairs aflow from above  
 In the dead leaf tints that painters love.

From the Trinity towers upon the Mount,  
 Down to Bernini's spindling fount.  
 And over all the wondrous hue  
 Of a Roman winter's tender blue.

Here on the street a riot of green,  
 Holly and broom—while bright between,  
 Iris and rose and a scarlet row  
 Where tall poinsettia blossoms grow.

Did he see it thus at a Christmastide  
 From yonder room where he pined and died ?  
 That lonely English lad, who came  
 With a heart athirst for love and fame.

Ah ! Spanish Steps. Since Keats's day  
 What hungry hearts have passed your way !  
 What longings for fame and love and home  
 Have sunk to rest in the arms of Rome !



## THE KEATS LETTERS, PAPERS, AND OTHER RELICS FORMING THE DILKE BEQUEST TO HAMPSTEAD

By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON

SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, by his will, dated November 1st, 1905, bequeathed to the Library Commissioners of the Metropolitan Borough of Hampstead, the "Keats MSS., Books, and Trinkets" that were then on loan to the Chelsea Public Library, and stated that this bequest was to be in memory of the residence of Keats and of Sir Charles Dilke's grandfather in the Borough of Hampstead.

In due course these almost invaluable treasures came into the hands of the Corporation of Hampstead, and were arranged for exhibition in the Central Library in Finchley Road. A little handbook, containing an annotated list of the various objects included in the Dilke bequest, was prepared by the Librarian, Mr. W. E. Doubleday, and, in 1914, I had the privilege of preparing a folio volume regarding them, and illustrating in facsimile all the important letters and papers. Many of the letters had already been transcribed and printed with the utmost fidelity by Mr. Buxton Forman, but it was felt that the value of facsimile reproductions would be far greater to students of the poet than any transcripts, however accurate, could possibly be. It was also thought desirable that facsimiles should be made of the letters in case of any possible loss or damage.

For the volume in question, I was honoured by receiving a delightful preface from Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, almost the last literary work he was able to produce. Furthermore, to the same volume, there was supplied an elaborate and important introduction by the late Mr. Buxton Forman, and I appended a treatise on the portraits of Keats, with more especial reference to those included in the Dilke Bequest, and endeavoured to allude to every other portrait of the poet that was known to exist. Inasmuch as all the relics will in due course be transferred to the Keats Memorial House, it has been thought desirable that some detailed reference to them should be made in this volume, and, accordingly, although students are referred

to the folio for complete transcriptions of all the letters, and for perfect facsimiles of every document, it may be well that some summary of these precious things should appear here. Moreover, the opportunity can be taken to add some words respecting two books which, since the issue of the folio have been added to the collection, by the generosity of the representatives of Sir Charles Dilke, and as these books have some special importance, this article will serve to supplement the information contained in the larger book.

The great feature of the Dilke Bequest is the fact that it contains, in Keats's own handwriting, the drafts for six of his poems, the ode *Bards of Passion and of Mirth*, and the sonnet *Bright Star*, the *Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair*, the sonnet *King Lear*, that exquisite sonnet *To Sleep*, and the one *Hush, hush, tread softly, hush, hush, my dear!*

The bequest also contains eleven original letters from Keats, one of them being a letter of considerable importance written to Fanny Brawne, another, equally pathetic, written to Mrs. Brawne, and one a joint composition, partly from Keats, and partly from Charles (Armitage) Brown. There are also included in the bequest two letters from Charles (Armitage) Brown, one from "Barry Cornwall," one from Leigh Hunt, one from Messrs. Ollier, the publishers of the Keats volume, one from George Keats, one from Georgiana Keats, one from Mr. H. R. Wylie, and a notable one from Joseph Severn, and the papers further include an original sonnet by Reynolds and the draft of the elegy on the death of Keats by "Barry Cornwall," in the handwriting of the author. There is also a splendid lock of Keats's hair, a bust of the poet, and a mask cast from life.

Among the books in the bequest are a volume of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which was used by Keats when at school; another school-book, Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, freely scored with notes, mostly written by Keats when quite young, and a few later ones in a small cramped hand; a copy of the sixth edition of Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary* (1806); a note-book kept by Keats as a medical student; a copy of Livy's *Roman History*, presented to him by his friend, B. Bailey, of Magdalen College, Oxford, in July, 1818; three odd volumes (Nos. 2, 3, and 4) of the dramatic works of Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher (1811); a volume of the poetical works of Shakespeare (1806); a facsimile reprint of the first folio Shakespeare of 1623, issued in 1808; Milton's *Paradise Lost* in two volumes (1807); an odd volume (No. 2) of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1813); and the *Literary Pocket-Book*, published by C. and J. Ollier in 1819. In some of these volumes, to be hereafter referred to, are the poems mentioned already.

Finally, there are some facsimiles, two from Haydon's *Journal*, one representing the sketch for the portrait of Keats, and another reproducing a sketch made by Keats in it, representing Haydon himself, a photogravure

Bright-Star would I were steadfast as thou art -  
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night  
 And watching, with solemn lids, arc  
 Little nature's patient sleepers diamete,  
 The moving waters at their festal task  
 Of pure oblivion round earth's human shores  
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen masses  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.  
 No - yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
 Follow a upon my fair love's upturning breast  
 To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,  
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath  
 And so live ~~over~~<sup>ever</sup> or else swoon to death.

John Brown wrote something a letter from Severn  
 from Rome Sept 19<sup>th</sup> 1871, published by me in  
 Athenaeum 23 Aug - 1879. "He wrote this poem in  
 the ship - it is one of his most beautiful things. I will  
 send it? This was therefore Keats' last poem, &  
 ends with the word Death.

THE ORIGINAL DRAFT FOR THE POEM "BRIGHT STAR" IN KEATS'S  
 HANDWRITING. IT WAS THE LAST POEM HE WROTE.

By permission of the Mayor and Corporation of Hampstead.





reproduction of the miniature portrait by Severn, and a facsimile of a photo-gravure in photo intaglio process of the charcoal portrait of Keats, which was also Severn's work, and, finally, part of a letter from Major Brown, written from New Zealand to the late Sir Charles Dilke, explaining how the three volumes of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, already alluded to, came into his possession from his father, Charles (Armitage) Brown, and were by him transferred to Dilke, who gave them to Hampstead.

As regards the poems in Keats's own autograph, the sonnet *Bright Star* appears on the blank page of the volume of Shakespeare's poetical works, written "by a pathetic choice or chance," as Sir Sidney Colvin points out, facing the commencement of *A Lover's Complaint*. It was written on board the *Maria Crowther*, during Keats's voyage to Italy, when the dying poet had been refreshed by a brief landing, on the coast at Lulworth, after a fortnight's buffeting in the Channel. It was, so far as we know, the very last poem written out by Keats, and, as has been pointed out, it ends with the word "death." There are three notable differences between the draft and the finished poem, and all these three changes which Keats eventually made in the sonnet were greatly to its advantage. It seems probable, according to Sir Sidney's investigations, that the sonnet was written in February, 1819. It was communicated by Severn to the editor of the *Union Magazine*, who published it with Severn's letter in February, 1846.

The original draft of the sonnet *To Sleep*, with a cancelled half-line, is to be found on the fly-leaf of Vol. II. of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Twelve lines of it were drafted in this volume, and these were copied out by Keats in his journal letter of February-May, 1819. There is a cancelled opening, some slight changes in two lines, and an incomplete cancelled reading in one line, which causes the draft to differ from the sonnet as originally printed. *Bards of Passion and of Mirth*, in its original draft form, appears on the blank page, facing Beaumont and Fletcher's tragi-comedy, entitled *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, and this draft also differs in many respects from the ode as Keats completed it. Mr. Buxton Forman pointed out with great minuteness where the Hampstead draft differed from the finished poem. The book in which this poem occurs is one of those which was sent by Major Brown from New Zealand to Sir Charles Dilke.

That exquisite sonnet, *Hush, hush, tread softly!* appears in its original draft in the copy of the *Literary Pocket-Book* for 1819. The volume was given to Keats, as an inscription on the fly-leaf tells us, by Leigh Hunt. Apparently Keats afterwards presented it to Fanny Brawne, because it bears her initials also in pencil, and on the first two pages appears the poem which, according to Mr. Buxton Forman, was lost sight of for nearly thirty years. It was declared to have been composed to a Spanish air which Miss Charlotte

Reynolds used to play on the piano to Keats. Here, again, there are variations referred to at length in the folio volume where the facsimile appears. The *Pocket-Book* also contains the sonnets on the *Human Seasons* and on *Ailsa Rock*, and there are various other entries in it, relating to birthdays, notably those of Fanny Brawne and Keats's younger brother Tom, and also allusions to the birthdays of the two musicians, Handel and Haydn.

Keats's sonnet, *King Lear*, and the *Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair*, occur on pages in the facsimile reprint of the first folio Shakespeare. This book appears also to have been presented to Fanny Brawne, probably when the poet was preparing for his journey to Italy. He himself put his autograph in it in 1817, and then in 1820 he further inscribed it "To F. B." The volume is freely scored, and has some annotations, which are reproduced with a description in Mr. Buxton Forman's works.

Of the other books that have not been yet specially alluded to, the *Ovid* has the name of Keats and a date written in it. It certainly was his property, but the handwriting and the date, 1812, do not appear to be his, and were probably the work of a writing master at the school, when the book was presented to the poet. The word "Emer" following the name stands, no doubt, for "Emeritus," and probably alludes to the fact that Keats had left the school when the book was presented to him. Whether it came to him as a present from the head master, Mr. Clarke, or from his son, Charles Cowden Clarke, it is impossible to state, but Keats left the school in 1810, and the date below the signature is 1812. It was, in all probability, a present given to him, possibly even of a book he had himself used, and as a mark of considerable favour.

The notes by the poet in the copy of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* were almost all written by Keats when he was quite young. There are certainly some later ones, but none of any special importance. They are merely interesting because of the history of the book, and the fact that they are all of them in the poet's handwriting.

The medical notebook contains a quantity of notes made by Keats when he was a student of St. Thomas's and at Guy's Hospitals. They were evidently taken down at the beginning of a course of lectures upon anatomy, and Sir Sidney Colvin especially points out that "they are not those of a lax or inaccurate student." "The only signs," he adds, "of a wandering mind occur on the margins of one or two pages, in the shape of sketches (rather prettily touched) of pansies and other flowers, but the notes are both full and close, as far as they go."

The Volume II. of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* was presented to Keats by Charles (Armitage) Brown. It is extensively annotated, underlined very freely, and the margins are constantly scored. The book evidently



appealed to the poet in grave fashion, and in it he found the *motif* of his great poem, the *Eve of St. Agnes*. To the chief poetical contents of the other books allusion has already been made.

We now come to the letters, eleven in all. The one of outstanding importance is the pathetic letter "terrible," as Buxton Forman called it, addressed by Keats to Fanny Brawne, written from Kentish Town, May, 1820. As has been well said, in this letter, Keats "abandons himself to the passion of his despairing love, and lays bare his heart." Many passages in it may be compared with those in the greater Greek tragedies. It is the fragment of a tragic story, overwhelming in its pathos, and coming to a startling climax of passion in the lines of the postscript. In there the poet poured out all his emotion, and wrote, "No, my sweet Fanny, I am wrong; I do not wish you to be unhappy—and yet I do, I must while there is so sweet a Beauty—my loveliest—my darling! Goodbye! I kiss you. O the torment!"

Hardly less painful is the important letter written from Naples Harbour and addressed to Mrs. Brawne on October 24th, 1820. The original is very much discoloured, and Mr. Buxton Forman suggests that this was probably the result of the operation of the Health Office. There are but two letters which exist subsequent in date to this one, and Keats died on February 23rd, 1821, not three months from the date of it. It describes the voyage, and is full of emotion and pathos, ostensibly written to Mrs. Brawne, but evidently intended for Fanny to see, and at the end is a postscript, in which the poet sends his dying message to her, "Good-bye, Fanny; God bless you!"

The other letters, although important, because Keats wrote them, have not the startling importance of the two just mentioned. There is a very brief one, asking Mr. Charles Dilke to send by the bearer a certain book which he wanted. There is a long one, written by Keats in 1818, to his brother Tom, humorous in its general characteristics, recounting the poet's experiences in the Highlands during his extended walking tour in the South, and containing some rhymes which he composed on that occasion. There is one from Hampstead, written on September 21st, 1818, in which there are subtle allusions to Mrs. Brawne and to Fanny, and there is a long one, written to the same friend, Mr. Dilke, from Shanklin, on a Saturday evening, post-marked August 2nd, 1819, and having special reference to the fact that Keats was then hard at work upon his drama, *Otho the Great*. Another long letter was written from Winchester on September 22nd, 1819, and it is remarkable for its reference to the enjoyment Keats had of certain fruit, as he describes in this letter his particular delight in the enjoyment of a fine nectarine. Yet another is from Winchester, and belongs to 1819, probably written on Friday, October 1st, telling Dilke that he had

been hard at work, and asking his friend to find him some quiet and cheap apartments in Westminster, where he would make a plunge into journalism. This was just before Keats settled down at 25, College Street. As is mentioned, he remained there a very short time, and then came back to Hampstead. A long letter from Hampstead belongs to March 4th, 1820, and in it he asks Mr. and Mrs. Dilke to visit him at Hampstead, tells the news that Cobbett was elected member of Parliament, and comments adversely on the bad writing of three of his correspondents, Dilke, Bailey, and Haydon. Another very brief letter from Keats to Dilke is not dated, but was certainly written from Wentworth Place, Hampstead, in 1820, and belongs to the time just before the departure of Brown for Scotland. It alludes in interesting fashion to the idea that Keats had of taking up a position as a surgeon on an East Indiaman, and recalls the poet's early training for medicine.

The last letter to which special reference must be given is the long one which Keats and Charles (Armitage) Brown wrote jointly to Mr. and Mrs. Dilke from Bedhampton on January 24th, 1819. The greater part of it was composed by Brown. Here and there there are interpolations by Keats, and one long paragraph in the letter, separately signed by the poet, is entirely his work.

It now only remains to refer briefly to the other documents contained in the bequest. There are two letters from Charles (Armitage) Brown, one dated August 7th, 1818, unsigned, and therefore probably incomplete. It is really a diary of the tour which the two friends undertook in the north of England and Scotland, one which most certainly Keats, with an hereditary tendency to consumption, ought never to have undertaken. The other is an important letter from Brown to Fanny Brawne, dated Florence, December 17th, 1829, and in it Brown announces his intention of writing a memoir of Keats, and of publishing many of his poems which, up to this time, had not been issued. He asked Miss Brawne for permission to use the poems Keats had addressed to her, and also some of the letters he had sent her, but, as is well known, Brown, although he made all the preparations for the book, and prepared the biography of the poet, did not complete his task, because suddenly, in 1841, he determined to go to New Zealand, and there he died in the following year. He handed over the Keats material to Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, and they form the basis of Lord Houghton's invaluable work, issued in 1848.

The collection also includes a letter from "Barry Cornwall," undated, but written probably in February, 1820, in which Proctor asks Keats to leave off the use of the word "Sir," and tells him that he is looking forward with much impatience to the preparation of his book, and that he himself had thought of completing a poem to be called *The Deluge*.



The Leigh Hunt letter was from Mortimer Terrace, written about August, 1820. It bears no date and is imperfect, but it was probably the last letter that Leigh Hunt wrote to Keats, and it alludes to Keats's return from Kentish Town to Hampstead, where it was that he was nursed by Mrs. Brawne and her daughter Fanny, until he sailed for Italy in the following month.

The letter from Messrs. Ollier, the publishers of Keats's first volume of poems in 1817, is addressed to Mr. George Keats, and describes how the book was greeted at its first appearance. Messrs. Ollier were evidently very sorry that they had ever been requested to publish it, or that their opinion of its talent should have allowed them to acquiesce in undertaking it.

The letter from Georgiana Keats, part of the letter written by George Keats, her husband, to Mr. Wylie his brother-in-law, and the letter to Mr. Wylie himself, all refer to the possibility of a memoir of Keats being written, and to the idea that George Keats had at one time of carrying out the work. He eventually abandoned the task, passed on the material to Charles (Armitage) Brown, and he, in his turn, as already mentioned, handed it on to Lord Houghton. The only other really important letter is one from Mr. Joseph Severn to Mr. Dilke, concerning the monument to Keats, and giving his views as to what the monument should be, and as to the inscription to be placed upon it. The letter was written from 83*a*, Eccleston Square, on February 3rd, 1859, and it has set out on the back of it in detail the inscription he has suggested for the tomb, gives full information where he thinks it should be placed, and as to its cost. The project, however, was never carried out, although a very long correspondence took place between Mr. Dilke and Mr. Severn concerning it.

The papers also contain an interesting sonnet by Reynolds, and, as already mentioned, the draft of the elegy on the death of Keats, which "Barry Cornwall" (Bryan Waller Proctor) composed in three short stanzas.

Added to this collection of documents are a bust of the poet, a mask taken from life, and a lock of his beautiful hair set in a locket. This latter was probably cut off by Severn; it was certainly in his possession. He alludes to it in a letter he wrote from Rome on January 1st, 1822. Bailey tells us that the hair on the head of the poet was extraordinarily thick and curly, and to lay your hand on his head was, he said, like laying it "on the rich plumage of a bird." The colour was a warm brown, which in the light looked almost golden.

Since the gift was made to the library, two other volumes of considerable interest and value have been added to it. One is a volume of Milton's *Poetical Works*, 16mo., 1811, interlineated with copious annotations. This at one time was supposed to have been the copy which belonged to

Keats, and the annotations were stated to have been in his handwriting, but it was pointed out that both Keats and Dilke possessed similar volumes, and there was a considerable difference of opinion amongst experts as to the writing in the respective books. It was eventually decided, without any question, by the authorities at the British Museum and by other experts who examined the Dilke copy, that the volumes already in the Hampstead Library were those which had belonged to Keats, and that the book which was for a while retained in the possession of the Dilke Trustees was the Dilke copy, and not the Keats one. It seems, however, to be most probable that the poet and the testator's grandfather, who conjointly occupied the two parts of the house, worked over the volumes together, and that each of them made notes in the other's volume, as well as in his own. In any case, the trustees of the Dilke Estate thought fit to transfer to the Hampstead Library the volume in question, and it considerably enhances the interest and value of the existing treasures. The final addition has been the poet's own copy of his *Endymion*, Taylor and Hessey, first edition, 1818, containing other shorter poems in MS., especially *Odes and Sonnets*, dated 1818 and 1819, in a handwriting at one time believed to be his own, but now accepted most certainly as that of some unknown amanuensis. These contain several variant readings, while the *Endymion* also shows some various emendations and alterations of importance.

Recently one more book has been added to the collection. It is a Grammar of English and French, by Duverger, published in 1807, and was probably a school book used by the poet. It has his name written inside it, "Jno. Keats, May 19th, 1807," and the handwriting resembles that of the signature in the Ovid already mentioned. The book contains a few notes which may have been written by Keats.

The book was presented to the Keats Collection by Mrs. M. H. Bradley, 53, Rodenhurst Road, Clapham Park, London, S.W.

Mrs. Bradley was the daughter of Captain F. A. Hardy and his wife Clara Maria who was the daughter of Charles Shackleford Robinson (1804-1842).

Charles Shackleford Robinson was the son of the Rev. Joshua Robinson (1770-1826) who was the son of John Robinson (1732-1817) who died at Edmonton, and who, together with his son and grandson as above, was buried in one vault in Edmonton Parish Churchyard.

It is probable that these persons would be acquainted with the surgeon to whom Keats was indentured at Edmonton, and with the poet; and the tradition has been constant in the family that the book belonged to Keats.

# A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF JOHN KEATS

By THOMAS WISE

THE bibliography of no English poet of the front rank has less to offer than that of John Keats. Apart from a few casual poems contributed to stray magazines, the following three volumes comprise the whole of his work that had been given to the public at the time of his death in Rome on February 24th, 1821.

## [EDITIONES PRINCIPES]

(1)

Poems, / By / John Keats. / "*What more felicity can fall to creature, / Than to enjoy delight with liberty.*" / *Fate of the Butterfly.*—Spenser. / [Vignette head of Spenser] / London : / Printed for C. & J. Ollier, 3, Welbeck Street, / Cavendish Square. / 1817.

Collation :—Foolscap octavo, printed in half-sheets, pp. vi—121 ; consisting of : Half-title (with imprint "*Printed by C. Richards/ No. 18, Warwick Street, Golden Square, London*" upon the centre of the reverse) pp. i—ii ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse) pp. iii—iv ; Dedication (a Sonnet "*To Leigh Hunt, Esq.*") p. v ; a Note stating that "*The Short Pieces in the middle of the Book, as well as some of the Sonnets, were written at an earlier period than the rest of the Poems,*" p. vi ; Text of the miscellaneous *Poems* pp. 1—49 ; p. 50 is blank ; Fly-title to the *Epistles* (with blank reverse) pp. 51—52 ; Text of the *Epistles* pp. 53—75 ; p. 76 is blank ; Fly-title to the *Sonnets* (with blank reverse) pp. 77—78 ; Text of the *Sonnets* pp. 79—95 ; p. 96 is blank ; Fly-title to *Sleep and Poetry* (with blank reverse) pp. 97—98 ; and Text of *Sleep and Poetry* pp. 99—121. There are head-lines throughout, pp. 1—49 being headed *Poems*, pp. 53—75 *Epistles*, pp. 79—95 *Sonnets*, and pp. 99—121 *Sleep and Poetry*. The imprint is repeated thus at the foot of the last page, "*C. Richards, Printer, 18 Warwick-street, Golden-square, London.*" The signatures are A to Q (sixteen half-sheets, each 4 leaves), followed by a single unsigned leaf.

Issued in drab paper boards, with white paper back-label, lettered "*Keats's / Poems. / Price 6s.*" The leaves, which were untrimmed, measure  $6\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$  inches.

If any copy of the book in the original boards be attentively examined it will be observed that the title-page is a "cancel-leaf." No example having the original leaf has yet been recovered, but it seems probable that the title as originally set up was unillustrated, and was cancelled at the last moment in order to admit of the addition of a vignette intended to represent the head of Spenser. This latter is an ordinary conventional vignette, and was doubtless found by the printer among his stock



of book-ornaments and employed as being suitable to the occasion. The vignette may possibly have been originally designed to represent the image of Shakespeare, but it was no doubt here intended to serve for that of Spenser.

Charles Ollier is responsible for the story of a purchaser of Keats's *Poems* of 1817 who carried it back to the publisher and claimed a return of his money, asserting as a reason for doing so that "the book was little better than a swindle." A fine copy in original state is now worth about £200!

## (2)

Endymion : / A Poetic Romance. / By John Keats. / "*The stretched metre of an antique song.*" / London : / Printed for Taylor and Hessey, / 93, Fleet Street. / 1818.

Collation :—Demy octavo, pp. xii+207 ; consisting of : Half-title (with imprint "*Printed by T. Miller, Noble Street, Cheapside,*" at the foot of the reverse) pp. i—ii ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse) pp. iii—iv ; Dedication ("*Inscribed to the Memory of Thomas Chatterton*") with blank reverse, pp. v—vi ; Preface (dated "*Teignmouth, April 10, 1818*") pp. vii—ix ; p. x is blank ; a leaf carrying a single *Erratum* (with blank reverse) pp. xi—xii ; Fly-title to *Endymion, Book I* (with blank reverse) pp. 1—2 ; Text of *Book I* pp. 3—49 ; p. 50 is blank ; Fly-title to *Endymion, Book II* (with blank reverse) pp. 51—52 ; Text of *Book II* pp. 53—101 ; p. 102 is blank ; Fly-title to *Endymion, Book III* (with blank reverse) pp. 103—104 ; Text of *Book III* pp. 105—155 ; p. 156 is blank ; Fly-title to *Endymion, Book IV* (with blank reverse) pp. 157—158 ; Text of *Book IV* pp. 159—207. At the foot of p. 207 the imprint is repeated thus, "*T. Miller, Printer, Noble Street, Cheapside.*" The head-line is *Endymion* throughout, upon both sides of the page ; each page bears in addition at its head the number of the particular *Book* occupying it. Between pages x and xi there should be an inserted slip carrying a list of Five *Errata*. The signatures are A (six leaves), and B to O (thirteen sheets, each 8 leaves).

Issued in drab paper boards, with white paper back-label, lettered "*Endymion. / A / Poetic Romance. / Price 9s.*" The leaves, which were untrimmed, measure  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{5}{8}$  inches.

In or about the year 1835 a number of "remainder" copies of *Endymion* came into the market. These were put up in black cloth boards, gilt lettered, with untrimmed edges.

The collation of *Endymion* given above applies only to examples of the book belonging to the earliest, and therefore most desirable, issue. In the case of later copies, p. xi carries the full list of Five *Errata*, and these are of course without the separately inserted slip.

## (3)

Lamia, / Isabella, / The Eve of St. Agnes, / and / Other Poems. / By John Keats, / Author of Endymion. / London : / Printed for Taylor and Hessey, / Fleet-Street. / 1820.

Collation :—Duodecimo, pp. viii+199 ; consisting of : Half-title (with imprint "*London : Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars*" at the foot of the reverse) pp. i—ii ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse) pp. iii—iv ; *Advertisement* (with blank reverse) pp. v—vi ; Table of *Contents* (with blank reverse) pp. vii—viii ; Fly-title to *Lamia* (with blank reverse) pp. 1—2 ; Text of *Lamia* pp. 3—46 ; Fly-title to *Isabella* (with blank reverse) pp. 47—48 ; Text of *Isabella* pp. 49—80 ; Fly-title to *The Eve of St. Agnes* (with blank reverse) pp. 81—82 ; Text of *The Eve of St. Agnes* pp. 83—104 ; Fly-title to *Poems* (with blank reverse) pp. 105—106 ; Text of the



*Poems* pp. 107—142 ; Fly-title to *Hyperion* (with blank reverse) pp. 143—144 ; and Text of *Hyperion* pp. 145—199. The imprint is represented upon the reverse of the last page. There are head-lines throughout, each page being headed with the title of the particular poem occupying it. The signatures are A (4 leaves), B to I (eight sheets, each 12 leaves), and K (4 leaves).

Issued in drab paper boards, with white paper back-label, reading “*Lamia, / Isabella, &c. / 7s. 6d.*” The leaves, which were untrimmed, measure  $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$  inches.

The following books and pamphlets, although published subsequent to 1821, are all entitled to rank as *Editiones Principes* of Keats.

## (4)

## Another Version of / Keats's “Hyperion.”

Collation :—Small quarto, pp. 24 ; consisting of : Title-page,\* as above (with blank reverse) pp. 1—2 ; Preface (signed “*R. M. Milnes*”) pp. 3—4 ; and Text of the poem pp. 5—24. There are head-lines throughout, each verse being headed *Another Version of*, and each recto *Keats's Hyperion*. The pamphlet is composed of three sheets, having no signatures, but numbered at foot 1—3.

Issued in plain pale-blue paper wrappers, with untrimmed edges. The leaves measure  $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{7}{8}$  inches. Fifteen copies only were printed for private distribution by the Editor, Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. The pamphlet is undated ; it was issued in 1856. This *Version of Keats's Hyperion* was also printed in the Philobiblion Society's *Bibliographical and Historical Miscellanies*, 1856—1857.

\* There is no title-page proper, fully displayed. The above title is placed in the centre of the page, after the manner of a half-title. The two lines have a large printers' ornament above, and a small one below, them.

## (5)

Letters of John Keats / To Fanny Brawne / Written in the Years / MDCCCXIX and MDCCCXX / And now given from / The Original Manu- / scripts With Intro- / duction and Notes by / Harry Buxton Forman / London : Printed for Private / Circulation MDCCCLXXVIII / [*All rights reserved*].

Collation :—Demy octavo, pp. lxxviii + 128.

Issued in pale-blue cloth boards, lettered in gold across the back. The leaves, which were untrimmed, measure  $8\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{5}{8}$  inches.

The above description applies to the Large Paper copies, of which Fifty were printed, all upon Whatman's hand-made paper. There was also an ordinary edition upon small paper, published by Messrs. Reeves & Turner. Three or four small copies were printed, as curiosities, upon coloured paper.

The volume contains the following illustrations :—

Portrait of Keats, drawn by Joseph Severn, and etched by W. Bell Scott ..	Frontispiece
Silhouette of Fanny Brawne .. .. .	Facing p. 3
Facsimile of Letter XXVII .. .. .	Facing p. 76

A second edition, slightly revised, was issued in 1889.

## (6)

Three Essays / By / John Keats / [*Vignette head of Spenser*] / “ ‘ *I think,*’ *he said humbly, ‘ I shall be among the / English poets after my death.’ He is ; he is with / Shakespeare.*” / Matthew Arnold. / London / Printed for Private Circulation / 1889.

Collation :—Quarto, pp. viii+9—25, consisting of : Certificate of Issue and Half-title (each with blank reverse) pp. i—iv ; Title-page (with imprint of the Chiswick Press at the foot of the reverse) pp. v—vi ; Preface (by H. Buxton Forman) pp. vii—viii ; and Text of the three *Essays* pp. 9—25. The reverse of p. 25 is blank. The pamphlet is completed by a leaf (with blank reverse), and with the imprint and book-mark of the Chiswick Press upon its recto. There are head-lines throughout. The signatures are A to C (three sheets, each 4 leaves), plus D (a half-sheet of 2 leaves).

Issued in light blue-grey paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced upon the front. The leaves, which were untrimmed, measure  $8\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Fifty copies only were printed.

The pamphlet has as Frontispiece representing the life-mask of Keats taken by Haydon.

The Vignette head of Spenser (or Shakespeare) that figures upon both title-page and wrapper is a reproduction of the vignette carried by the title-page of the *Poems* of 1817.

## (7)

Poetry and Prose / By / John Keats / A Book of Fresh Verses and New Readings—Essays / and Letters lately found—and Passages / formerly suppressed / Edited by H. Buxton Forman / [*Publishers' device*] / And forming / A Supplement to the Library Edition / of Keats's Works / London / Reeves & Turner, 196 Strand / 1890.

Collation :—Demy octavo, pp. viii+201.

Issued in white buckram boards, lettered in gold across the back. Also lettered and ornamented in gold upon the front cover. The leaves, which were untrimmed, measure  $8\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

The volume has as Frontispiece a Portrait of John Hamilton Reynolds, from a miniature by Joseph Severn.

## (8)

John Keats / Unpublished Poem / To His Sister Fanny / April, 1818 / [*Portraits of Keats and Fanny*] / Printed for Members only / The Bibliophile Society / Boston, 1909.

Collation :—Small quarto, pp. xxii+four pages of facsimile.

Issued in brown canvas boards, backed with white ; lettered in gold, with untrimmed edges. Four hundred and eighty-nine copies were printed.

## [COLLECTED EDITIONS]

The best library edition of the Works of John Keats is that prepared by Mr. Buxton Forman. This was published in four demy octavo volumes in 1883, and was reissued in 1889. Mr. Forman also issued an edition of the Complete Works, in five small octavo volumes, in 1900-1901. In 1884 Mr. Forman published the whole of the Poetical Works in a single crown octavo volume ; this has several times been reprinted. Mr. Forman was also the editor of an "Oxford Edition" of the Poems.

Of less pretentious editions there is a long series to select from, but the majority of these are by no means complete. Among the editors whose names figure upon the title-pages of these editions are W. M. Rossetti, William Bell Scott, W. T. Arnold, Walter S. Scott, F. T. Palgrave, F. S. Ellis, G. Thorn Drury, C. J. Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Lord Houghton, E. de Sélincourt, and George Sampson.

The first attempt to collect the poems of Keats was made in Paris in 1829, when *The Poetical Works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats* were published together in a single octavo volume, the poems of each author being preceded by a separate memoir.

The LETTERS of John Keats were edited in 1891 by Sir Sidney Colvin, and in 1895 by Mr. Buxton Forman.

## [ILLUSTRATIONS]

Probably the work of no modern poet has been so frequently illustrated as that of Keats. Separate editions of single poems, or groups of poems, illustrated by the designs of various artists, are abundant ; indeed so numerous are they that to introduce a detailed list of them into a bibliography so brief as this must necessarily be, is impossible.

## [KEATSIANA]

## (1)

Adonais / An Elegy on the Death of John Keats, / Author of *Endymion*, *Hyperion*, etc. / By / P. B. Shelley / [*Quotation from Plato*] / Pisa / With the Types of Didot / MDCCCXXI.

Collation :—Quarto, pp. 25.



Issued in dark-blue stiffened paper wrappers, with untrimmed edges.

An edition of the poem was published at Cambridge in 1829. The collation is, demy 8vo, pp. viii+28.

In 1877 Mr. Buxton Forman printed separately from the types of his library edition of Shelley's Works a few copies of *Adonais*. This collation is, demy 8vo, pp. 20.

In 1886 the Shelley Society issued a type-facsimile reprint of the original Pisa edition, with an Introduction by myself.

In 1891 an edition of *Adonais*, edited with an Introduction and Notes by W. M. Rossetti, was published at Oxford by the Clarendon Press.

A handsome edition, printed on vellum, was produced at the Essex House Press.

## (2)

Life, / Letters, and Literary Remains, / of / John Keats. / Edited by / Richard Monckton Milnes. / In Two Volumes. / Vol. I. [*Vol. II.*] / London : / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / 1848.

Collation :—Foolscap octavo. Vol. I, pp. xix+288, with Portrait-Frontispiece. A slip carrying a list of *Errata* for the two volumes is inserted immediately before p. 1. Vol. II, pp. iv+306, with a facsimile of Keats's Manuscript as Frontispiece.

Issued in deep dark-coloured cloth boards, gilt lettered. A new and revised edition was published in one volume in 1867.

A considerable quantity of the work of Keats appeared for the first time in these volumes. Pages 109-306 of the second volume are occupied by *Otho the Great* and other "Literary Remains."

## (3)

Keats / By / Sidney Colvin / London : / Macmillan and Co. / 1887 / *The Right of Translation and Reproduction is reserved.*

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. xii+233.

Issued in two forms of binding. (1) White canvas boards, with white printed back-label and untrimmed edges ; (2) in bright red cloth boards, lettered in black and edges trimmed. The volume has been frequently reprinted from stereo plates under later dates.

## (4)

Life / of / John Keats / By / William Michael Rossetti. / London / Walter Scott / 24 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row / 1887 / (*All rights reserved.*)

Collation :—Octavo (*demy* for the large and *post* for the small paper copies), pp. 217+xi.

Issued in dark-blue cloth boards, gilt lettered. Some copies had, and others had not, the edges trimmed.



(5)

John Keats / A Critical Essay / By / Robert Bridges / Privately Printed / MDCCCXCV.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. 97, with a Portrait of Keats as Frontispiece.

Issued in deep crimson cloth boards, with untrimmed edges, and lettered in gold across the back.

(6)

The Keats Letters / Papers and other Relics / Forming the Dilke Bequest in the Hamp- / stead Public Library, reproduced in Fifty- / eight Collotype Facsimiles, edited with / full Translations and Notes and an / Account of the Portraits of Keats with Fourteen reproductions by George C. / Williamson, Litt.D., Together with Fore- / words by Theodore Watts-Dunton, and / an Introduction by H. Buxton Forman, C.B. / London : John Lane, The Bodley Head / New York : John Lane Company / Toronto : Bell and Cockburn MCMXIV.

Collation :—Folio, pp. 112, with Illustrations as stated upon the title-page. Three hundred and twenty copies were printed.

Issued in light blue-grey paper boards, backed with white vellum, and lettered in gold across the back. The top edge was gilt, the remaining edges were left entirely untrimmed.

(7)

John Keats / His Life and Poetry / His Friends Critics / and / After-fame / By / Sidney Colvin / Macmillan and Co., Limited / 1917.

Collation :—Demy octavo, pp. xviii + 598, with thirteen Portraits and other Illustrations.

Issued in dark-blue cloth boards, with untrimmed edges, and lettered in gold across the back.

(8)

John Keats / Criticism and Comment / By / Dante Gabriel Rossetti / London : / Printed for Private Circulation Only / By Richard Clay and Sons, Ltd. / 1919.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. 21.

Issued in pea-green paper wrappers, with untrimmed edges, and with the title-page reproduced upon the front. Thirty copies only were printed.

## A LETTER FROM W. B. YEATS

Dec. 22,  
4, Broad Street,  
Oxford.

DEAR DR. WILLIAMSON :

No, it is no use, I cannot write on Keats. I have not read Keats during the last five years, and I should have to fill my mind with him.

\* \* \* \*

Of course I am altogether in favour of your project, and if Keats's house goes a great part of the charm of Hampstead, for many men and women, will go too ; and with every passing year the charm grows of a house with an association so imaginative. That house comes to represent not only the great man who lived there, but a form of social life that becomes strange and romantic as it fades into the distance. I wish Keats's house could be kept always, if not with the furniture Keats used, at least with the furniture of his time. Of the group of romantic poets at the start of last century he was the one pure artist, without any intermixture of doctrine or fanaticism, "so crammed with life he can but grow in life with being," as Ben Jonson said of some unknown poet, possibly Shakespeare.

There is an expression of opinion, and if it is of any use to you, you may use it, of course, but I don't suppose it is.

Yours truly,  
W. B. YEATS.

*FOREIGN CONTRIBUTIONS*





## KEATS Y ESPAÑA

By RAFAEL ALTAMIRA

AUNQUE en terminos generales se quede afirmar que Inglaterra ha influido espiritualmente sobre España en muchos órdenes de nuestra vida intelectual y de nuestra política, el proceso y alcance de esta influencia aun no ha sido investigado, salvo por la que se refiere á la Literatura estrictamente dicha. Pero quizá no es la Literatura el elemento de nuestra vida en que mostra influido el pensamiento ingles.

En ella misma, como es sabido, los contractos principales se han producido en el cancio de la novela y del teatro. El lírico, aparte la influencia universal de Byron (seguramente indirecta para la majoria de nuestros romanticos), no ha podido marcar su huella hondamente entre nosotros por la escasa difusion que hasta ahora ha tenido la lengua inglesa y el corto numero de traducciones conocidas.

Cierto es que la *Antologia* comenzada á publicar en 1915 por el Sr. Sanchez Pesquera, llega ya á su tomo IV. que alcanza (por orden alfabetico) hasta Pope y comprende unas 447 poesias ó fragmentos de poesias traducidas al castellano y pertenecientes á 74 autores ingleses y norte-americanos. Pero aunque á esta gran masa la añadiésemos las traducciones no incluidas en esta y las que contiene la reciente coleccion del Sr. Maristany y alguna otra, bien se comprende que, salvo dos o tres escritores (como el ya estado Byron) la majoria toca á un escaso numero de traducciones—de muchos sólo se han traducido una ó dos composiciones,—y para que un autor sea bien conocido y pueda influir intensamente, es necesario conocer toda ó la majoria de su obra literaria.

Por otra parte, casi todas esas traducciones son modernísimas, hechas en tiempo en que la influencia literaria francesa y la alemana lo absorbía todo, y no han podido pesar en la formación de nuestros poetas de un modo apreciable. Suizá la influencia se produzca en lo futuro; y ciertamente es deseable.

Pero no hace falta que un escritor haya sido considerado como modelo imitable en un país para que se reconozca su mérito. Desgraciadamente,

Keats es de los menos conocidos. No se si seran muchos los españoles que hayan leído las poesias del gran lírico en el idioma en que este las escribio. La *Antologia* de Sanchez Pesquera da tan solo tres traducciones de este poeta : *Paisaje*, *A sus hermanos* y *Aute los Bajorelieves de una urna griega*. La coleccion de Maristany contiene cinco : *Al Otoño*, *Oda acerca de la melancolia*, *La belle dame sans merci*, y dos sonetos. Ni en las unnumoras traducciones de Teddoro Llorente ni en las de Lasso de la Vega, encuentro ninguna de Keats, aunque las hayan abundantes de escritores ingleses.

Soy estos datos, no por afan de erudicion sino para explicar exactamente el grado de conocimiento que la majoria de nuestros lectores puede hoy tener de Keats. Pero al mismo tiempo puedo afirmar que los espíritus delicados y exquisitos que van buscando siempre lo mas selecto de la producción artistica donde quiera que se realiza y que han sido bastante afortunados para conocer toda ó parte de la obra de Keats (y de esos espíritus hay en España muchos más de los que se creen, dentro y fuera de los cultivadores de la literatura), saben ya estimarla en todo lo que significa, no solo en la literatura inglesa, sino en la universal compremión formada por las mas perfectas aportaciones de todos los pueblos.

Por otra parte, el gesto de piadosa admiracion que salva para las generaciones futuras la casa en que vivió el poeta, será apreciado entre nosotros. En algun tiempo hemor terrido olvidado ese sagrado culto de nuestros grandes hombres, pero ya hoy cuenta altares en el alma de todos los patriotas. La casa de Cervantes en Valladolid y la del Greco en Toledo, nos dan aptituo para comprender la que significa la casa de Keats en Londres y para asociación de todo corazon al rescate genoroso que tanto honra al publico ingles. La nobleza sentimental de ese gesto está avalada por los hombres de mas rigida sujecion á lo que se llama el sentido practico de la vida, pues ellos saben que, pese al orgullo que cada edad pone en sus novedades y reformas, ningun pueblo puede fundar solidamente su presente y su futuro mas que en la obra cumplida del ayer, que alumbra la nita de hoy y de mañana y cuyo desprecio tiene sanción tenible en la decadencia de las naciones.

Si yo fuera poeta, el homenaje mayor que oprecería á la memoria de Keats sería traducir todas sus poesias. No soy poeta, pero confio que aquellos de mis compatriotas dotados de tan precioso don, cumplirán ese acto, en que no solo habra un amplio reconocimiento de la hermosa obra producida por aquel á quien la nuesta insipidio escribir aun cosas mas altas y bellas, sino un positivo servicio a nuestra literatura y á nuestra cultura general, incorporandole un elemento mas de defunacion artistica.

Cuando Keats sea bien conocido entre nosotros, representara indudablemente, junto a la nota amable de su delicadeza, estas otras dos que por lo menos, son las que á mi más me interesan y encantan en el ; su gran sentido

de la Naturaleza y del paisaje y la viva interioridad con que llegó á vibrar su lira con el soplo de la noble serenidad del ideal poético clásico. Así lo juzga también aquel crítico nuestro de exquisito gusto y de amplio espíritu literario, tan humanista y tan moderno al propio tiempo en estas cuestiones que se llama Menéndez Pelazo.

MADRID.



## KEATS AND SPAIN

Translation by E. NOEL BOWMAN

ALTHOUGH in general terms it can be stated that England has a spiritual influence over Spain in many walks of our intellectual and political life, the process and sequence of this influence has not yet been fully investigated except as regards literature, strictly speaking. But, perhaps, literature is not the element of our life which shows most the influence of English thought.

In this, as is known, the principal contacts occur in the novel and the drama. Poetry, apart from the universal influence of Byron (assuredly indirect, as regards the majority of our romantic writers), has not been able to make a deep impression on us on account of the limited diffusion which up to the present the English language has enjoyed and the small number of well-known translations.

It is true that the *Anthology*, which was in course of publication in 1915 by Señor Sanchez Pesquera, and reached its fourth volume, arrived (in alphabetical order) as far as Pope, and comprised about 447 poems or fragments of poems, translated into Spanish, emanating from 74 English or United States authors. Although we may add to this large number some translations which are not included in it, as well as those which are contained in the recent collection of Señor Maristany and another, it is well understood that, with the exception of two or three writers (such as Byron before-mentioned) the majority deals with a limited number of translations—only one or two compositions of the majority of authors having been translated out of the available material—and it is evident that an author may not be well known and may not have an appreciable influence, but by means of the knowledge of all, or at least the major part, of his literary output.

On the other hand, almost all these translations are modern productions, composed at the time when French and German literary influence absorbed everything, and could not have dominated to any appreciable extent the formation of our poetry. Perhaps this influence will develop in the future, and it is certainly desirable that it should do so.



It is unnecessary that a writer should be extolled as a model for imitation in a country in order that his merit be recognized there. Unfortunately Keats is one of the least known. I do not know whether there are many Spaniards who have read his poetry in the language in which it was written. The *Anthology* of Sanchez Pesquera contains only three translations of this poet : *Landscape*, *To his Brothers*, and the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. Maristany's collection includes five : *To Autumn*, *Ode to Melancholy*, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, and two Sonnets. Nothing is to be found of Keats either in the numerous translations of Teddoro Llorente nor amongst those of Lasso de la Vega, although they are full of examples of English writers.

I give these particulars not with the object of vaunting my erudition, but in order to explain more exactly the degree of knowledge possessed by the majority of our students of to-day concerning the genius of Keats. At the same time, I can affirm that those delicate and exquisite spirits who are always seeking the choicest artistic productions wherever they may be found, and who have been fortunate enough to know all or even part, of the work of Keats (and there are more of these spirits than one would believe in Spain, inside and outside literary circles) know how to estimate it and understand all it signifies, not only in English literature, but in the universal understanding constituted by the most perfect literature of all people.

On the other hand, the movement of pious admiration which is to save for future generations the home of Keats will be amply appreciated by us. In a little time we shall have forgotten this sacred veneration of our great men, but new altars are erected to them in the hearts of all patriots. The home of Cervantes in Valladolid, and of El Greco in Toledo, enable us to understand what the Keats House in London signifies and unites our hearts in its generous redemption, which does so much honour to the English people. The noble sentiment of this movement is guaranteed by men of the most strict subjection to that which may be described as practical common sense, for they know that notwithstanding the pride that each generation shows in its novelties and reforms, no people can solidly establish its present and its future, better than in completing the work of the past, which illuminates the journey of to-day and to-morrow, and neglect of this has had a terrible result in the decadence of nations.

If I were a poet, the greatest homage I could offer to the memory of Keats would be a translation of all his poems. I am not a poet, but I trust those of my compatriots who are endowed with this precious gift will accomplish this task. It would not only be a fitting recognition of the beautiful works produced by this poet, who was prevented by death from the writing of many more, but it would be a great gain to our own literature and general culture, incorporating in it quite another artistic element.

When Keats becomes well known amongst us he will represent, undoubtedly, in conjunction with the charming note of delicacy, the other two which in his works interest and enchant me most : his strong feeling for Nature and Landscape and the living inspiration which he instils into his lyrics with the breath of the noble serenity of a classic and poetic ideal. In such manner our own leading critic regards him, Menendez y Pelayo, a man of exquisite taste and wide literary spirit, so classic and at the same time so modern.

“ QUEEN OF THE WIDE AIR ; THOU MOST LOVELY QUEEN  
OF ALL THE BRIGHTNESS THAT MINE EYES HAVE SEEN ! ”

By EMILE CAMMAERTS

D'AUTRES ont chanté l'ardeur du soleil,  
La passion farouche aux bras éclatants,  
Le rire et l'orgueil du moment présent,  
Le glaive et l'enclume sonnante le réveil.

D'autres ont vanté les nuits étoilées,  
Le calme virginal des cieux rayonnants,  
La compagnie des anges bleus et blancs  
Berçant le monde de leur chanson ailée.

D'autres encore ont parlé des nuages,  
De leurs illusions et de leurs mystères,  
De la fantaisie des lointains mirages  
Et du silence des âmes austères.

Mais aucun n'a compris la lune comme toi,  
Nul poète n'a dit, comme toi, sa bonté  
Tendre et familière épanchée sur les toits  
Et baignant la plaine de son lac de clarté.

Ce n'est pas le présent mais l'espoir que tu chantes,  
Les étoiles se taisent et les nuées s'envolent ;  
Et Cynthia se lève, majestueuse et lente,  
Remplissant la nuit d'un chœur de rossignols.

Ce n'est pas ce qu'on est, mais ce qu'on voudrait être,  
Ce n'est pas le jour, ce n'est pas la nuit,  
C'est tout ce qui bouge et tout ce qui vit  
Partout où ton grand œil, ô Cynthia, pénètre :

L'ivresse d'aimer sans violence,  
Le parfum des fleurs qui console  
Et le lait lumineux de tes seins bénévoles  
Où s'abreuvent les rêves naïfs de l'enfance.

Quand nous nous arrêtons, les pieds dans la rosée,  
Laisant parler nos cœurs au rythme de nos veines  
Et que, les yeux levés, ô Keats, vers ta reine,  
Nous laissons nos pensées rencontrer ta pensée,  
Il suffit d'un souffle dans l'herbe des prés,  
D'un frisson subtil dans les branches des saules,  
Pour évoquer ton ombre à nos côtés  
Et sentir ta main peser sur notre épaule.



## LE PRIME POESIE DEL KEATS

By EMILIO CECCHI

**E** PRIME liriche del Keats rendono il compiacimento d'un lettore che, lontano dalla città e dalle seccature, in un nascondiglio fronzuto ("nidi di verde fatti per i poeti") vede riprodursi in apparizioni vive un fantasma poetico, scandendosi in pace un gruppo di sonetti, un'ode preziosa.

Nessuno più felice di colui che è stato a lungo in città "quando, col cuor contento, stanco, s'abbandona in un piacevole covo di ondeggiante erba, e legge una serena gentile istoria d'amore e languore." Le ore d'un giorno così occupato scorrono simili alla "lacrima d'un angelo, che nel chiaro etere cade silente."

Ancora. La stagione è rigida, la via lunga e solitaria. "Ma io non sento la fredda, aspra aria, nè le morte foglie che tetramente frusciano . . . tutto preso come sono dell'amicizia che in una piccola villa ho trovato, e dell'eloquente affanno del ben chiamato Milton e di tutto il suo amore pel gentile Licida sommerso; dell'amabile Laura nel suo luminoso<sup>1</sup> abito verde, e del fedele Petrarca gloriosamente incoronato."

L'amicizia, nel culto della bellezza; come ai tempi della *Mermaid Tavern*. La donna intravvista quale gotica ninfa che si affaccia tra'rami: Marianna, la bella di Robin Hood. Il mondo arieggiante una arcadia del Boccaccio, tra Africo e Mensola. Si diffonde un sopore, un torpore, dove tristezza e gioia sono irriconoscibili, perdute nell'indolenza contemplativa. La campagna si muta in un giardino a recessis viali, grotticelle, archi, pel quale vanno oziando, senza curvare le erbe, figure di antichi poeti. Circondato dalle dolci cose naturali, il nuovo divoto della poesia, col capo stormente di antichi canti, sta simile all'estata nel suo gabinetto, con oggetti preziosi, geometrici fiori nei vasi sfaccettati e luci ben distribuite. Per la profonda educazione d'arte, le cose della natura gli appaiono come riflessi creazioni

<sup>1</sup> Prof. Cecchi is, I think, in error in the use of this word. It should surely be "chiaro."—EDITOR.

del genio umano. Un tulipano, a'suoi occhi, in quest'estasi, più che un fiore è una meravigliosa pittura che si equilibra in curve calcolate.

Appunto nel primo libro del Keats si trova una composizione che scioglie in termini più accosti alla critica l'esperienza sommariamente esposta. *Sleep and Poetry* e per il Keats qualcosa di simile a ciò che, per il Wordsworth, sono le *Prefazioni*; e *Alastor* e l'*Inno alla Bellezza Intellettuale* per lo Shelley. "La vita è appena un giorno," dice Keats, "una goccia di rugiada nella sua pericolosa caduta dalla cima d'un albero, il sonno d'un povero Indiano la cui barca precipita verso la mostruosa cascata di Montmorenci . . . ; è un piccione che tuba nella tersa aria d'estate, uno scolareto che sghignazza. . . ." E propone, a fermarla nella bellezza, unico aspetto del vero, un'atarassia epicuraica, un dormiveglia immaginativo, uno stato di sorvegliato languore nel quale la natura diventi oggetto di staccata visione e fantasticheria.

Qualcosa di prossimo all'antico *carpe diem*; nobilitato in una casta aspirazione estetica, diffuso in una serenità stupefatta. Pel Keats la natura non è divenire, ma un fermo spettacolo, theama; oggetto fuor della coscienza la quale lo interpreta vestendolo di bellezza. E una realtà perfetta, se la sappiamo porre nell'esatto foco della bellezza; e infatti, in relazione alla natura, il Keats cerca quel *μονόχρονος ἡδονή* che Walter Pater cercherà in relazione all'opera d'arte.

E il vangelo, sentito con commozione purissima, d'un mondo reciso dall'azione, e la poesia sorge sempre ad illuminarvi un quasi identico sogno. La sofferenza inconfessata di questa immobilità indolorisce misteriosamente questo mondo; e in pari tempo ne redime l'estetismo da quanto potrebbe esservi di più sensuale; gli dà una gracilità gentile, gli toglie quella sufficienza che, a volte gua'sta l'antico Orazio.

Direi che, nel Keats, si ha la stessa pavida invenzione dell'estetismo, dopo l'esperienza eroica romantica; un sincero estetismo che non addormenta nemmeno tutta l'anima, e contro al quale una negazione sorgerà, da ultimo, risanatrice.

Giacche per trovare, in Keats, l'ispirazione completa, tutta umana, bisogna che la bellezza, nel suo stesso esaltarsi, gli dubiti, infine di sè, non si possa più porre quale assoluto senso della realtà. Bisogna che la stupore del poeta si rompa d'uno sgomento contro cui l'incanto estetico non vale. Bisogna che il "nido verde" sia battuto dal freddo vento della morte; che le forze cieche facciano impeto. La bellezza ha da esser condannata, ha da essere "la bellezza che deve morire"; e la gioia: "la gioia che porta le mani alle abbra a dire addio." Tutta la realtà deve culminar sull'orlo d'una notte imminente: come l'aspetto delle cose, a tramonto, s'accende d'una ferma e disperata sublimità. La bellezza, sì, è; ma non la sentiamo appieno che nell'asia di qualcosa che ce ne strappa. La bellezza è ciò che *consiste*; ma

non ci si rivela tanto bella, che quando siamo trascinati ineluttabilmente al nostro destino ignoto. Tutto nella bellezza vive, ma come le figure dell' "Urna greca," sospese in un segreto che nessuna anima potrà mai dire.

La bellezza non è se non nella relazione con ciò che ne esige l'insufficienza. Il senso della finale inanità di quanto il mondo ha più eterno, è la malinconia che si schermisce ne' primi versi del Keats è ne' poemi medievali, la febbrile arsura del godimento delle apparenze ; assume, nel gruppo delle ultime *Odi*, la intensità dei sentimenti supremi ; che spiega come, con poche pagine di lirica, anche meno forse di quelle del Foscolo, il Keats sia riuscito tanto grande poeta. . . .

ROME.

## THE EARLY POEMS OF KEATS

Translation by ROBERT H. H. CUST

KEATS'S earlier lyrical poetry displays the rapture of a student who, far from the dull cares of town life, in a sylvan retreat ("places of nestling green for poets made") sees his poetic fancies quicken into living forms the while he peacefully composes a group of sonnets or an exquisite ode.

None more happy than he "who has been long in city pent"

When with heart's content  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonnair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment.<sup>1</sup>

The hours of a day so occupied glide by "like an angel's tear that falls through the clear ether silently."

Once more, though the season be inclement, the way long and lonely,

Yet feel I little of the cold bleak air,  
Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily

: : : : :

For I am brimful of the friendliness  
That in a little cottage I have found ;  
Of fair-haired Milton's eloquent distress  
And all his love for gentle Lycid drowned :  
Of lovely Laura in her light-green dress,  
And faithful Petrarch gloriously crowned.<sup>2</sup>

Friendship in the cult of Beauty, as in the times of the *Mermaid Tavern* ; the feminine element in the guise of some gothic nymph appearing amidst the branches of the trees, Maid Marian, beloved of Robin Hood ; the World resembling an Arcadia of Boccaccio between the Africo and the Mensola ;

<sup>1</sup> Sonnet X. Buxton Forman's Edition. *Poems*, Vol. I., p. 45.

<sup>2</sup> Sonnet IX. Buxton Forman's Edition. *Poems*, Vol. I., p. 45.



these diffuse a drowsiness, a somnolence, wherein sadness and joy lost in idle meditation, become indistinguishable.

Whilst the countryside is wrapped in silence, through a garden of nooks, avenues, little grottoes and trellised arches, over the unbending grasses wander the shades of poets of old. Surrounded by the sweet objects of nature the young devotee of poetry, his brain re-echoing with ancient melodies, becomes like an art-collector amongst his collection of treasures, mid flowers of well-defined shapes in cut-glass vases and carefully disposed lights. Through profound education in art natural objects seem like reflected creations of human skill.

When in this ecstatic state a tulip becomes in his eyes a wonderful picture of carefully calculated lines rather than a flower.

In a word, in Keats's earliest work one finds composition which resolves itself in a critical sense into terms more akin to summarily expressed experience. *Sleep and Poetry* for Keats is somewhat analogous to Wordsworth's *Prelude*; and to Shelley's *Alastor* and *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*.

. . . Life is but a day ;  
A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way  
From a tree's summit ; a poor Indian's sleep  
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep  
Of Montmorenci. . . .

A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air :  
A laughing schoolboy. . . .

And he proposes to crystallize in beauty a single aspect of truth, an Epicurean tranquillity, an imaginative condition of semi-drowsiness, a state of wakeful languor, in which nature becomes the object of detached visions and fantasy.

Something approaching to the ancient *carpe diem*; ennobled by a cold æsthetic aspiration, diffused in enraptured calm. For Keats Nature is not a series of happenings, but a static spectacle, a show (*theama*); an objective outside knowledge, which by clothing it with beauty, interprets it. It is a perfected realism, if we knew how to place it in exact focus with beauty: and in fact in relation to Nature Keats seeks that *μορόχροτος ἡδονή* (momentary pleasure) which Walter Pater sought in relation to works of Art.

It is the inspiration—felt with purest emotion—of a world removed from action; and poetry ever rises to illuminate therein an almost unchanging dream. Unconfessed suffering due to such immobility mysteriously saddens this world; and at the same time redeems its æstheticism from whatsoever

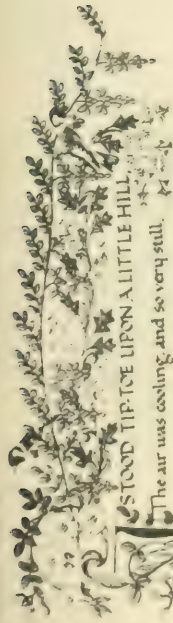
<sup>1</sup> *Sleep and Poetry*. Buxton Forman's Edition. *Poems*, Vol. I., p. 53.

there might be in it of the sensual : it gives to it a tender grace and takes from it that sense of self-sufficiency which at times seems to jar in Horace.

I submit that in Keats one makes the same timorous discovery of æstheticism after heroic romantic experience : a sincere æstheticism which by no means hypnotizes the entire soul and against which will result in a health-giving contradiction.

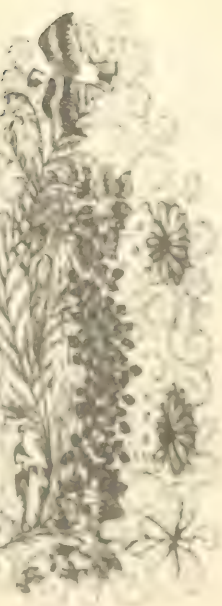
In order, therefore, to find in Keats a complete and wholly human inspiration it is needful that beauty in its very exaltation should doubt itself, lest in the end it should be unable to put forward some absolute sense of reality. It is needful that the fervour of the poet should be broken up by a despondency against which æsthetic charm can be of no avail. It is necessary that the "green nest" should be pierced by the chill wind of Death ; blind forces should make their attack upon it. Beauty must suffer condemnation ; must become "the beauty that is to die" ; and joy "the joy that carries its hand to its lips in token of farewell." All realism must culminate upon the border of approaching night ; as the aspect of all things merges at sunset into a still and supreme sublimity. Beauty truly survives, but we do not feel it in its entirety, because of our grief for something which plucks at it. Beauty does indeed exist ; but it never reveals itself so beautiful as when we are being drawn along inexorably to our unknown fate. In beauty all things live, but like the figures on a "Grecian Urn," they are shrouded in a mystery which no human soul can ever explain.

Beauty only exists in relation to that which demands from it something insufficient. This sense of final deficiency in all that is most eternal in the world, which is the cause of that melancholy which in his early poems Keats endeavours to ward off ; which in his mediæval poems is the cause of the feverish heat of his enjoyment of outward things ; and which assumes in the group of his later *Odes* an intensity of supreme sentiment ; explains how with only a few pages of lyrical poetry (even less than those of Foscolo), Keats became so great a poet. . . .

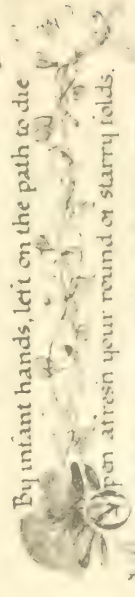


STOOD TIP-TOE UPON A LITTLE HILL.

The air was cooling, and so very still,  
 That the sweet buds which with a modest pride  
 Pull droopingly in slanting curve aside.  
 Their scantily leav'd, and lindly uponing stems  
 Had not yet lost those starry diadems  
 Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.  
 The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,  
 And fresh from the clear brook, sweetly they slept  
 On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept  
 A little noiseless noise among the leaves  
 Born of the very sigh that silence heaves  
 For not the faintest motion could be seen  
 Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green  
 There was unde wandering for the greenest eye  
 To peer about upon variety.  
 Far round the horizons crystal air to skim,  
 And trace the dundell edgings of its brim,  
 To picture out the quaint, and curious bending  
 On a fresh woodland allay, now ending.



That with a score of light green brethren shoots  
 From the quaint mossiness of aged roots,  
 Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters  
 Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,  
 The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn  
 That such fair clusters should be rudely torn  
 From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thoughtlessly



By infant hands, let's on the path to die  
 Ye ardent marigolds!  
 Dry up the moisture from your golden lids  
 For great Apollo bids  
 That in these days your praises should be sung  
 On many harps, which he has lately strung.  
 And when again your daintiness he kisses  
 Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses  
 So happy when I rove in some far vale  
 His mighty voice may come upon the gale





## "A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER"

By JOHANNES HOOPS

PROFESSOR FEHR has lately attempted to show that the *motif* of some beautiful lines in Keats's juvenile poem, *I Stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill*, was derived from a passage in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*. Though the similarities pointed out by Prof. Fehr are not particularly striking, the poet's marginal notes in his copy of the book preserved in the Dilke Bequest of the Hampstead Public Library doubtless prove that Keats about the time of the composition of the poem had attentively read Bacon.

Under these circumstances, and considering the fact that the poem was composed shortly before *Endymion*, of which it is a first draft, one may perhaps be entitled to venture the conjecture that the famous opening line of *Endymion*,

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,

was suggested by a passage in the beginning of Bacon's essay *Of Gardens*, which runs as follows :

"I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be *gardens for all the months of the year*, in which severally *things of beauty* may be then in season."<sup>1</sup>

Bacon means to say that, in the laying out of princely gardens, care ought to be taken that, in the different parts of the garden, there should be flowering shrubs and plants throughout the year. He goes on to give detailed lists of plants suitable for the single months.

That Keats's singular phrase, *a thing of beauty*, is a reminiscence of this passage in Bacon's essay on gardens, is rendered still likelier, and at the same time more interesting, by the fact that the opening of *Endymion* is interwoven with pictures taken from the world of trees and flowers :

*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :*  
Its loveliness increases ; it will never

---

<sup>1</sup> In a contribution to *Englische Studien*, Vol. LIV., p. 326 (1920).

Pass into nothingness ; but *still will keep*  
*A bower quiet for us*, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing,  
 Therefore, on every morrow, *are we wreathing*  
*A flowery band* to bind us to the earth, etc.

And, furthermore, compare lines 13-19 :

Such the sun, the moon,  
*Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon*  
 For simple sheep ; and such are *daffodils*  
*With the green world they live in* ; and clear rills  
 That for themselves a *cooling covert* make  
 'Gainst the hot season ; *the mid forest brake,*  
*Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms.*

That daffodils and musk-roses are among the flowers recommended by Bacon in his list may be mentioned incidentally.

Buxton Forman relates that, according to a statement made by Henry Stephens, who was a fellow student in medicine with Keats, the opening line of *Endymion* originally read :

A thing of beauty is a *constant joy* ;

which was subsequently altered to the renowned present version. The original wording reflects even more clearly than the accepted one the source from which the picture was drawn : it is a lively reminiscence of Bacon's garden which affords flowering "things of beauty" all the year round, and thus is "a constant joy" to the visitor. Viewed in this light particularly the lines :

A thing of beauty . . . *still will keep*  
*A bower quiet for us*, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing,

gain a more significant meaning. If we take the phrase, "*a thing of beauty*," in its generalized sense, which attaches to it in the received version, the expression, "*it still will keep a bower quiet for us*," is quaint and difficult to account for. It becomes fraught with intuitive significance and suggestive power the moment we bear in mind that in the poet's imagination the words were connected with the picture of Bacon's ideal of a garden flowering in perpetual spring.

Thus the knowledge of the genesis of an immortal line considerably adds to the understanding of its full meaning and to its poetic appreciation.

HEIDELBERG.

## KEATS

By ANTONÍN KLÁŠTERSKÝ

Keats! šeptne ret, a vidíš večer snivý,  
Melancholie s květné dýše nivy,  
a v luny svitu slavík z háje jásá,  
svět pln je vil a hudby, čár a divy.

Keats! vzdychne ret, a vidíš, jara sladči  
jde krajem Jeseň, hrozny vína tlačí,  
a s řecké urny nesmrtelná Krása  
se usmívá v svět nad hroby a spáči.

Keats! psáno do vod, a ted' všechny vody  
to sladké jméno šumi, plny shody,  
a každá vlna slávu jeho hlásá  
přes všechny věky, všechny přes národy!

V PRAZE, 1920.

## KEATS

By ANTONÍN KLÁŠTERSKÝ

(Translated from the Czech by P. SELVER.)

Keats! At this whisper, dream-clad eve behold,  
And melancholy rise from blossomy wold;  
From moonlit grove the nightingale's glad crying,  
Fays, music, marvels, spells, the world enfold.

Keats! At this sigh, behold, than spring more sweet  
Comes Autumn crushing the grapes beneath her feet,  
And from the Grecian urn Beauty undying  
O'er tombs and sleepers earth with a smile doth greet.

Keats! Writ in water, now his dulcet name  
Do all the waters murmur with acclaim,  
And every billow's voice is magnifying  
Through every age and every race his name.

PRAGUE, 1920.



## FOR THE BOOK OF HOMAGE TO JOHN KEATS

By EDWARD B. KOSTER

I OWE to John Keats some of the happiest hours of my life. He has been a source of inspiration and delight to me. Whenever I take him up he thrills me with joy. As a poet *pur sang*, an artist pure and simple, an inspired and passionate lover of beauty, he ranks among the foremost workers in art and literature. His verse is sculpturesque and harmonious, sensuous and enthralling. His is "a glorious revelry" of sound and rhythm and word-music "in courteous fountains to all cups outreach'd."

THE HAGUE.

## TWO LETTERS FROM M. PIERRE LOTI

By G. MAUBERGER

MONSIEUR,

Vous voulez bien demander à M. Pierre Loti de vous envoyer quelques pages sur John Keats, dont vous désirez conserver pieusement la petite maison, pleine des souvenirs du poète. M. Pierre Loti vous félicite de cette idée heureuse, mais accablé de travail, fatigué, aspirant à un repos absolu, intending au surplus se retirer de tout, il doit à son grand regret décliner l'offre si amiable que vous lui adressez.

Il me charge de vous transmettre toutes ses excuses et tous ses regrets et je vous prie, Monsieur, d'agréer mes bien distinguées salutations.

ROCHEFORT,

26 Aout, 1920.

MONSIEUR,

M. Pierre Loti, qui fort heureusement n'est pas malade mais qui a désiré prendre un peu de repos, a quitté Rochefort pour quelque temps et il m'est absolument impossible de lui communiquer votre lettre.

J'ai moi-même fait un voyage et je vous prie de m'excuser de ne vous avoir pas répondu plus tôt.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, mes distinguées salutations.

ROCHEFORT,

15. 7<sup>h</sup> 1920.

## A LETTER FROM MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Hotel Real, Santander,  
10 *Avout*, 1920.

CHER MONSIEUR,

Je regrette, étant en voyage, de n'avoir pas les loisirs ne la tranquillité d'esprit nécessaire pour vous dire toute mon admiration pour Keats. Keats est un de ces poètes miraculeux, un de ces poètes nés chantres divins des pieds à la tête, qui ne paraissent qu'une fois au cours du siècle dans l'histoire d'une littérature. Il a, en France, un frère aussi merveilleux que lui, c'est notre André Chenier, et leur magnifique et trop breve destinée s'accorde comme leur génie. Je ne puis songer à l'un sans évoquer l'image de l'autre, pour les confondre dans la même admiration passionnée. Ils ont tous deux retrouvé, de la façon la plus inattendue, les sources les plus pures et les plus profondes de la poésie.

Je suis avec vous dans tout ce que vous ferez pour maintenir vivant le souvenir du poète, et vous prie d'agréer, cher Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus dévoués !

MAETERLINCK.

### TRANSLATION

By CUTHBERT A. WILLIAMSON

DEAR SIR,

I regret that as I am travelling I have neither the leisure nor the tranquillity of mind which would be requisite in order that I might in adequate fashion express to you my admiration for Keats.

Keats is one of those miraculous poets, who are born charged from head to foot with divine melody and who appear but once in the course of a century, in the history of a literature. In France he has a brother poet, marvellous as himself—our André Chenier—and their magnificent, all too brief destiny, is in conformity, as is their genius.

I cannot think of the one but there arises in my mind the image of the other, so that I confuse the two in the same sense of passionate admiration. Alike, in unlooked-for fashion, they discovered the purest sources of poetry and its utmost depths.

I am with you in all that you can do to keep alive the memory of the poet, and I beg of you to accept the assurance of my highest esteem.

# EN GÆST FRA ELYSION

By NIELS MØLLER

Her i det blege nord, hvor vindens trolde  
nu drilsk sig snor i ond ubændig dans  
og snart taalmodig døgn igennem tuder,  
mens, himlen over, skyer vælter kolde  
de flossede buge mod os uden stans,—  
hvor solen syg og gold bag disen drager  
og kun i døden gyder blodig glans,—  
og kornet fryser paa den dunkle ager,  
her, hvor ved gry  
dagkæmpen rynker brynet mod den tunge sky,—

det hænder stundum dog: hos jorden byder  
Elysions gyldne dage sige til gæst,—  
da tindrer bølgen, himmel—hvalvet blaaner,  
og drossel—sangen jubelsvanger lyder;  
fra kløver—marken bær den myge blæst  
de varme blomsters duftig—dybe sødme,  
og landet svulmer grønt til frodig fest,  
og yppig blusser rosens purpur—rødme;  
vidt over vang

Soldrotten lyser lykke pas sin høje gang.

Og hen i høst, naar hvedens trave sender  
sin modent tørre em, hvor leen hven,  
naar brombærrankens perle—rader sortner,  
og æblet, som sig buttet saftfuldt spænder,  
rødkindet lyser paa sin moddede gren,  
naar straaledugget spind i vinden vugger  
og luften rinder lydhør, let og ren,  
og man af bristefærdig lykke sukker;—  
Lysets farvel;

skonhedens sidste skaal, naar solen gaan paa hæld!

I disse aarets fagre højtids—dage,  
hvis minde gennem vinter—mulm os bær,  
vi ser en sanger—gæst imod os drage,  
hyldet og kær,  
det er din sommersjæl, John Keats, vi vandrer nær.



## A GUEST FROM ELYSIUM

(Translation by J. H. HELWEG.)

Here in the pallid North where gusts like goblins  
now grimly twirl in foul unruly dance  
and soon impatient howl for days together,  
while, cold across the sky, the clouds are turning  
their flossy bellies to us without pause,  
where Sun moves sick and pale behind the curtain  
and, dying only, spreads its sanguine hue,  
and where the corn on shadowed acres freezes,  
here where by dawn

Day's giant knits his brows against the heavy cloud,  
It sometimes happens though: to Earth do offer  
Elysium's golden days themselves as guests;  
then billows glitter, bluer grow the heavens  
and fraught with joy the song of thrushes quavers;  
from clover-fields the gentle breeze will bring  
the fragrance, deep and sweet, of sunlit flowers,—  
the country swells so green in fertile feast,  
and highly glows the rose in purple flushes;  
wide over land

King Sun strews blessings down from his exalted path.  
And when in autumn, sheaves of wheat are spreading  
their dry and ripened haze where scythes did ring,  
when like a pearl-string bramble-berries blacken,  
and chubby apples which their juice distended  
are glowing ruddy-cheeked on mossy bough,  
when dewy gossamer in breezes wavers  
and keen and light and pure flows by the air,  
and Man for happiness profound is sighing;—  
Light's kind farewell,

Beauty's last cup when Sun draws near decline.

In these autumnal days so fair and festive  
whose memory cheers us through the winter gloom  
we see a poet-guest towards us coming  
cherished and dear,  
it is thy summer-soul, John Keats, we feel is near.

NIELS MØLLER.

# KEATS AND SWEDEN

By DR. ANDERS ÖSTERLING

Keats hör väl icke till de engelska diktare, som ha många läsare i Sverige, men han kommer alltid att beundras af ett trofast fåtal. Första gången jag minns mig ha mött hans namn i svensk litteratur var i en novell af Per Hallström för tjugo år sedan, den utsökta 'Thanatos,' där det omtalas hur den berättande som ung brukade ligga på en trädgårdskulle och läsa Keats. Man kunde beteckna hela novellen som en svensk Keats-stämning, full af den första höstens ljusmättade aningspoesi och meddelande 'en förnimmelse som från nyss badade, lätt rysande unga lemmar, som smekas af en redan litet mattad sol'—för att nu använda novellens egna ord. Och jag skulle tro, att många med mig fingo lust att läsa Keats genom denna visserligen helt flyktiga rekommendation, och att bekantskapen blef en vän för lifvet, icke blott för den ungdomsålder, som mottog det första intrycket.

Det finns i äldre svensk poesi åtminstone en figur, som har vissa likheter med Keats: det är den glödande Stagnelius, likaledes skördad i förtid, mytologiskt inspirerad liksom Keats och liksom denne sökande en sinnebild af sitt öde i Endymion-gestalten. Hans betydande genius sänkte sig i dunkel gnosticistisk spekulation, hans blick öfver tillvaron blef den instängda och förvakade kammar-människans—han är sålunda icke på samma sätt som Keats en *ynpling i dikten*, och dock betyder han för svensk poesi något af samma brådmogna odödlighet, genom hans festliga strängospel fläktar samma tragiska vind.

Själ är jag en af dem som ofta vallfärdat till Keats graf i Rom och funnit en djupare storhet i hans enkla marmorvård än i Cestius' pyramid några steg därifrån. Den här meddelade öfversättningen af Keats' måhända ööfversättligaste ode vill endast vara en anspråklös minnesgård från Sverige.

STOCKHOLM,

November 1920.

## KEATS AND SWEDEN

By ANDERS ÖSTERLING

Keats can scarcely be said to belong to those English poets who have many readers in Sweden, but he will always be admired by the faithful few. The first time I can remember having met his name in Swedish Literature was twenty years ago in a short story by Per Hallström, the exquisite 'Thanatos,' where is described how the teller of the story himself, when a young man, used to lie on a little mound in a garden reading Keats. One might characterize this short story as a Swedish Keats-impression, filled with the luminous poetry of foreboding belonging to the early autumn and giving 'a feeling of a recently bathed, slightly shivering young body which is caressed by an already waning sun,' to employ the words of the story itself. I believe that on account of this fleeting introduction in many like myself there grew a desire to read Keats, and that the acquaintance became a friend for life, not only for the youthful years when the first impression was received.

There exists in older Swedish poetry at least one personality who presents a certain resemblance to Keats, *i.e.* the passionate Stagnelius, also prematurely reaped by death, inspired by mythology like Keats, and like him looking for a symbol of his own fate in the figure of Endymion. His considerable genius descended in mysterious gnostic speculations, his outlook upon existence became that of the vigil-worn recluse—he is thus not in the same way as Keats *a youth in poetry*, and yet he means to Swedish poetry something of the same precocious immortality, and through the festive play of his lyre there wafts the same tragic wind.

I am myself one of those who have often made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Keats in Rome and found a more profound greatness in his simple marble monument than in the pyramid of Cestius close by. The translation of Keats' perhaps most untranslatable Ode which I give here, is only intended as a humble tribute from Sweden to his memory.

ANDERS ÖSTERLING.

STOCKHOLM,

*November 1920.*

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN, IN SWEDISH  
ODE TILL EN GREKISK URNA.

Du fridens ännu oförkränkta brud,  
lång tystnads fosterbarn. Så blomsterväfd  
vår rytm ej glider som det våriskogsbud  
din mun oss bär från stilla tid och häfd.  
Hvad löfvad saga från arkadisk bygd  
med gudar, människor i samlad här  
har ristats in i din förnäma form?  
Hvad vild förföljelse i trädens skygd,  
man efter mö, i flämtande begär,  
hvad rör och pukor? Hvad förälskad storm?

Hörd sång är ljuf, men ljufvare ändå  
är ohörd sång, och därför, milda rör,  
spel upp för sinnets öron ej, men gå  
till själens luft, som slika toner hör:  
Du, sköna ungdom, lyfter ej din röst,  
du, bälde älskare, din kyss ej får —  
men gräm dig ej, ty vet: din älskling är  
ovissnelig och fjärran från all höst —  
och under samma friska löfverk går  
hon alltid skön, du alltid lika kär'.

Ack, sälla löf, som gulnar ej till mull  
och slipper bjuda hvarje vår farväl,  
och sälla blåsare med flöjten full  
af toner, evigt nya för vår själ.  
Och sälla kärlek'. Sälla, sälla lott  
som evigt blommande med längtans blom  
och evigt varm och evigt löftesrik  
ser ned på jordens lidelser som brådt  
med glödhet panna och förtorkad gom  
dö i sin öfvermättnads sorgeskrik'.



Säg, hvilka vandra till din offerfest  
och till hvad vågrönt altare i ro  
du leder själf, o underbare präst,  
en ung, girlandprydd, silkeshullig ko?  
Hvad stad i fjärran, bygd omkring sin borg,  
i bergens luft, vid hafvets böljesvall  
står tömd på folk i denna morgonstund?  
Du lilla stad'. Så skola dina torg  
stå tomma jämt, och ingen hemvänd skall  
förtälja där din tystnads fromma grund.

O daning du af attiskt, lugnt behag'.  
Med marmormän och marmormör i ring  
vår tankes bry du lättar, tysta ting,  
som evigheten — : Svala pastoral'.  
När allt vårt sorgsna släkte myllats ned,  
en vän till människan, skall du bestå:  
'Skönhet är Sanning' — lyda skall ditt tal  
'och Sanning Skönhet — höfves mer besked  
för eder, barn som än i lifvet gå?'

Efter JOHN KEATS af ANDERS ÖSTERLING.

## HOMAGE TO KEATS

By S. STEPHANOVITCH

IT had been more than an honour and a pleasure for me to pay with all my best a personal homage to Keats, my very darling among English poets. I can hardly do it in a short letter, having but few hours at my disposal. It would fill my heart with grief if in the great international chorus of literary glories presenting their praises to one of the finest poets earth has ever seen, the voice of my country should be the last to come, or should even come too late. Enough, that necessarily it must be one of the most modest kind for my poor means of expression. However, even if last and most insignificant of all, it will not be less sincere nor less devoted than any paid by the first and most illustrious of contributors.

Keats was always for me not only one of the most inspired of poets, but one of the greatest inspirers of poetry. Not only one who in his own mind transforms every single thing into poetry by that supreme power of intuition which Keats possesses more than many of the greatest poets in the world, but one who in every one whom he comes near makes worlds of poetry to rise by that magic power of creative suggestiveness and universal sympathy for beauty which is the highest meaning of all poetry. If he but for his alas ! too short life has not achieved the highest forms of poetical expression, he has given all the first vital impulses from which modern poetry is derived, and from which all true poetry is really born : that all-embracing sense of the universal, and that unsurpassable sense for the beauty of detail, both of which he introduces into poetry, and both of which remain as the principal traits and aims of modern poetry, or better, to say of all great poetry. For Keats does not belong to one special school, nor does he himself make one school of poetry : he combines in himself all schools, all forms, all expressions of poetry, classical and romantic, primitively naïve and highly intellectual, most sensual and most spiritual at the same time. In the same way he combines in himself all times of poetry, from the old classics through Renaissance and Romance to the most modern, and probably to some future centuries too. Scarcely knowing any Greek, he has revived more of the real beauty of the old Greek poetic world than any of the later great Hellenistic poets. And though he

lived one hundred years before us, he had the same unsatiated longing for universal beauty as we suffer from to-day. This "moonstruck" dreamer of suprasensual beauty was at the same time the finest dreamer of even the smallest beauty in the concrete things of our material world here on earth.

Keats is equally important not only in his great themes *Endymion*, *Hyperion*, *Isabella*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, but also in his great immortal single lines, as those famous many which stand as open gates to whole worlds of beauty and truth. For, indeed, for him, as for us of to-day, beauty is the highest form of truth as truth is the highest affirmation of beauty.

Other English or European poets may be greater in many respects than Keats, but he remains as the greatest intuitive and therefore the most truly poetical of poets.

It is one of my own literary prides that years ago I have tried to render into Serbian verse his unequalled masterpiece, *La belle Dame sans Merci*, which is my first and certainly my better homage to Keats than this present one can be.

BELGRADE.

## THE RETURN

By Dr. SVETISLAV STEPHANOVITCH

To the memory of Keats. Translated line by line from the original Serbian  
Sapphics by the Author.

WAVES of deep darkness softly murmuring float,  
the soul of night flutters by like an owl  
with fine feathered wings, the face of moon appears  
bloody and fatal.

Along the road strange ghosts run quickly and pass  
as if arisen from earth, and as at once again  
swallowed by night, as if by them were fed  
the eternal unsatiated.

There is no sky. Only where the moon is born  
there lies a cloud festively black and heavy,  
like to a sarcofague up-lifted high  
to the very heaven.

Spirits of night in silence do carry that coffin  
towards a sea as deep and as dead as grave  
and the moon does light like a torch of death  
to the dumb funeral.

It is my dead love carried away by ghosts,  
black spirits are taking her away to a black sea,  
all and all over is darkness but her sleep of death  
is as white as snow.

And once when hours have passed as long as centuries,  
I will be back again from mountains of shades,  
with a garland around my head all made of dawn,  
with a shield upon my breast



all made of sun, with an arrow sharp-edged in my hand  
like a lightning—by which I will tear asunder  
the sea, I will open the black coffin, I will thaw  
the snow of her sleep.

Death will then become a new-born life,  
night will turn to dawn, sorrow be joy,  
and with lips full of a young spring-time  
I will awake my love.

BELGRADE.

## A TRIBUTE FROM SERBIA

By BOGDAN POPOVITCH

MAYBE nothing shows to such a degree how much Keats has endeared himself to his admirers as the fact that everything has been said about him there was real need to say ; and that which has been said of him has been said with the greatest truth and the greatest penetration. Every feature of Keats's literary and personal physiognomy stands, as do the influences that made Keats what he was, clear before the reader's eyes in both homeland and in foreign writings about him. From the standpoint of the history of literature, Keats first saw the world when England was in full flood of vigour and expansion ; when democratic ideas had begun to show themselves ; and when lyric poetry had begun, in its periodical evolution, to be "artistic," "stylistic," that is, when it had entered its third phase, in which, though feeling remains the basis, fancy begins to dominate. From the racial and national standpoint, Keats belongs to the category of English writers with a southern picturesque gift of fancy ; and shows that specially English moral culture, strength of character and goodness, of which his friends bear witness with warmth and conviction. From a personal and social standpoint, we observe that Keats was born in the so-called lower social layers, and never had a regular normal schooling ; and this fact explains, at least in some part, certain tiny faults in taste in his poetry ; his inclination towards radicalism ; and his burning ambition. Finally, from a purely personal point of view, Keats was by temperament (and this, perhaps, somewhat intensified by his illness) of a sensuous, voluptuous nature, possessed of an extreme sensibility.

This temperament is at the foundation of his poetic gift, and the essence of his soul such as we may see it in his poetry and in his life ; in that temperament find source his acute senses and the width and delicacy of their perceptions, the luxuriance of his fancy, his intense love for life, literature, and romance, his tender cult for woman and occasional danger, "to class women in his books with roses and sweetmeats," his "praise of indolence," his tendency "to luxuriate in agreeable sensations," and finally his amazing and fully wakened observance of every detail of the world about him. For all

details were constantly passing into his soul through his every sense, and not only did he observe them, but he also enjoyed them, the tiniest with the greatest : " the luxury of a summer rain at his window," " the clicking of the coal in wintertime," when he was indoors ; and when he was in the open field, " the whisp'ring of the leaves," " the Voices of waters," " the glitter of the sun," " the wayfaring of the clouds," and above all the wind, the wind that blows over meadows, rivers, hills, and the wide seas, that awakens in passionate natures a lofty poetic feeling, and that always brought to Keats's face " an expression of rapture " that made his eyes gleam, his face glow, " and his nature tremble." It was so that Nature appeared to him a " fair paradise," and so that in him was such an intense, such an exceptional, fully-expressed and clear-accented cult of beauty.

It was this intensity of feeling that also made him a great poet. His poetic realism, his felicity of expression, are nothing else than intense and precise feeling, so intense that it becomes fully precise, and remains graven on the memory, and transforms the passive memory whose work is to register into the active memory that expresses. Intellect is but sublimed feeling and sensation. Keats's extraordinary records of details from the external world come not only from his clear perceptions, but also from their internally completed perception and synthesis. Only thus could he write the line :

And she forgot the blue *above the trees* ;

and only thus could he see and assemble in one image this string of significant details :

. . . the *lengthened wave* . . .  
Down whose *green back* the *short-lived foam*  
Bursts *gradual*, with a *wayward indolence* ;

and find in the depths of his mind expressions which would never have come to another, expressions from far-distant orders found by deep metaphorical processes, and so could say :

And still they were the same bright, PATIENT stars ! !

All that is of Shakespeare's realm, and saying that there is no more to say. Nothing new or important can be added to that which is known of Keats. The Serbian writer of these lines can only add that the company of those in Serbia who love Keats is little, but not little enthusiastic. And he might add that this small company has in these very days been remembering Keats, on the occasion of the third anniversary of the death of a young Serbian poet, Boitch, who, from a great distance, bore likeness to Keats, with his brilliant

picturesque diction that passes before the reader's eyes as it were handfuls of shining precious stones. After he had composed a volume of "Poems," a book of "Sonnets," a drama, "The King's Autumn," and during the war a long poem *Cain*, and on the eve of his death, in 1917, his last collection—*Poems of Pain and of Pride*, he died on the front at Salonica, of consumption, in his twenty-sixth year.

BELGRADE.



*EASTERN CONTRIBUTIONS*



## JOHN KEATS

(Born 1795; Died 1821.)

### A TRIBUTE IN BENGALI

জন্ কিট্‌স্ ।

(জন্ম ১৭৯৫; মৃত্যু ১৮২১ খৃষ্টাব্দ)

চহ মনস্বি! নশ্বর এ জগৎ মাঝারে  
অতি অল্পদিন বিহরিয়াছিলে তুমি ।  
কিন্তু, স্বতাপ্প বয়সে তব  
কিবা সুরধুর গীত করিলে রচনা!  
সাধা নাহি মানবের, তার  
সমকক্ষ বাণী পারে রচিবারে ।  
কালের তিমির গর্ভে ছুষ্টি সঞ্চালিয়া,  
কে এমন মহামতি পারে বলিবারে —  
অজ্ঞাত এ সূতপুত্র, স্বীয় মেধাবলে,  
অজ্জিবে অতুল যশ; রহিবে গ্রথিত নাম,  
কাব্যরথীরন্দ্র সহ একসূত্রে, ভূমণ্ডল মাঝে?  
কিন্তু হায়! বিধাতার একি বিড়ম্বনা!  
কাব্যসুধারস তব পিয়ে সুধীজন  
অকপটে কাব্যকলা যবে বাখানিল,  
মরতের সুখতাপ অবজ্ঞা করিয়া  
সুনিভা ত্রিদিবে তুমি রাজিছ তখন ।  
তোমার ললিত গাথা প্রাচীন গ্রীসের  
ভাবময় পুষ্পমালা হেরি বিভূষিত;  
কিন্তু নহে রচনা কৌশল  
অনুকৃত সে আদর্শে । প্রকৃতির চিত্র  
কবি! যে অপূর্ব বর্ণে তুমি  
ক'রেছ রঞ্জিত, কালের কুটিল শ্রোতে  
র'বে তাহা চিরদীপ্ত ।

নির্মম পরুষ ভাষে

তোমার কবিতামালা যবে আলোচিল —  
“ভেষজ-বিপণি” বার্তা দিল স্মরাইয়া —  
ধিক্ সেই ছিদ্রাঘেষি ক্ষুদ্রমতিকূলে!  
অকালে কালের গ্রাসে তোমা নিপাতিল ।  
“মরণ,—জীবন সম” গেয়েছিল বাণী তব ।  
মরিয়া জীবন তুমি লভিয়াছ অভিনব ॥

শ্রী গোকুল নাথধর, বি.এ. ।

(কলিকাতা প্রেসিডেন্সি কলেজের পুস্তকাগার, দাশ)

GOKUL NATHADHAR.

## JOHN KEATS

(Born 1795 ; Died 1821)

THE RENDERING IN ENGLISH

By GOKULNATH DHAR

**M**IGHTY mind ! In thy " little week "  
Didst thou soar the highest peak  
That in fancy's realm mortal man  
Could ever reach, or ever can.

Who so bold as would predict  
That a steward's son should meet  
The prize unmatched on Parnassus mount  
And 'mong the bards immortal count ?

Wisdom stared with bated breath ;  
But tak'n away by hands of death  
Deep down the earth thou lay  
Ere had come thy glorious day.

Greek in temper, tho' not in art,  
The " poetry of earth " took thy heart  
Nature's beauties thou portrayed  
In lasting lines that never fade.

" Inheritor of unfulfill'd renown ! "  
Thine by right the laurel crown :  
Detractors would thy desert scorn ;  
" To pills and plasters " asked return.

Jealousy green with felon stroke  
Thy youthful vigour fatally broke.  
" Death is Life " thy muse did sing ;  
Life, in death, to thee doth cling.

Librarian, Presidency College,  
Calcutta, India.



## A TRIBUTE TO KEATS

IN

### MAITHILI

समस्तसंसारक विद्वज्जन एक स्वरे “कीट्स” के ‘कविक कवि’ ई विशिष्टपदवी प्रदान केने छथि। यथार्थ में केवल एहने मनुष्य उक्त महाकविक कविताक रसास्वादन कय सकैत अछि, तथा ओकर सहृदयता, माधुर्य, लालित्य, विचारस्वातंत्र्य इत्यादि अनेक गुण सं मुग्ध भय सकैत अछि जकरा हृदय में कविताक बीज वर्तमान छैक। ‘कीट्स’ पचीसमें वर्ष में परलोकवासी भेलाह। यदि एतेक अल्पवयस में हुनक देहान्त नहिं होइतैन्ह त सम्भव जे ओ और उच्चकविताशिखर पर पडुंचतथि, हुनक रचना और हृदयङ्गम होइतैन्ह, सुन्दर वस्तुक वर्णन कय ओकरा ततोऽप्यधिक सुन्दर बनवितथि। तथापि जैह लीखि गेल छथि तदर्थे हमरा लोकनि केँ उचित थिक जे हुनका हृदय सं धन्य कहियैन्ह। यावत् धरि आङ्गलभाषाक अस्तित्व रहत तावत् धरि एहि महाकविक कविता सं हमरा लोकनि कां आनन्द हैत, शोक में सान्वना हैत, सत्य तथा सौन्दर्य में भक्ति रहत ॥

From Professor AMARANATHA JHA, M.A.

N.B.—Maithili is the language now spoken in Tirhut, a country known in ancient times as Mithila. The original Aryan language of Nepal before the Rajput invasion was an old form of Maithili. (*S. Wheeler*)

## SANSKRIT VERSES

IN THE SAME SENSE

अयि सर्वमनुष्यहर्षद !

सुकवे ! मार्मिकभावदर्शक !

अतिसुन्दरवस्तुवर्णक !

तव मुग्धोऽस्मि गुणैः कवेः कवे ! ॥ १ ॥

परमाल्पवयस्क एव हि

दुरवस्थः सहसा मृतो भुवि ।

रचना हृदयङ्गमा परा

अमरः कीदृसकविर्भविष्यति ॥ २ ॥

From Professor AMARANATHA JHA, M.A.

## KEATS

THE AUTHOR'S RENDERING IN ENGLISH

By AMARANATHA JHA

From distant India I send, in my native tongue, a tribute to the sweet memory of "the poets' poet." Keats has enabled us to have a vision of "faery lands forlorn" from charmed "magic casements." He died at the age of twenty-five. Who can say to what higher heights this rare song-bird would have soared, what further depths in the human heart he would have stirred, what greater portions of loveliness he would have made more lovely? For what he has bequeathed to posterity let posterity be grateful. He himself is among the Immortals, and

. . . . . Till the future dare  
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be  
An echo and a light unto eternity.

# KEATS THE POET

A TRIBUTE IN GUJARATI

કવિ કિત્સનો કિરત.

ભજંગી છંદ.

વહીં ને સદી ત્યાં કવી એક ચ્યારો,  
રજની ગયો છે પ્રલોનોન ક્યારો.  
ચુવાસો મુગંધી કરે આજ વાંસો,  
કવી કીત્સ મેલી ગયો તે સવાસો.  
મનોના તુરંગે હરી નાદ લાવી,  
મુરંગી ખરી તાણુ લાડે દિપાવી.  
યુવાની હતી ત્યાં હરી ભાન ગાને,  
કવી નાહુ કવીની મુસંગે બિરાને.  
ખુરા કોઈ ધ્વેષીતનો બાણુ વાગે,  
અરે કેમ હીર્ષ કલેશુન ભાંગે !  
હતો કાંકનો ભાવ તેનીજ ચાસે,  
હરી પ્રીત ઠાંકી હતી પ્રેમ ડાળે.  
વહી છે સદાની મુગંધી કળી તે,  
રહી છે પ્રુલીનેજ પ્રેની નળી તે.  
હતા વીર કેવાં ચુગીલાં હઝારો !  
વખાણે ભરી જન્ય તેની કતારો.  
હતો એક “શૈલી” ચુણીલો કવીનાં,  
કહે કીત્સ નારે “ગયો તે રવીનાં.”  
ખરે ગાઈ ને જન્ય હરીનીજ મૂતી !  
હતી ને રંગોનાં હરીનીજ રપૂતી.  
અરે ઓ હરીતું દયાળો પિતાશ્રી !  
ભલી યાદ તે આતમાનીજ ગાથ.  
ભલાને રૂપાળા જીવે મુખ દેજે !  
ખરાંની ખરી યાદ ઓ બાપ લેજે !

મુંબઈ, તા. ૧૨-૧૦-૨૦ ‘હરનીસ.’

HORMADJI SORABJI MISTRI (“HERMES”).



# KEATS THE POET

THE AUTHOR'S RENDERING IN ENGLISH

By "HERMES," *i.e.* HORMADJI SORABJI MISTRI

On the pale fiery firmament of the 19th Century there loomed on the horizon a brilliant star of extraordinary beauty and brilliancy. This star was none other than the young poet Keats, whose youthful but masterly mind has shown rare talents in giving a high ideal of his Creator. His lines beam with His lustre, his thoughts unveil to us His glory and love. Indeed, it is a rare exhibition of Divine Power from a poet so young in age, but rich in wisdom, as if he had imbibed the elixir of excellence from the Divine Fount.

But lo! as is usual, where wisdom lies there fools lurk also. Even such a rich personality was attacked by the eyes of jealousy, hatred and ignorance. The dart struck the innocent heart, which soon succumbed, leaving behind a garden bedecked with sweet-smelling flowers. Though these flowers were meant to be crushed, yet the fragrance still remains, and a rich tribute of praise has been paid to him by the poet Shelley. Shelley has written a volume in praise of Keats; but if we put the whole in a concluding thought, it may well be lined as follows:—

"To climes unknown had Keats so travelled,  
Rare wonders and beauties unravelled:  
Born he to sing the glory of His light,  
To make the dreary mundane parts so bright."

Such was the lasting tribute to the poetic soul of Keats. May his remains rest eternally in Heaven in peace and with our sincerest blessings.

## A SONNET ON KEATS

By ABHAY CHARAN MUKIRJI

MOST soothing British bard, though England claim  
To be thy home, yet through a century  
The English-speaking world's fraternity  
Has owned thee, and revered thy hallowed name,  
And paid melodious tributes to thy fame  
No less than thy own countrymen : but thee  
The faithful Hindu worships speechlessly,  
Afraid to speak a foreign tongue for shame,  
But feeling just as fervidly the might  
And majesty of Truth, and Beauty's beam  
Reflected on thy bright immortal page  
In radiant hues and never-fading light  
Which spreads its rays in an expanding stream  
Across the tract of time from age to age.

Professor of English,  
Muir Central College,  
Allahabad, India.

## JOHN KEATS

By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

WE bring you the listening East :  
The jungle untrodden of Pan,  
The fierce-serene Himalayas.  
And Gods that dream away Worlds.  
We bring you the blessings of Shiva  
Who drank the venom of Death,  
And like the piping of Krishna  
Has made Life a deathless Love :  
As the philomel hushes the night,  
Where the jungle stillnesses sleep,  
We bring you our anguish for speech.  
We bring you our Silence—the East.

# KEATS A POEM IN PERSIAN

## مرثیہ جان کیٹس

از پروفیسر مہدی حسین ناصری ایم. اے۔ - ایم. آر. اے. ایس. - فیلو آف الہ آباد یونیورسٹی

کیٹس اے تصویرِ شارسٹانِ دلہائے خراب      دلنواز و دلفگار و دلفروش و دل کباب  
باختی دل را بہ عشق و یافتی راہِ صواب      آہ آن مرگِ جوانی آن دلِ حسرت مآب  
می سزد گر حسن بر رویش کشد نیلی نقاب

ایکہ درگیتی ز عمرِ خویش بیزار آمدی      ہچو نرگس در ریاضِ دہر بیمار آمدی  
باسرِ شوریدہ دور از وہم و پندار آمدی      جلوۂ حسنِ حقیقت را پرستار آمدی  
در شبِ تارِ جهان روشن نمودی آفتاب

نعرہ کردی گایِ نظرِ بازانِ عالمِ ہوشیار      حسن را حق دان و حق را حسنِ ہرشی بر شمار  
بس ہمین دانستہ اید اندرِ جهان بی مدار      بس ہمین دانستنی باشد دگر بے اعتبار  
بس ہمین گفتی و سوی حق روان گشتی شتاب

ایکہ ماندی در فضای دہر بست و پنج سال      آتشے در سینہ ات پنهان نمودی لازوال  
در بلادِ روم رفتی تا شوی فرخندہ حال      جان بحق دادی و عالم را برافزاید ملال  
نوحۂ شامِ غریبان ماتم مرگِ شباب

رفتی و صد سال گردان ماند چرخ چنبری      تا کند پیدا نظیرِ تو بہ ملکِ شاعری  
بر نیامد هیچ و دنیا را همان نوحہ گری      جست از سنگِ مزارت سال رحلتِ ناصری

گفت - خوابد آنکہ نامش بودہ چون نقشے بر آب

سنہ ۱۸۲۱ ع

MAHDI HUSAIN NASIRI.



## KEATS

THE AUTHOR'S RENDERING IN ENGLISH

By MAHDI HUSAIN NASIRI

### I.

O Keats, O picture of the ruined city of hearts,  
O heart-soothing, heart-broken, heart-seller and heart-burnt,  
You lost your heart in love and won the path of Truth.  
Woe to that death of youth, woe to that gloomy heart!  
It is proper if beauty drew a blue veil over her face (*i.e.* were dead).

### II.

O (poet), who wast in the world tired of your own life,  
Who wast in the gardens of the world sick like Narcissus.  
Who, despite thy whirling head, wast far from whims and vain shows,  
Who wast a worshipper of the light of the beauty of truth  
And caused the sun shine in the dark night of the world.

### III.

You cried aloud, "O spectators of this world, beware,  
Understand that Beauty is truth, truth beauty—  
That is all ye know on earth  
And all ye need to know; the rest is vanity."  
So much you said, and hastened to meet the Truth (*i.e.* died).

### IV.

O (poet), who lived in this wide world for twenty-five years,  
You concealed an everlasting fire in your chest,  
To Rome you fared that you might be healed;  
You gave your spirit to Truth, and the sorrow of the world is  
increased by  
The bewailings, at even, of the homeless and the mournings over the  
death of youth.

### V.

You passed away, and the revolving sky kept revolving for a hundred  
years,  
So that it may bring forth your match in poetry;  
None came forth, and the world is still bewailing.  
*Nasiri* sought the year of your death from the tablet of your grave—  
It said, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."\*

\* A chronogram for 1821.

## A TRIBUTE TO KEATS

IN

### ARABIC

موسيو جان كيٲس من اشعر شعراء انكليس - اوتى حظًا وافرا من البراعة والملاحية - وفاق  
اقرانه فى البلاغة والفصاحة - لا يباريه احدٌ فى هذا المضمار - ولا يمكن ان يشق له غبار -  
نظمه يجلو شجن القلوب وشعرة يُنشط خاطر المكروب وَمَا أَصَدَقَ ما قال بعض الناقدِين  
” ان اعيد الى الحياة فى انكلترا احدٌ من الشعراء الكاملين لِيَتَمَّ ما تركه على الارض غير  
كاملٍ فالأغلب أنّ اهلَ وطن كيٲس يتوجونه بتاج التفوّق من بينهم اجمعين - ولو تجاوز  
سنّه خمساً وعشرين لفاق كلّهم باليقين - ومجد فى كلامه من حسن الكمال وبشاشة  
الجمال ما يمد فى كلام الشاعر الكبير نعنَى شكسفير “ -

SAYYID MUHAMMAD ALI NAMI.

## THE ENGLISH RENDERING OF THE ARABIC BY THE AUTHOR

### KEATS

Keats is one of the greatest English poets. He possesses a high share of excellence, and surpasses his contemporaries in beauty of thought and expression. No one rivals him in the race; none even ventures to pierce the dust of his horse.

His poems remove the weariness of hearts and his verses gladden a sad disposition. How truly says one of his critics: "If any of the great English poets could be brought to life to finish the work which he left unfinished on earth, it is most probable that his countrymen would crown Keats with supremacy. If he had lived longer, he would have certainly excelled all of them. We find the same rounded beauty of perfection and felicity of loveliness which we find in the great poet Shakespeare."

SAYYID MUHAMMAD ALI NAMI.

AN ARABIC VERSION  
By SAYYID MUHAMMAD ALI NAMI  
OF THE  
OPENING LINES OF "ENDYMION" \*

ولله دره حيث قال  
لا يبرح الشيء الجميل يسرنا  
وجماله يزداد ليس بزائل  
بل لا يزال يبقين خميلة  
هداة الا حزن للمتشاغل  
ورقاد احلام لنا بحلاوة  
وسلامة ومدام عيش كامل

---

\* A Thing of beauty is a joy for ever :

Its loveliness increases, it will never  
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep

A bower quiet for us, and a Sleep  
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.



# KEATS DAY

IN

HINDI

कीट्स जयन्ती ।

बरन बरन हरिसिखर भरीं अमरन की बीना ।  
चहल पहल रविमहल महत बडु सुकृत नगीना ॥

जनम जनम भनि भजन सजन नन्दन बन जाए ।  
सतत समन्तत शब्द सत्यलोकन धननाए ॥

नव इन्दुन मन मथन नागनारिन नव करनी ।  
उठनि लुठनि धंसि तुठनि पुरुषजल प्रकृति तरनी ॥

कलबल अलबल बलित ललित ललनन लघु लालन ।  
खनक मनक भनभनक रास रसनन जब जालन ॥

सकल तलातल क्रोध लोक लोकन कोलाहल ।  
आशुतोष कर दियो मुदित अहिमद हात्ताहल ॥

उदित दिवानिसि सरदससि भुवन भुवन अभिनव करन ।  
हृदय हृदय हहराय हंसि नवलधवल कवि कीट्स धन ॥

SHIVADHAR PANDE.

# KEATS DAY

THE AUTHOR'S RENDERING IN ENGLISH

By SHIVADHAR PANDE

From the snow-peaks of the Lord trickling down, the lute-notes of the  
Immortals, of many hues:

The stir and the life in the mansions of the Sun, set with so many  
mighty gems of good deeds:

The sweet friends in the great garden of the gods, blooming there for  
the hum in their hymns life after life:

The loud boom of the Logos in the Halls of Truth, for ever and for  
all around:

The heart-churnings of many new Moons: of many new Lamias the  
lives and the loves:

The rising, the rocking, the diving delicious of the tiny skiff of Nature  
on the broad waters of the Spirit:

The sweet pretty inarticulate prattle of the little darlings of luxury-lapt  
ladies:

The tinkling, the jingling, the wild mingling of the waist-bells of the  
dancers of the round *Rasa*, in their mad interlacings of motion:

The wild fury of Hades after Hades, the grand shoutings of Heaven  
after Heaven:

The glad gift of God Shiva, the swiftly delighted, that maddening  
snake-foam, the god-poison:

The moonrise eternal of (Indian) autumns, with its radiance on sphere  
after sphere:

Let heart after heart leap in their laughter,—these newest  
white jewels of Keats!

HAIL KEATS!

IN

SANSKRIT

कीट्स वन्दना ॥

सुरधनुपरिधानं मन्दमन्दारगानं  
हरिमलयजप्राणं पारिजातप्रधानम् ।  
छविहविसन्तानं कल्पकल्पावदानं  
कविधनमभिवन्दे जौनकीटसाभिधानम् ॥

यथेष्टं विश्वेष्टं वृटनविषये शेक्सपियरं  
विघूर्णन्ते लोकाः कविमणिवियोगे विनयना ।  
रूपालम्भं क्षुत्वा सुरकृतमथेन्द्रेण छलिना  
व्यतीतं त्वां हत्वा पलमिव स्वयं वर्षशतकम् ॥

SHIVADHAR PANDE.

# HAIL KEATS!

THE AUTHOR'S RENDERING IN ENGLISH

By SHIVADHAR PANDE

O robed in the richest of rainbows, thy singing so melting, so swooning,

O life of the cool sandal on the Lord's breast, O chief of the great Gift Trees of Heaven,

Thine issue the burnt-offerings of beauty, thy great deeds eternal, diurnal,

I hail thee, I hail thee, O my Keats! I bow to thee, treasure of poets!

. . . . .

For the British Empire sufficient is Shakespeare,—he, in whom the Universe so takes delight.

Orb after orb blindly reels and staggers, reft of its crest-gem, its singer, its seer.

This reproach of the star-lords as he heard, great Indra, great also in cunning,

He stole thee away swiftly to the skies, and a hundred years (lo! of his own now) have stolen away swiftly like a moment!

---

The first stanza is also capable of another interpretation, in which allusion is made to the surpassing union in Keats of the individual excellences of the five great Wishing Trees of the Indian Heaven—the music of the Mandara, the fragrance of the Harichandana, the stateliness of the Parijata, the beauty of the Santona, and the eternity of the Kalporvriksha.



A TRANSLATION INTO SANSKRIT OF THE  
"GLORY AND LOVELINESS HAVE PASS'D AWAY"

SONNET TO LEIGH HUNT

गतं पूर्वं तेजं गतमहह लावण्यमखिलं  
प्रभाते दृश्यन्ते क्वचिदपि न प्राच्यां परिचरन् ।  
दिवानाथस्यीषन्नयनपथविषये स्मितमये  
जनानामोत्क्षिप्नारुपरिसृपधूपस्रगकुलाः ॥  
न दृश्यन्ते क्वापि मधुररवमोल्लासललिताः  
वरारोहाव्यूहाः विबुधपटवामैः सुमनसैः ।  
रत्नकङ्कणं दिव्यं कण्ठशकुलकंडोलकलितैः  
वसन्ते शीतान्ते कुसुमधनुकान्तोत्स्वगृहम् ॥  
प्रवर्तन्तेऽद्यापि सहस्रसुखमृगाणि तु पुन  
रहोभाग्यं मे यत्तव किमपि तोषं कृतवता ।  
मया वै स्वच्छन्दं छदनसुखमाभुक्तमधुना  
वृथा यावद्भूते सुखदद्रुममूले मुरलिका ॥

SHIVADHAR PANDE.

## SONNET TO LEIGH HUNT

Glory and loveliness have pass'd away;  
For if we wander out in early morn,  
No wreathed incense do we see upborne  
Into the east, to meet the smiling day:  
No crowd of nymphs, soft-voic'd and young, and gay,  
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,  
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn  
The shrine of Flora in her early May.  
But there are left delights as high as these,  
And I shall ever bless my destiny,  
That in a time, when under pleasant trees  
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,  
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please  
With these poor offerings, a man like thee.

## AN INDIAN SONNET

TO KEATS

By SHIVADHAR PANDE

ON Ganga's banks a Voice has peal'd on high ;  
The merry moon beams broad-red as the sun :  
And o'er orbs ringing, o'er high Himavan,  
Comes many a god and many a goddess nigh.  
Their locks are lustrous with full many a sky ;  
Their hands hold forward Eternity won :  
The wanton willows bow low as a nun ;  
The blossoms bloom all round them as they fly.  
This is the Hour this earth to glorify  
God bathes His Rays here. Lo, it has begun !  
Big Ganga bubbles : an ambrosial one  
Soaks pure ambrosia with ambrosial sigh—

Thine was that voice, O Keats ! Ah, wert thou here  
Men would not miss what gods alone now hear.

## JOHN KEATS

(Oct. 29th, 1795—Feb. 23rd, 1821)

By DOSSABHOY NUSSERWANJEE WADIA, M.A., J.P.

A humble Appreciation by an old Parsee Elphinstonian

MY homage to the gifted English bard  
Who courted Nature with such warm regard  
And with such rapture revelled in her charms  
And breathed his last in her lamenting arms—  
In distant Rome, tended by one true friend,  
Sole witness of his sad untimely end !  
Base calumny assailed his tender heart  
And in his bosom left its poisoned dart—  
A beauteous flower blighted in the bud,  
And all its promise trampled in the mud !  
He lived but half of half a hundred years—  
A hundred more haven't dried his country's tears !  
Enough had he of true poetic fire  
A score of humbler poets to inspire.  
His songs of Nature are a priceless store,  
For poet never lived loved Nature more.

BOMBAY.

*October 9th, 1920.*



# THE KEATS LETTERS, PAPERS AND OTHER RELICS.

Reproduced in facsimile from the late Sir Charles Dilke's Bequest to the Corporation of Hampstead. With full Transcriptions and Notes edited by GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D., Forewords by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, an Introduction by H. BUXTON FORMAN, C.B., and an Essay upon the Keats Portraiture by the Editor. With 8 Portraits of Keats and 57 Plates in Collotype upon a special hand-made paper designed to match old letter paper. Limited to 320 copies. Imperial 4to (15 in. x 11 in.). £3 3s. net.

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*C. K. SHORTER, in the Spectator*

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